Collier's

TEN CENTS

JULY 29, 1944

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ON THE VICTORY TIDE

by W. B. Courtney

PHOTOGRAPH BY MUKY

STARTING A NEW NOVEL

Danger in Paradise

by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

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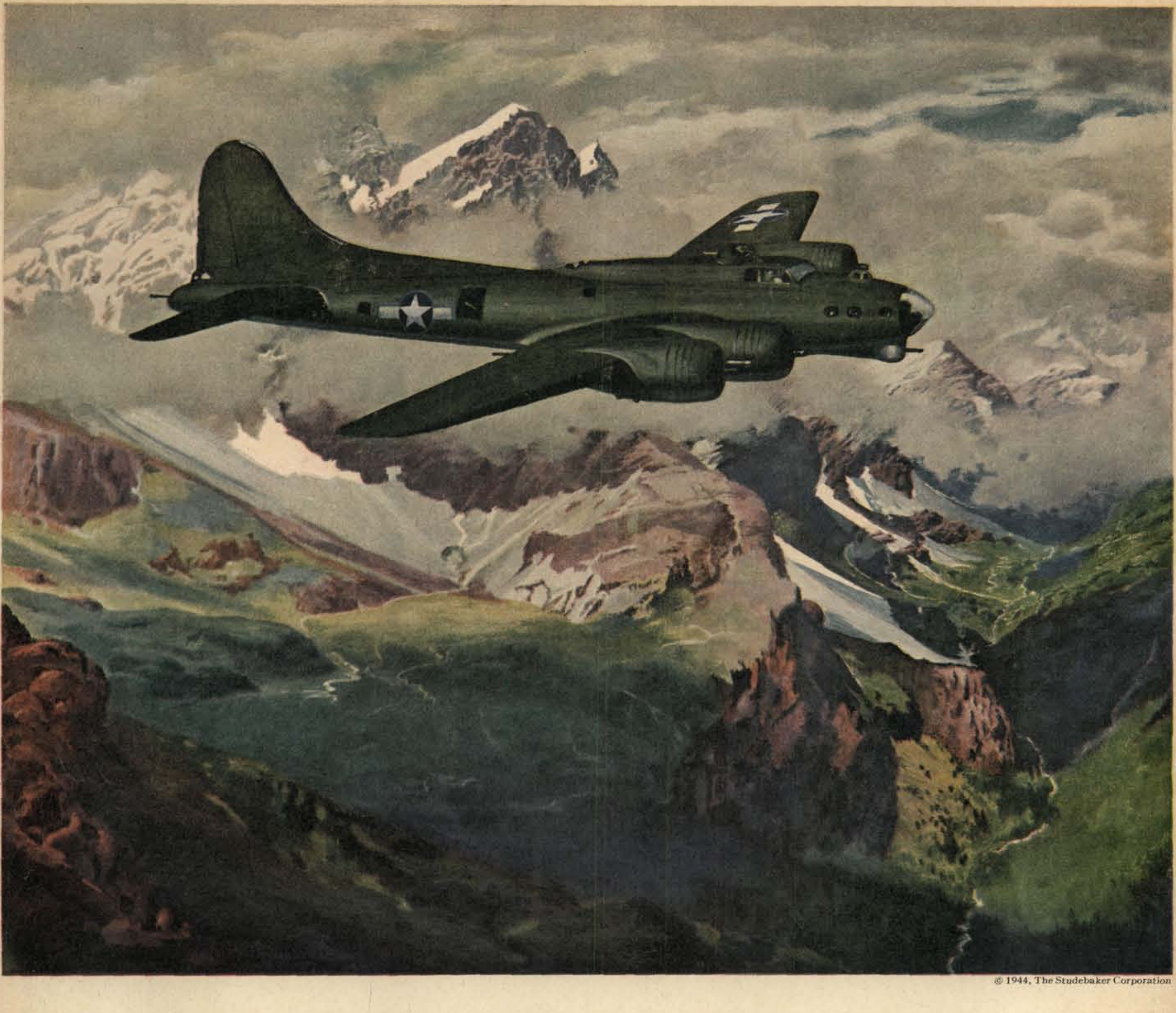
July, 29, 1929



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"Those engines sure have the power!"

THE brother of a waist gunner on a Boeing Flying Fortress wrote Studebaker quoting him as saying:

"Those Wright Cyclone engines that Studebaker builds are really dependable and sure have the power."

Comments like that are fully appreciated, of course. But Studebaker men and women know that what count most are the accomplishments of the stout-hearted air crews and rugged ground crews of our country's warplanes and the achievements of our fighting forces everywhere.

In fact, whatever amount of satisfaction the Studebaker organization may derive from the extent and consequence of its war work is always tempered by the realization that Studebaker is only one unit in a vast American fighting and producing team where everyone's effort is important.

Studebaker takes pride in its assignments on that team. Huge quantities of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—big multiple-drive military trucks—and other units of vital war matériel continue to stream forth from the five great Studebaker factories.

Unsung Hero

OF OUR NAVY

Aerial radio gunner in a Navy dive bomber! One of the toughest jobs of all! Let's show him we're for him and

BUY MORE BONDS

Studebaker BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE BOEING FLYING FORTRESS

Who else seconds the motion that SHAVING CREAM can't *make shaving a pleasure?*

Men are flocking to try our no-hokum lather because our ads appeal to their intelligence

It is obvious that the question of *which shaving cream you use* is not of world-shattering importance. And just as obvious, that we'd like you to become a regular buyer of our product.

But instead of starting our story with an unsupported promise of pleasure, we prefer the premise that the only fun connected with shaving is having the job over and done with.

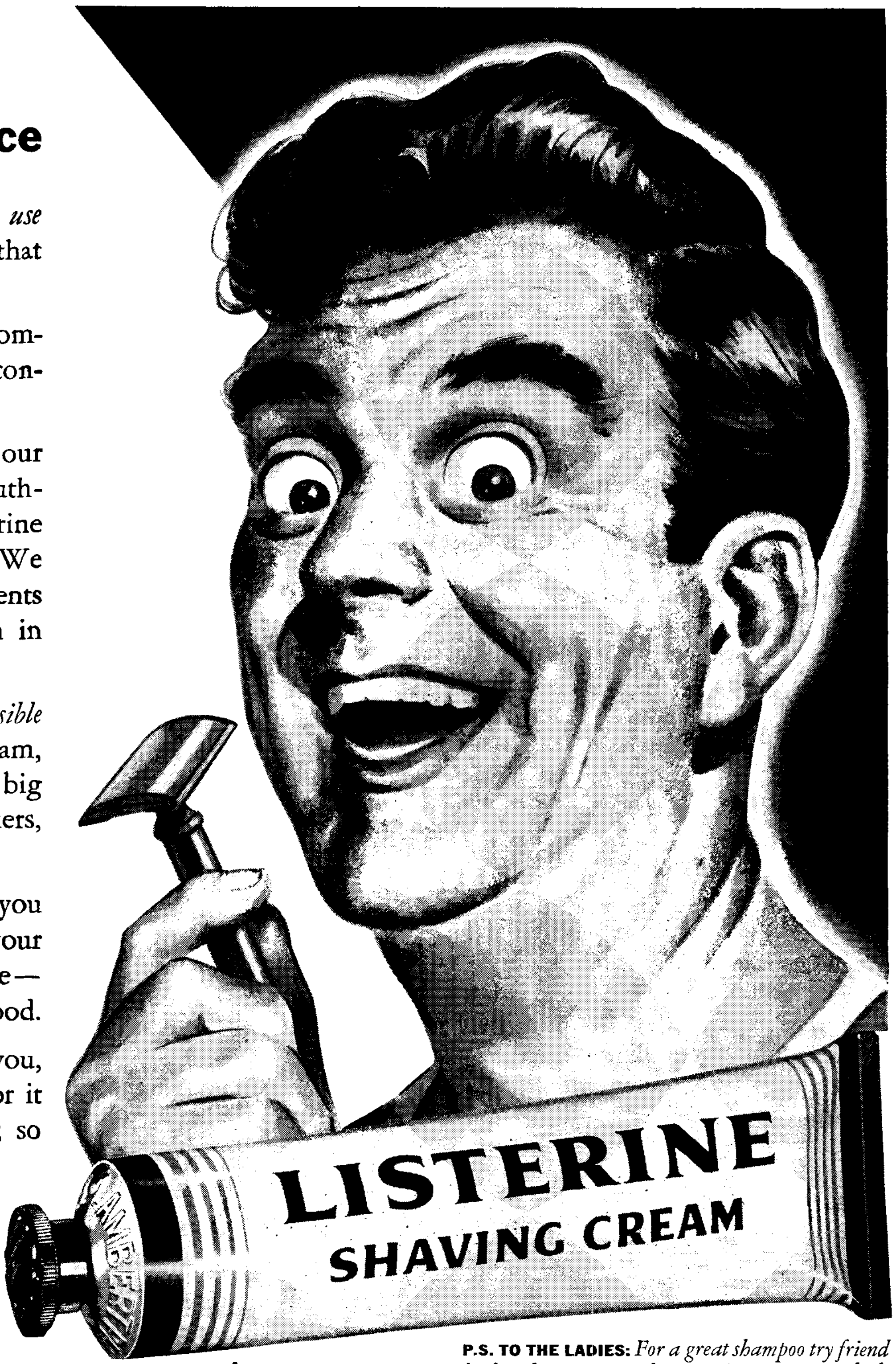
Of course we have to blow our own horn to sell our Listerine Shaving Cream, but we do not want to clog the mouthpiece with phony suds. So we don't claim that using Listerine Shaving Cream is like pouring balm on troubled whiskers. We don't pretend that our cream contains mysterious ingredients to air-condition your face. We don't offer a single electron in a tubeful.

We do say for Listerine Shaving Cream that it is a *sensible* shaving aid. In every fraction of an inch of this quality cream, there is lots and lots of good, rich lather which makes big billows of moisture-laden lather. This *helps* it wilt wiry whiskers, *helps* reduce the sting and nuisance of shaving.

If after trying Listerine Shaving Cream, you think that you did not get your full money's worth, we will gladly refund your money. Or double your money, if that appeals to you more—because a dissatisfied customer never does a product any good.

If our reasonable claims for a quality product appeal to you, why not meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face? Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

month after month after month

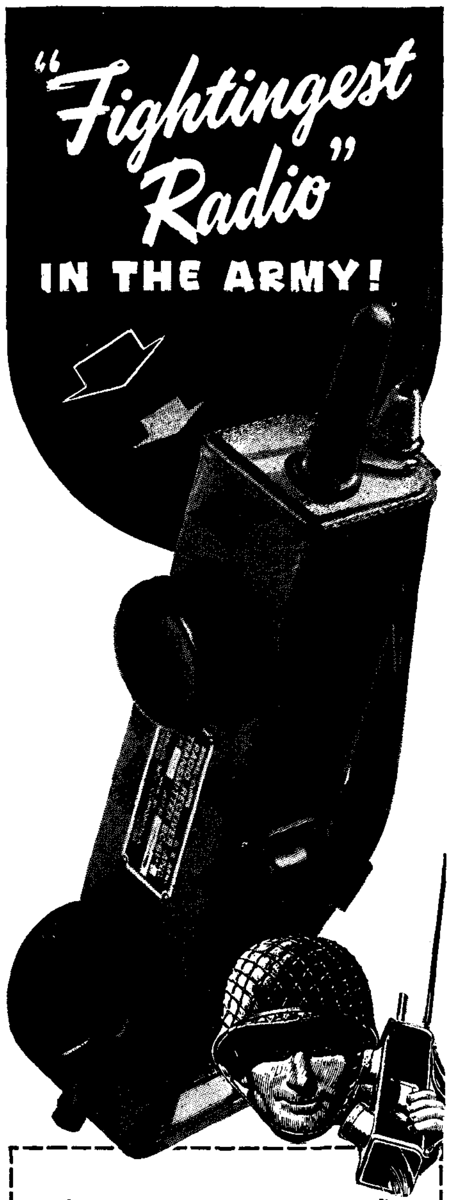
P.S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.*

LISTERINE
brushless
SHAVING CREAM
LAMBERT

25¢

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come swell shaves for men who prefer no-brush cream



"HANDIE-TALKIE" IS ANOTHER
Motorola Radio
1ST ☆

A fighting man wants fighting tools that make him safer in combat because they make him stronger. Radio communications make reconnaissance and patrol quick, sure and deadly to the enemy. Though the big battle has yet to be fought and won, the two-way Handie-Talkie has demonstrated that it will be a vital factor in bringing the final decision to our side.

The entire Motorola organization pledges "production beyond expectation" for the duration and better Radios for Home and Car when the war is over.

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Motorola Radio
F-M RADIO • AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS • TELEVISION • F-M POLICE RADIO • RADAR • MILITARY RADIO COMMUNICATIONS

Collier's

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WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington				

WM. O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

Any Week

THE lads fighting in the Pacific have promised us a nice variety of souvenirs, but the one we're really looking forward to is due to come from Sergeant Lou Bistler. "How'd you like to have a nice Nip machine gunner all for your very own?" asks the sergeant. "Almost had a whole one last night, but the boys spoiled him. I'll keep trying, and if I can catch one, I'll crate him and send him on."

FORTY-NINE sailors have written us one letter. And this department agrees with every word of their beef. These lads resent wartime juvenile-delinquency articles illustrated with pictures of sailors and under-age girls schmausing in the park. The letter cames from (as we've said) 49 Navy trainees in Western Michigan College in Kalamazoo. They are against juvenile delinquency. They contend that sailors are neither better nor worse than other men. They deplore writers and sociologists who inevitably combine sailors and vagrant wenches. And they're right. Okay, kids!

FROM Mr. Eben Trimtotter of Waco, Texas, comes another protest. "It is bad enough," chides Mr. Trimtotter, "to print half your magazine in fine type and forget to number the pages on the rest. I can stand for that. But when you say in your May 20th issue that November 1, 1888, fell on a Saturday, I'm quitting. It fell on a Thursday, and well do I remember. It was on a Thursday November 1, 1888, that it was my birthday, and it was the birthday of the young lady I was going to town with. I said to her that as this was my birthday and her birthday, how about getting married. She said I would have to ask her father who was visiting his folks and wouldn't be home until the next day, which was a Friday. This is how I remember that it was on a Thursday, because her father got run over by a team of horses coming home, and I never got to ask him. I am tired of these mistakes. The next thing you will be saying that the fifth of April, 1896, was on a Tuesday."

ALTHOUGH there may be some slight difference of opinion on this, it is our belief that, in our way, we're not a bad-looking guy. Anyway, we've known people to look twice at us. Maybe they just can't believe their eyes the first time. Anyway, a Miss Hortense MacDonald has just written to us to say that she'd like to send us some stuff she's selling: Shocking Radiance for the Body $4, Shocking Radiance for the Face $3.50, Shocking Radiance for the Lips $2.00, and Shocking Radiance for the Eyelids $2.50. Miss MacDonald also is going to send us some Perfume for the Prosaic Tub. Maybe it's good for the itch which, we regret to say, we have this morning.

WHAT with one thing and another, you may have lost track of Mr. Bowen R. Gover of Detroit, Michigan. We have just heard from Mr. Gover, who is, as usual, running for President. He held his convention in the kitchen of his home at 26147 Student Avenue, Redford Township, Michigan, and got drafted. Congratulatory post cards have been coming in, he reports, at the rate of several a week, most of them from privates in the Army who promise Mr. Gover a one hundred per cent vote. Mr. Gover says that a Vice-Presidential candidate was chosen,

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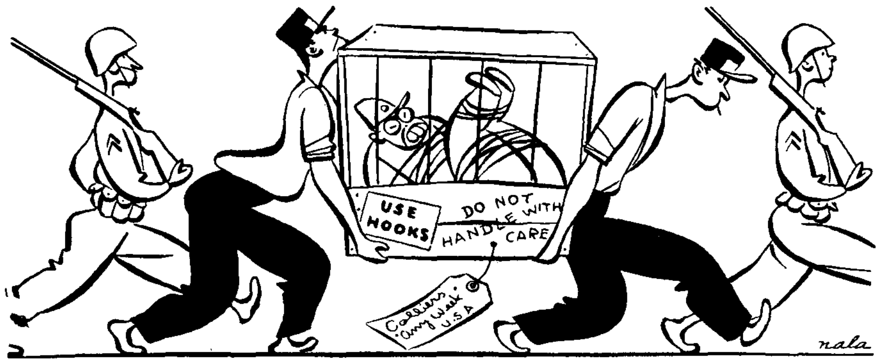

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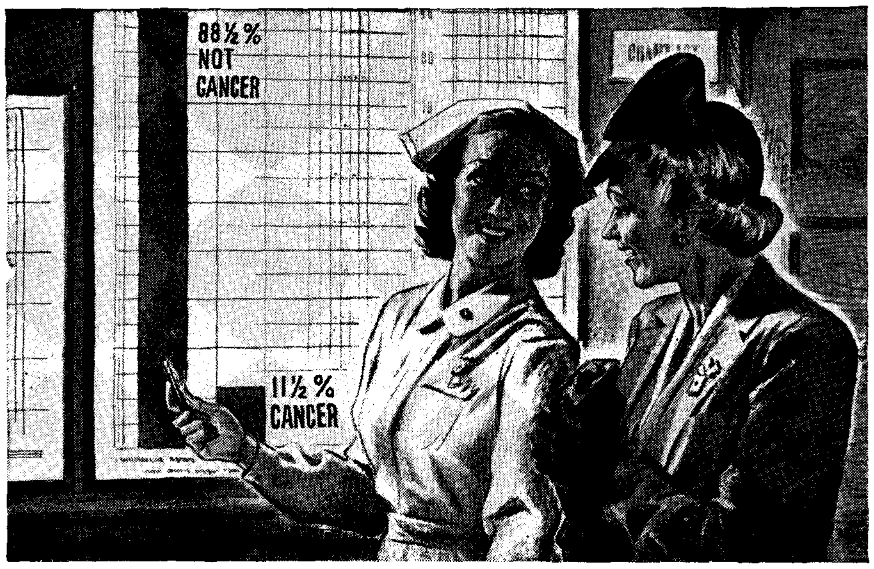
LIBRARY

Some mistaken beliefs about *Cancer*

Misbelief #1 . . . . THAT CANCER IS A HOPELESS DISEASE

Far from it! Thousands of people have been cured of cancer. Many more are being cured now than ever before. This is the result of greatly increased knowledge and skill among doctors . . . of better facilities for diagnosis and treatment . . . of greater public realization that *successful treatment depends largely upon early recognition.*



Misbelief #2 . . . THAT ALL LUMPS AND GROWTHS ARE CANCERS

This, of course, is not true. The symptoms that *may* indicate cancer are often due to other causes—only a doctor can decide. A leading cancer clinic reports that, of the women who came for examination because they suspected cancer, only 11½% actually had the disease. The important point is that all of these women, whether or not they had cancer, received immediate professional attention and avoided needless worry.

SALVE
MEDICINE

Misbelief #3 . . . THAT CANCER CAN BE CURED WITH MEDICINE

It cannot! Beware of quacks who promise quick cures using unproved methods. *The only known methods of treating cancer effectively are X-rays, Radium, and Surgery,* alone or in combination. In skilled hands, these proved methods are successfully treating cases which, not many years ago, would have been judged hopeless. Getting to the doctor early is *your* greatest contribution toward cure.

Misbelief #4 . . . . THAT CANCER STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING

Cancer *does* give warning! Some of the common signs of cancer are listed below. Every man and woman over the age of 30 should know them, as a wise measure of self-protection. Should any of them appear, *see your doctor!*

- Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
- Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
- Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
- Loss of appetite, or persistent, unexplained indigestion.
- Noticeable changes in the form, size, or color of a mole or wart.
- Any persistent change from the normal habits of elimination.

For more information, request Metropolitan's free booklet, "A Message of Hope About Cancer."

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A Message of Hope

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 84-C, entitled "A Message of Hope About Cancer."

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FOR LONGER RATIONED WEAR

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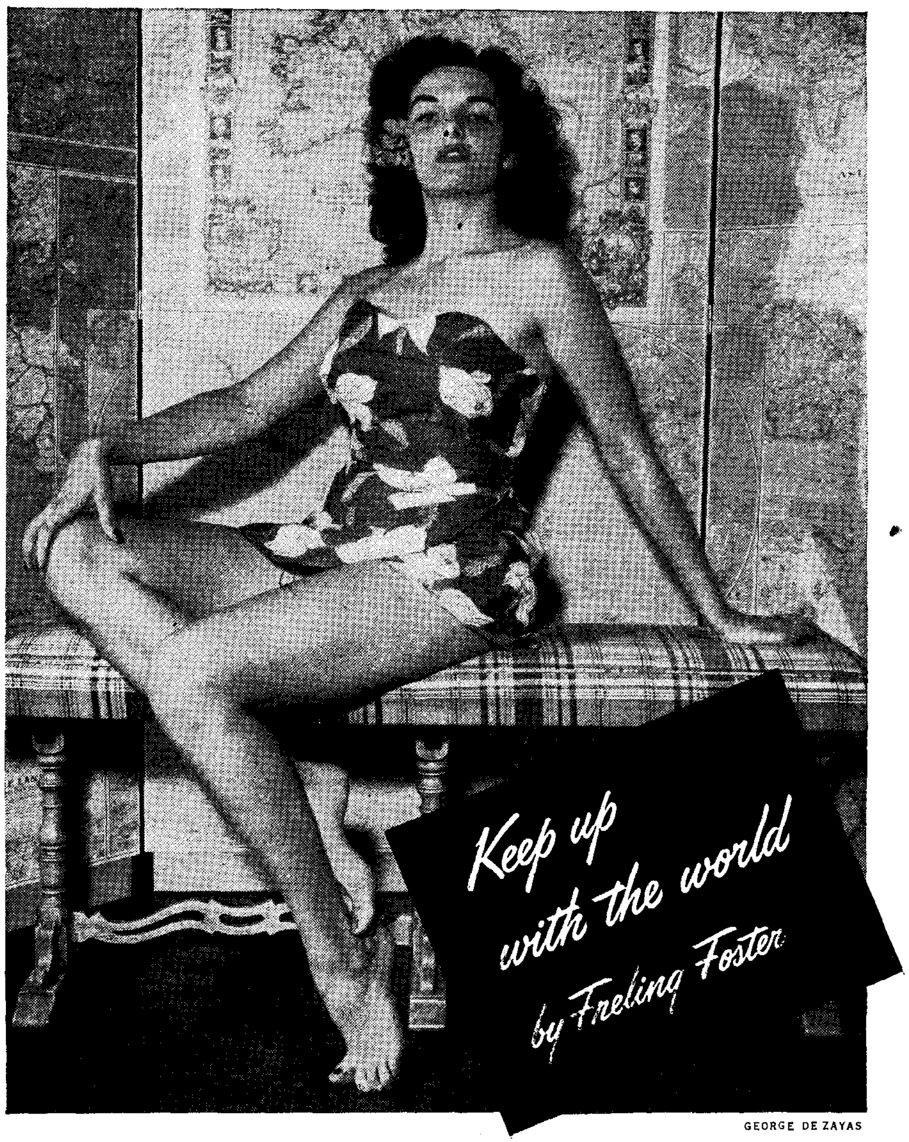

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The greatest build-up ever given a movie actress before she appeared on the screen was the ballyhoo about Jane Russell. Between November, 1940, and February, 1943, during the production of her first and only picture, The Outlaw, the lady was publicized by some 65 magazine articles and 50,000 photographs.

A recent study of nearly 21,000,000 human births discloses that, while there are 94 females for every 100 males in singly born children, the number of girls increases to 97 for every 100 boys in twins, 101 in triplets and 156 in quadruplets.

Rome's monument to Victor Emmanuel II, king of Italy from 1861 to 1878, is the costliest memorial of its kind in the world. Built of white marble and embellished with numerous sculptured groups and reliefs as well as a great equestrian statue of the king, this massive structure occupies almost a square block, is as high as an 18-story building, cost $5,000,000 and was under construction for 26 years before its dedication in 1911.

The largest fine ever imposed on the violator of a cease-and-desist order of the Federal Trade Commission in a civil suit was the $15,000 penalty recently inflicted on a New Jersey manufacturer of a "cure for tuberculosis."

Bare steel telephone wires not only convert vibration into noise but are so sensitive to such motion that engineers, using special listening apparatus, have even heard birds alighting on and leaving these lines.

The King of Kings, the film of the life of Christ produced in 1927 has been shown before some 550,000,000 persons, or twice as many as have seen any other picture.—*By Billy Blackmon, Elmore, Ala.*

About 200,000 parking meters were installed in 449 cities between July, 1935, when the first one was set up in Oklahoma City, and August, 1942, when their manufacture was stopped by the WPB.

Six years after the Mayflower brought the Pilgrims to America, the famous vessel was broken up in England and made into a barn still standing on the Russell Farm, 25 miles west of London.—*By Marion Gale, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.*

Few pipe organs have grown like the one in the Cadet Chapel at West Point. When installed in 1911, it contained 2,418 pipes and cost $12,000; today, through memorial contributions made in the name of graduates, it contains 13,529 pipes, is evaluated at $150,000 and is the largest church organ in the Western Hemisphere.

Including President Franklin D. Roosevelt, 20 direct descendants of Nicholas Roosevelt (1658-1742) have been listed in the 22 editions of Who's Who in America published since 1899; they constitute the largest number of entries to be descended from one man.

A unique American contest was The Great Cowboy Horse Race that was run in June, 1893, from Chadron, Nebraska, to Chicago for a prize of $1,500 and gifts such as a revolver and a saddle. Nine men started, each using two horses ridden alternately, but only four finished, the winner covering the 1,040 miles in 13 days and 16 hours.

Liquid nitrogen is used today in one plant in this country to produce the temperature of 410 degrees Fahrenheit below zero that is required to shrink steel parts so they may be fitted into their corresponding pieces.

Not long ago, an Ann Arbor physician reduced the weight of a man from 560 to 194 pounds, or to one third of his former size, in less than two years.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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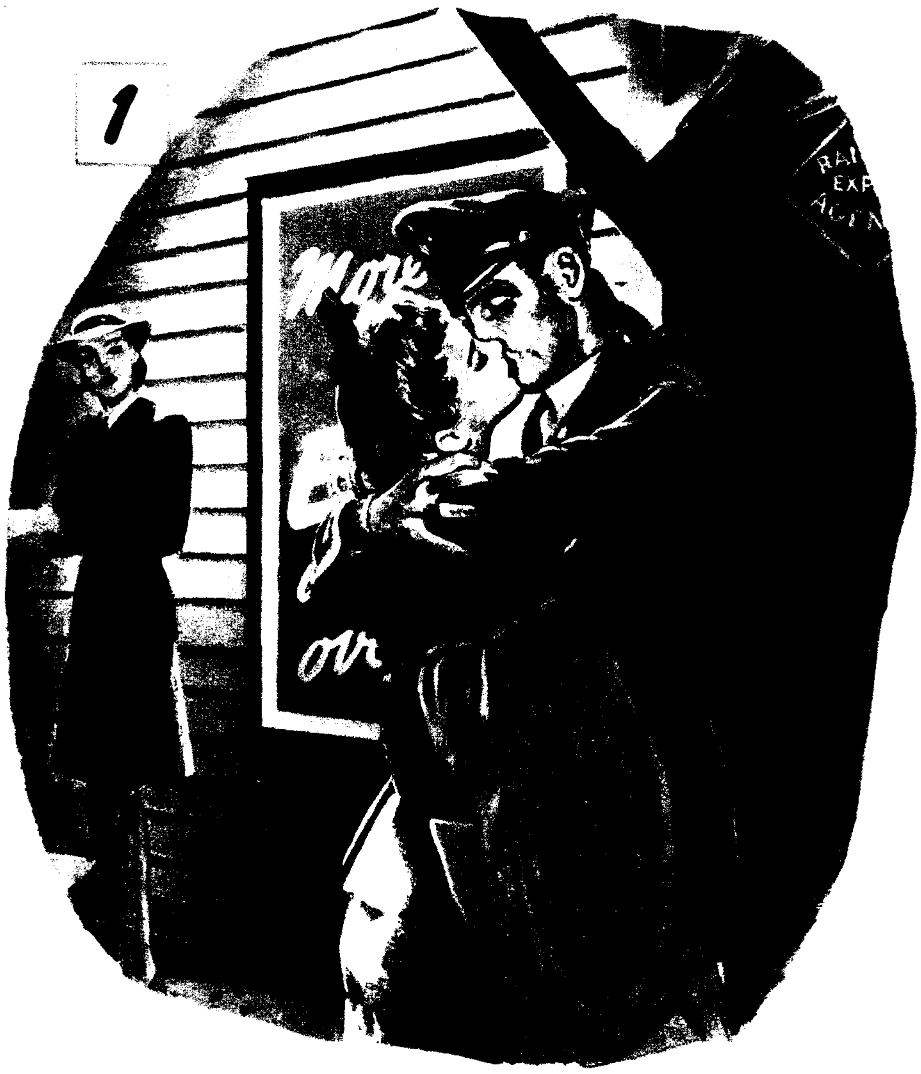
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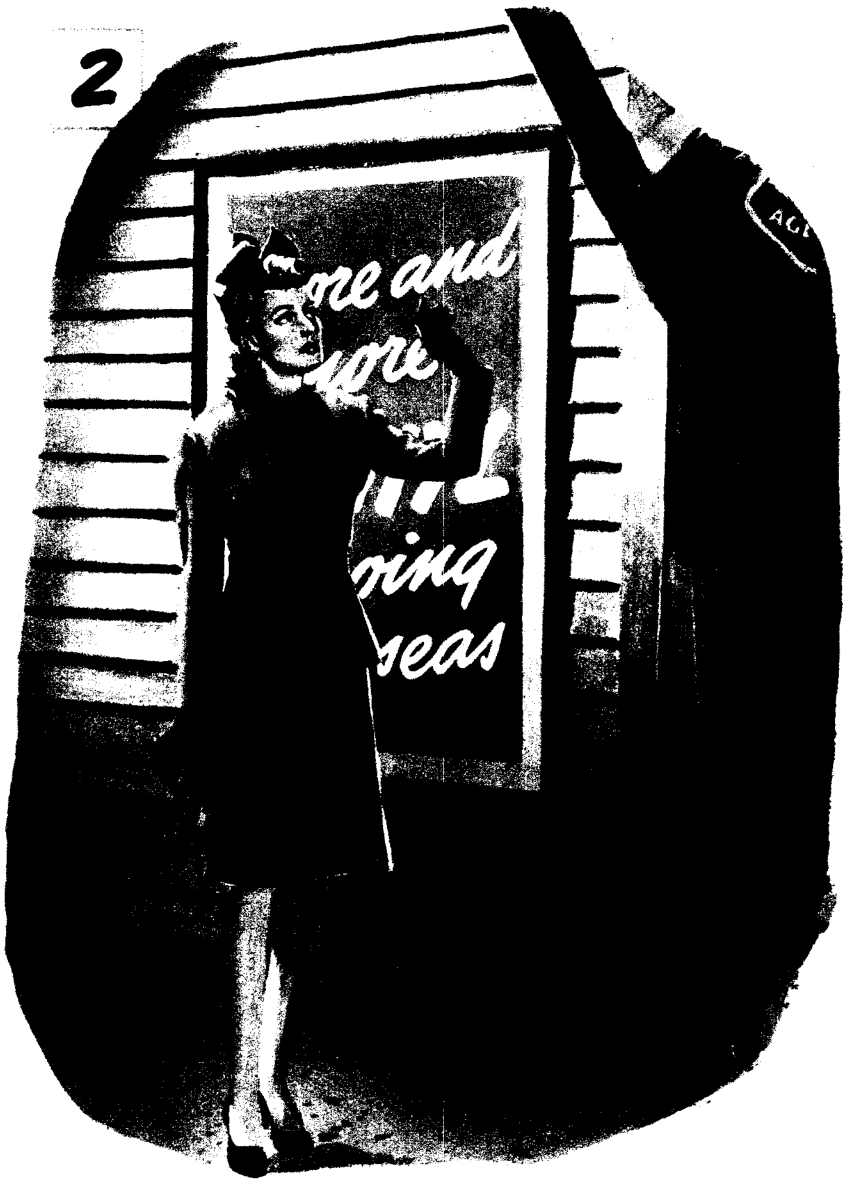
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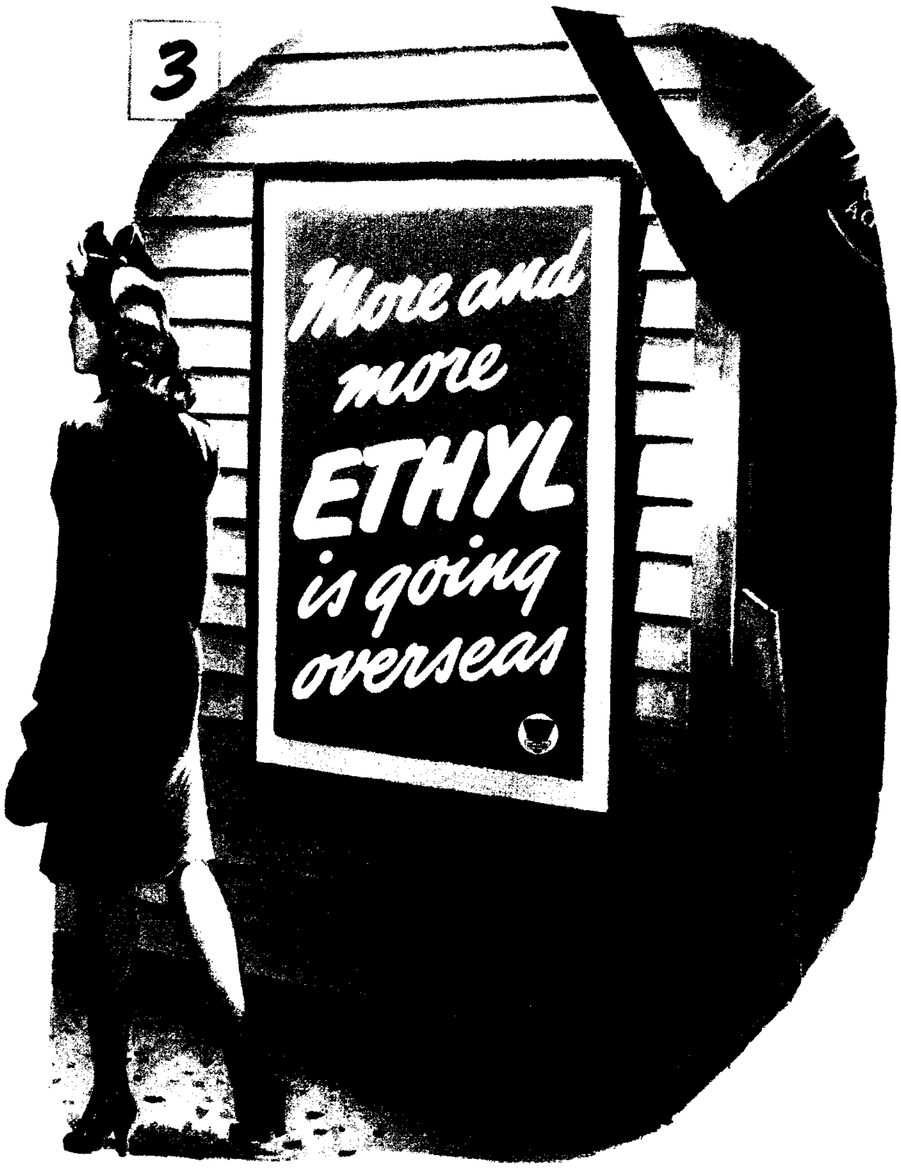
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4 He *must* have gasoline to fight.

What's more, the gasoline needed to power a plane, tank, truck or jeep must be top-quality gasoline. That's why the antiknock quality of nearly every gallon of fighting gasoline—aviation and motor—is improved with Ethyl fluid. And that's why government agencies have placed limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use.

Remember—"Gasoline powers the attack—don't waste a drop!"

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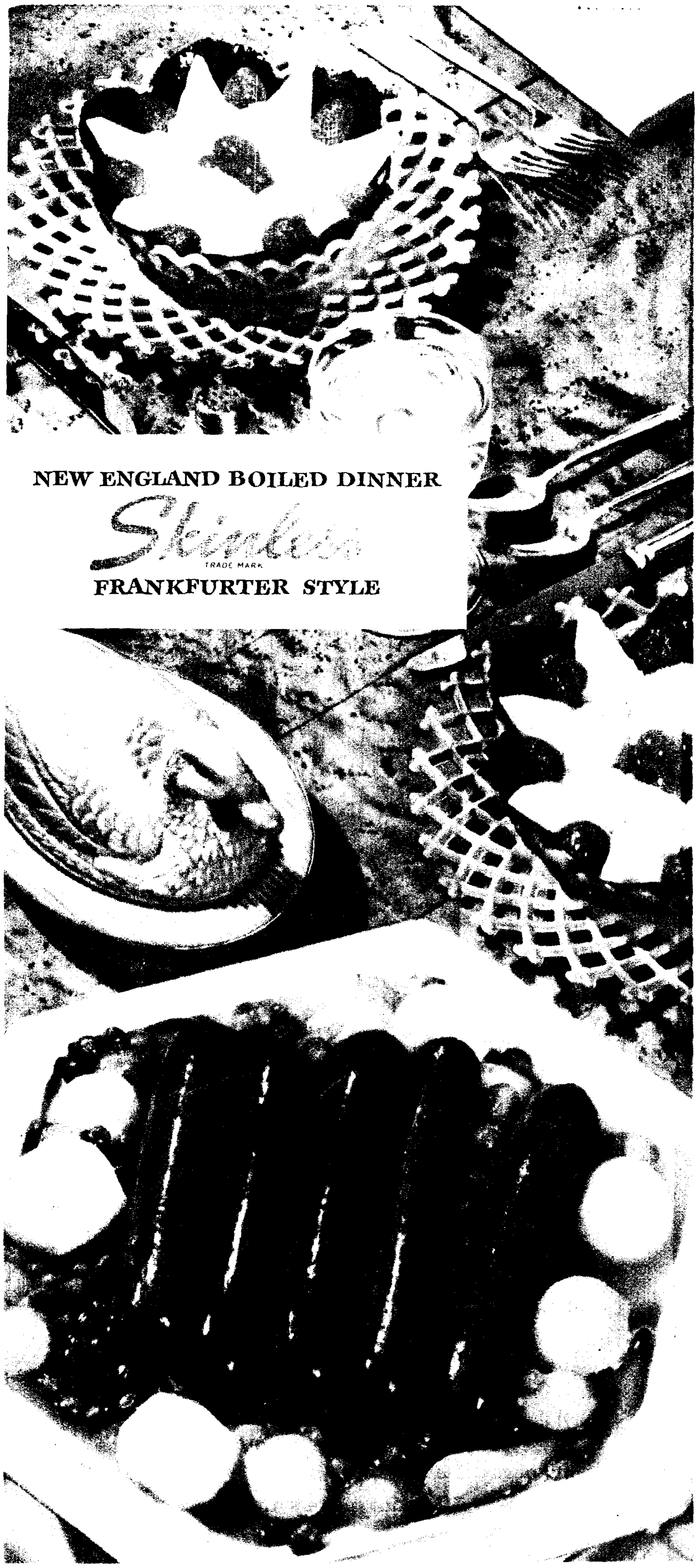

NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER
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TRADE MARK
FRANKFURTER STYLE

Try this new, flavorful combination tonight... tender, juicy SKINLESS frankfurters with garden-fresh vegetables. So quick, easy, economical to prepare. Simply drop SKINLESS franks into enough boiling water to cover. Turn off heat—let stand 5 to 7 minutes.

SKINLESS means fork-cutting tenderness. No skins to split open . . . no waste of flavorful juices. And a single pound of SKINLESS frankfurters or wieners satisfies four hearty appetites.

Treat your family to this tasty meal tonight. Ask for your favorite brand of franks made the SKINLESS way.

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Skinless TRADEMARK **FRANKFURTERS AND WIENERS — THE NO-WASTE FOOD**

A.A.F. AIR SERVICE COMMAND

R. P. Elam (left) and W. C. Edwards (right) invented this prop-straightener—a simple but effective gadget

Wing Talk

BECAUSE it ignored the opportunity of adopting an important-sounding military name like Liaison Office for Assessment and Dissemination of Technical Equipment and Methods Recommended by AAF Personnel, but chose instead the forthright title of Gadget Evaluation Group, we thought there might be something efficient about this outfit, and investigation revealed that there is.

Inconspicuously housed in a tiny office of the largest element in the Army Air Forces, the Air Service Command at Patterson Field, Ohio, is a group of serious men who are shortening the war by speeding up the repair and maintenance of military aircraft all over the world. Actually, the conscientious Army and civilian mechanics toiling away in jungles, deserts and snowbanks initiate everything by developing, under the stress of necessity, short cuts and improved practices. Valuable as they may be at the point of origin, they also can be of equal or greater value in other war theaters. That's where the Gadget Evaluation Group comes in.

The GEG is not just a relay point or pumping station for ideas to go out to every squadron, for such would result in mechanics having to employ reading clerks and elaborate filing systems. So the GEG screens the hundreds of submissions received monthly and eliminates those universally or even sectionally impractical, the duplicates and those of purely local application. It would do no good for mechanics in Greenland to receive instructions on how to make propeller stands out of coconut-palm trees.

To be able to evaluate this flood of suggestions requires an extensive knowledge of all airplanes in service and the conditions under which they operate. So what is left for general distribution is pretty good. Mechanics may take it or leave it, but when something with world-wide application comes along, it is put into a Technical Order and becomes mandatory.

Take the portable propeller-straightener developed by two Air Service Command civilian employees, W. C. Edwards, Jr., and Robert R. Elam, both of Lubbock, Texas. Prior to the development of this gadget and its employment overseas, bent propellers had to be shipped back to the United States to be straightened. Now the work can be done at the most advanced air bases in a minimum of four hours. Both men received the Victory Suggestion Award of the War Department, a citation from the Secretary of War and $1,000 in cash. The device not only contributed markedly to the speeding up of all military aircraft operations, but has saved the taxpayers $1,500,000 a year.

All gadgets don't evaluate this high, but in their own particular fields they knock off minutes and hours and get the plane back on its mission. Such as:

A hydraulic wrench which a woman can use for loosening a propeller-shaft nut. Before this, strong men and sledge hammers were required, often resulting in injury to both engines and mechanics. Or a tool to assist a man to mount an airplane tire and tube in a few minutes, eliminating the need for two or three men to work as much as half an hour. Or the attachment of a cold chisel to a compressed-air rivet gun for knocking off the heads of rivets in salvage operations. It used to be done by hand with a hammer and chisel. Or an emergency method for slinging litters into the bomb bay of a Martin B-26 Marauder, transforming it quickly into an ambulance plane. And hundreds of others which we couldn't appreciate, but which the mechanics can.

Major General Clements McMullen, chief of the Air Service Command's Maintenance Division, established this group more than a year ago and Major Frank J. Rawson, formerly with the United States Bureau of Standards, heads it.

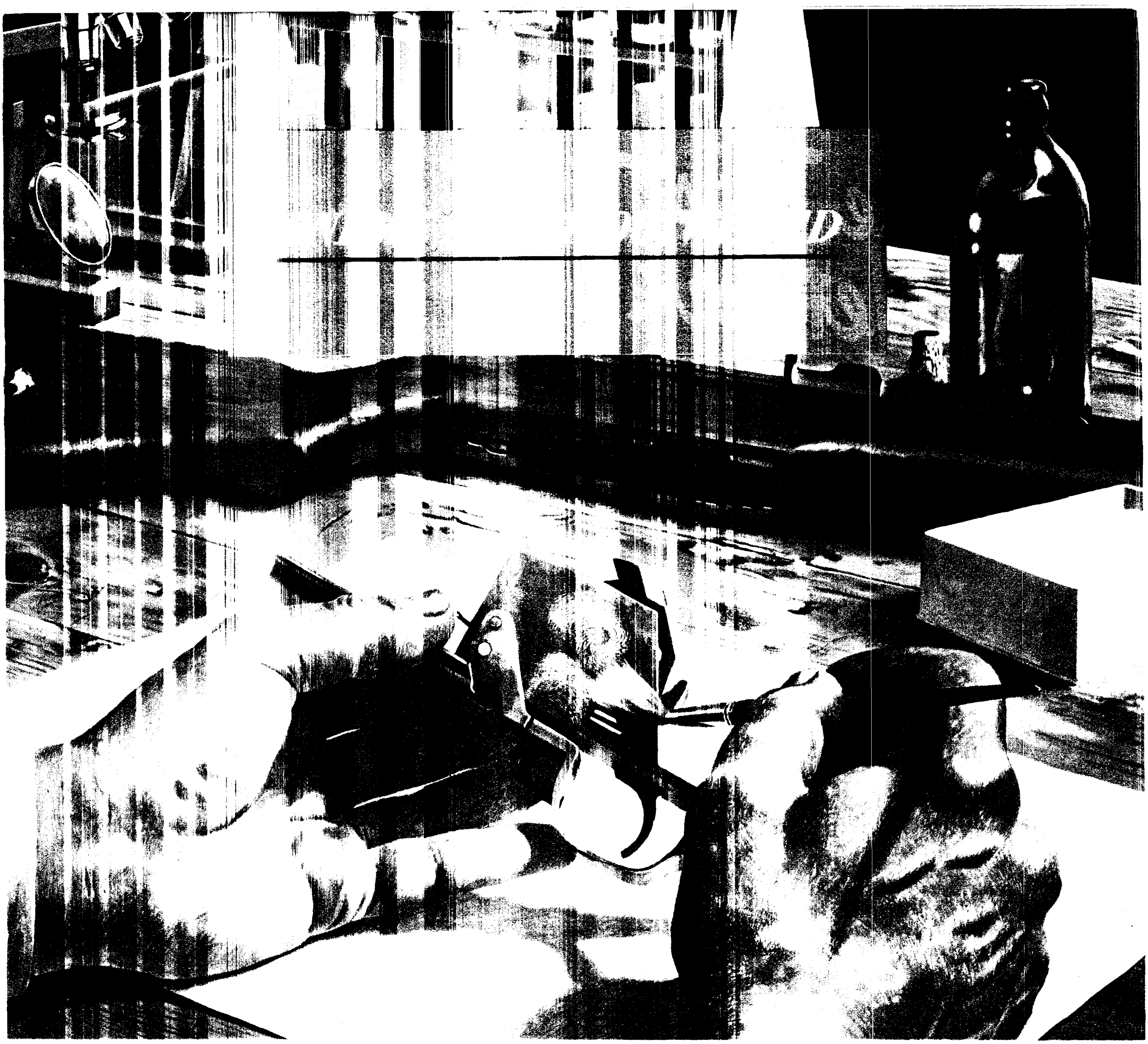
"WE DO not bother to try to get airplane space, and regardless of what you say about vacant seats and the small percentage of priorities, the fact still remains that it isn't worth while."

So wrote a Chicago businessman to R. L. Heininger, general traffic manager of Chicago & Southern Air Lines, in response to information sent out by the line soliciting his business and explaining the current nonpriority passenger situation.

Mr. Heininger's survey of old and potential customers revealed that "business is in favor of doing anything which will aid in the winning of the war, but these same businesses are not in favor of having their representatives kicked off a plane at the last minute because some member of the Armed Forces is going somewhere and probably could use other transportation just as well."

C. & S. also says that the survey proved that the average businessman simply does not bother to try to get a seat on a plane. Mr. Heininger has enlisted the aid of pilots, stewardesses, mechanics, secretaries and even cargo handlers to convince the public that seats can be had on some flights. Though the reservation offices may not be able to confirm a request the first time, he maintains that if the traveler will call again, "in most cases, space is available." He appeals to all reservation people to recommend the flights they know are lighter. In proof of his claim that there is space available on some flights most of the time, he points to a typical period which shows that his line had an average of 19 seats available on all schedules between Chicago and New Orleans, and the passengers carried on these same schedules averaged 14.

So if at first you don't get a seat, keep trying. . . . F.R.N.



A LOYAL AMERICAN—a skilled craftsman in the Arms Plant—left these smudges on the gun bolt. The investigator's brush and powder reveal them for what they are—*fingerprints*.

Fingerprints are sweat marks. Sweat is salty, acidic...highly corrosive. It quickly goes to work on steel. In this war of machines—engines, guns, and instruments whose operating parts may be fitted to 1/10,000 of an inch—a loyal fingerprint is quite capable of upsetting clearances . . . doing a nasty job of sabotage!

* * *

SCIENTISTS AT THE "UNIVERSITY OF PETROLEUM," Shell's research laboratories, have perfected a remarkable oil—a G-man among oils—to protect closely machined parts of our guns and engines from exposure to the unwitting sabotage of rust.

Shell's oil, applied to a part immediately after the last manufacturing operation, welds itself to the steel surface—forming a protective layer that is virtually a part of the metal itself. This film creeps under water or fingerprints—rust is barred.

Practically every advance of the scientists engaged in Shell Research now goes direct to the war factories or war fronts:

100 OCTANE AVIATION GASOLINE, first supplied in commercial quantities by Shell . . .

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Tomorrow, new products—growing from these and scores of other Shell research accomplishments—will be at your service in your everyday peacetime life.

SHELL

SHELL RESEARCH

Sword of Today

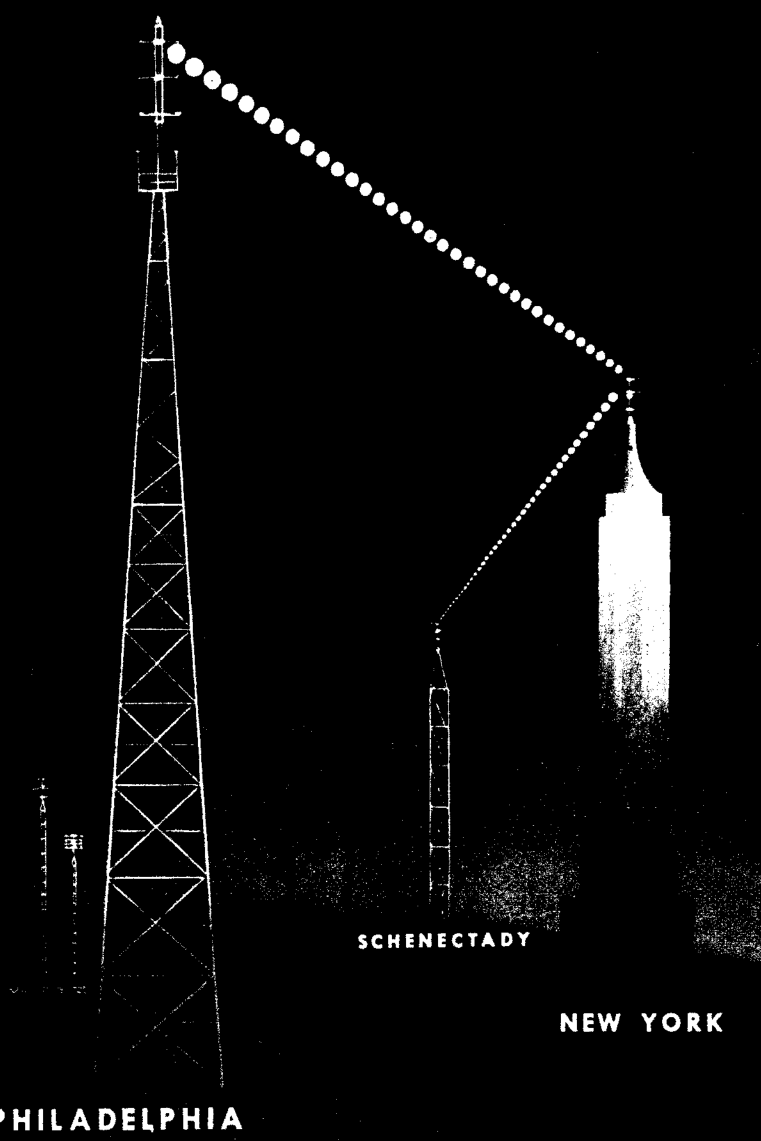
Plowshare of Tomorrow

E NAVY

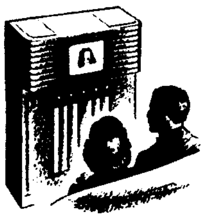
First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—Shell's Wood River Refinery

The First Network!

ANOTHER MILESTONE IN THE PROGRESS OF TELEVISION



CHAIN television is here! With the recent dedication of the new Philco Relay Transmitter at Mt. Rose, N. J., the first Television Network, linking Philadelphia, New York and Schenectady, is in actual operation today. Now Philadelphians enjoy clear reception of programs from New York through their local Philco television station. Thus the first step has been taken through which you will be able eventually to witness events in your home that take place thousands of miles away . . . *by television!*



HOW PHILCO RESEARCH SPEEDS THE ADVANCE OF TELEVISION

Television today has developed to the point where it offers a clear, enjoyable picture for your home. And just as the Philco laboratories have led the way in bringing you finer, clearer *radio* tone, so their research in television has emphasized the sharpness, clarity and detail of the picture. The standards they have developed and fostered are now generally accepted in the industry. Some day after Victory, when television arrives in your community, a Philco Television Receiver will bring you a picture that is as great a pleasure to see as a Philco Radio is a delight to hear.

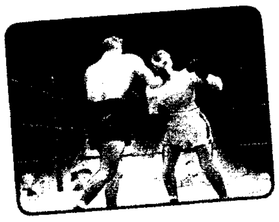
Radio Hall of Fame Orchestra and Chorus. Tune in Sundays, 6 P. M. E. W. T., Blue Network.

★

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

WITH PROGRAMS LIKE THESE, PHILCO TELEVISION STATION WPTZ HAS PIONEERED IN TELEVISION BROADCASTING

Since 1932, Philco has owned and operated its own television station, a rich laboratory of research and experience for television progress.



The Philco station has televised football, boxing, wrestling and other sports as well as news events direct from the scene of action.

Movies, variety acts, dramatic sketches, illustrated news talks and civic programs have been televised from the Philco studios.

PHILCO

THE OVERWHELMING LEADER IN RADIO FOR 12 STRAIGHT YEARS

Collier's

The National Weekly for July 29, 1944

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN'S

Dange in Para

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Beautiful girls were nothing new in Jimmy's business—advertising—but Iris was something special. When she returned from a USO tour Jimmy expected to be in heaven—but he found himself in a mix-up that was one part gunpowder, two parts sex, three parts intrigue, with more ups and downs than a roller coaster. A thriller in four installments

SIX gorgeous girls walked past the door of my office. One of them waved at me and said, "Hi, Jimmy!" and I said, "Hi, Beautiful," absent-mindedly.

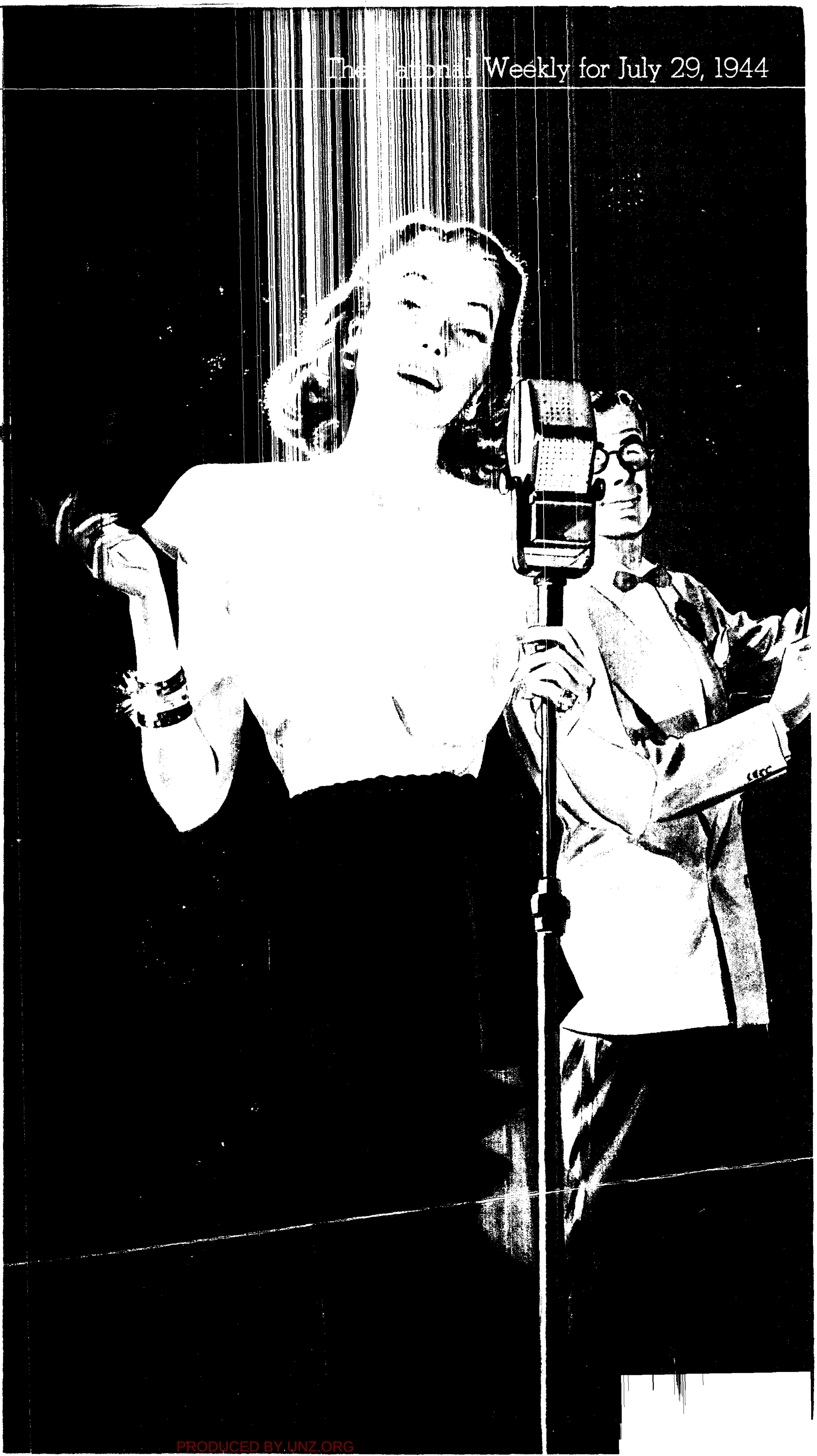
They were really lovely. They were fashion models, fresh up from the agency. Each carried a hatbox, which is the hallmark of professional models on the job. In a few seconds they'd be in the dressing room, and fifteen minutes later they'd be in the gallery, ready for work. The cameras would start shooting, and the results would eventually appear in swank magazines. They'd look so good that thousands of women would get the idea that *they* could look the same way if they had the same clothes. Then they'd go and buy the clothes. That was the general idea. That was why Carrington, Inc., was prosperous. I was sales manager for Carrington.

It was a swell job and I liked it. But in the course of my daily labors, lovely ladies were a dime a dozen—or ten dollars per hour, according to how you looked at it—and they didn't give me any personal thrill. Especially today they couldn't thrill me. My mind was on something else.

That the something else happened to be a girl was my business. That she happened to [illegible] beautiful was mere coincidence. That she was Iris Randall was a miracle.

You've heard of Iris. Or even if you haven't heard of her, you've heard her. She sings. Over the radio. Her voice is almost as sweet as she is. It has a quality that makes you tingle. Well, anyway, it makes me tingle. She isn't one of the ultra-top names in radio, but she's way up there. She's good enough to hold a feature spot in a click once-a-week show, and she makes five hundred dollars each time she appears, which ain't hay even in the top flight of show business.

Iris was due back in New York. She was



Iris wasn't one of the ultra-top names in radio, but she was way up there making five hundred for each performance coming in on an army plane, which meant that the exact hour of her arrival was anybody's guess. It was now well into the afternoon and ever since nine o'clock that morning I had been staring reprovingly at the telephone on my desk, wondering why it didn't bring me the sound of her voice.

Iris had been away a long time. Five months. And when you're in love with a girl, five months is forever. She had been with a USO unit which had been knocking itself out in the Caribbean area. She had passed up a wonderful new contract to go out and entertain the lads in uniform—the ones who are scattered through the outposts of the Western Hemisphere. They were lonely and uncomfortable and they rated a break. But I was lonely, too, right here in New York, and I didn't object to getting a break myself.

I walked from my office into the enormous oak-paneled reception room. I couldn't sit still. Over in the corner, near the entrance, was the switchboard. Margie Brett was sitting there, and I was in the mood to talk to her.

MARGIE was like no other girl in the world. Even wives adored her. She was small and slender and pretty. She was friendly as a pup. She knew the studio inside out. What she did in her off hours, I didn't know. I had seen her playing the Armed Forces. Sometimes she'd leave the studio flanked by a soldier, a sailor, a Marine and a lad in Coast Guard outfit.

I said, "Margie, you aren't doing me right." She knew what I meant and flashed a dimple in my direction. She said, "Sorry, Jimmy. Maybe her plane hasn't come in."

"If she calls," I suggested, "and I'm talking to the most important client in the world—cut him off."

Margie said, "You've sure got it bad."

Two little red lights started popping on the switchboard, and Margie started doing things. Her voice was warm and cheerful. She never got impatient. I thought: If the studio ever loses her, it'll have to go out of business.

I went back to my office, sat down at my fancy desk and started riffling through a stack of test shots. Precision jobs for a pharmaceutical firm. I couldn't get excited. Gauzes and bandages and suturing needles didn't do anything to enhance my romantic mood. But they couldn't kill it, either.

Somebody turned in at my door. I looked up casually and then made a noise like a duck.

Iris! When you've said that, you've said everything. That's the way I was—absolutely and completely overboard. I forgot all the beautiful speeches I'd been working on for a week. I staggered to my feet and said, "Well, I'll be doggoned. *You!*"

Iris walked over to me. She looked wonderful. She was twenty-four years old and slender. She had been a model at Carrington's before radio discovered her, and she still had those qualities of face and figure which justify cameras. She had hazel eyes and a fair complexion. She had light brown hair which curved softly around her shoulders and was worn brushed back from her forehead in a soft wave. She wore a beige cloth coat with a brown fur collar. The coat was open and underneath I could see a beige-and-brown dress and a lot of Iris. She had on a pert little off-the-face hat. She was sunburned. She was perfect.

I grabbed one of her hands between both of mine. I said, "If I had the nerve, I'd kiss you." She stood there waiting, so I kissed her. Her lips were soft and warm and at first it was wonderful. Then I stepped away and got sorry that I'd done it. I said, "Not up to specifications," and she asked "Why?"

"It's still got that sisterly touch."

She looked straight at me and for just an instant her eyes were serious. She said, "You know, Jimmy . . ."

"Yes, I know. I rate tops with you; I'm your best friend. Very nice. Of course, I'm complimented, but I'm disappointed."

There was an awkward moment. She ended it by putting a package on my desk. "A token of my esteem," she said. "Straight from Havana."

I untied the paper. Inside was a box of fifty cigars. "El Corsario Invincibles," I said. "Wow!"

She seemed uncertain. "Are they good?"

"Good? They're seventy-five cents each when you're lucky enough to find them. They're much too good for a smoker like me." I looked up at her and grinned. "How come you know so much about cigars?"

We were getting back to normal. This was the way she liked it. She said, "You'd be surprised."

"A new boy friend?"

"A lot of new ones. But this one . . ." She made a gesture. "Jimmy, have you ever been a girl and met a handsome Cuban who liked you and wanted to show you a good time?"

I said I hadn't. I said I thought it was silly of him to give her cigars when she didn't even smoke cigarettes. She said, "It wasn't exactly that way, either. He gave me a box of El Corsario Invincibles that he asked me to bring in for a friend of his. I figured that if he selected them, they must be good. So I went to the cigar stand in the hotel and bought you a duplicate box. So if they're not what the doctor ordered, you can blame Benigno, not me."

"Benigno," I said. "That's a helluva name. How did you meet him?"

"We finished our tour in Havana. Laid over there waiting for a plane. He looked me up. Said he knew Howard Lawton."

"Lawton?" I shrugged. "Is that any special recommendation?"

Howard Lawton was our assistant business manager. He was okay, but I could take him or leave him alone. I usually left him alone.

"It was an introduction," she explained. "It gave Benigno an excuse to take me out to dinner several times. We went dancing too. And when I left I promised to write him. But I forgot to get his address."

"So that's one rival checked off. You've been around army camps for five months. I suppose there have been others."

"Thousands." Her face grew serious. "We're too likely to forget about the kids who are marooned off in the jungles doing a tough, sweaty job and doing it the tough way, Jimmy. They feel miserable and bored and forgotten. They haven't even got the thrill of fighting. Some of them liked me; I loved them all. And if I made them forget their loneliness for a few hours . . ." She broke off sharply. "Don't let me get started, Jimmy—"

"Okay," I said. "That finishes up with the new men in your life."

"Not quite," she said. "You can add one special agent of the F.B.I."

She tried to make it light, but I caught something. I've known Iris a long time. I said, "So-o! F.B.I.?"

She crinkled the top of her nose. It's a little trick that gets me, and she knows it. She said, "He's new. Met him on the plane coming home."

"Name?"

"Crowley. Dan Crowley."

"Serious?"

"He's nice."

"So am I. I'm wonderful. I'm as essential to a woman as a vacuum cleaner. I'm perfect husband material for any girl named Iris Randall. I'm . . ."

"You're jealous!"

"Of course I'm jealous. And I've got an inferiority complex."

She said, "You'll like Dan."

"That's the hell of it. I like all your friends. I'm living for the day when I can hate one of 'em."

I toyed with the box of El Corsarios. I appreciated them more than she knew. Not just because they were fine cigars, but because she had thought of me and had taken the trouble to bring them all the way back from Havana.

"Been home?" I asked.

"Yes. I parked my suitcases and came down to see you."

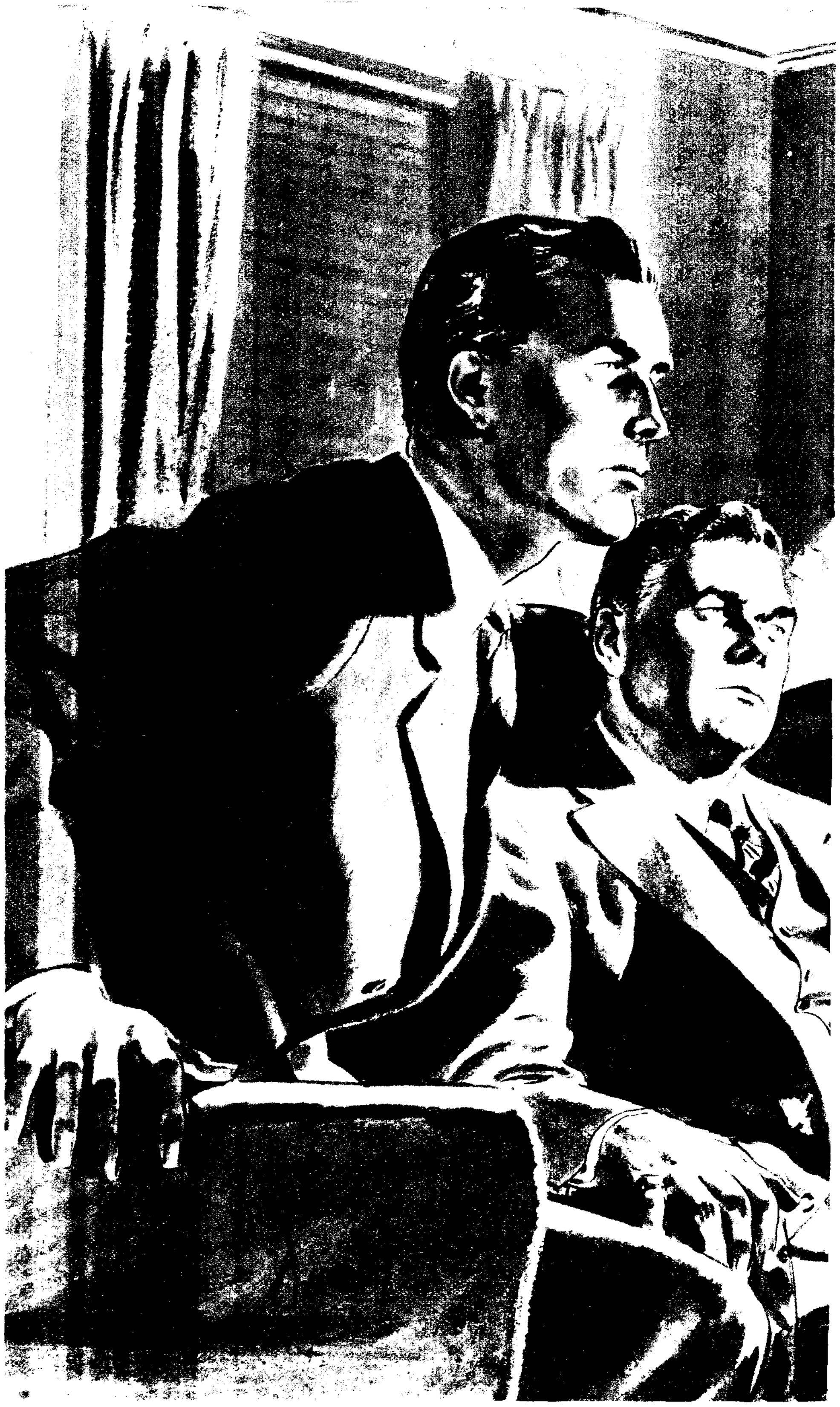
"Tied up for dinner tonight?"

"Yes. With you, I hope."

"Check." I was feeling good. "Just stick around a while, and—"

She shook her head. "No can do. I'm due at Al Brenner's office almost right away."

Al Brenner was a good guy. He owned pieces of a half-dozen popular night clubs and he'd been trying to land Iris for one of



them for a long time. I said, "You going to tackle night-club work?"

She shook her head. "I'm happy with what I've got. But Al's been cabling me. I promised to drop in on him for a few minutes as soon as I hit New York. I could be back here about seven, though, and from then on you can call it."

"I call a long, quiet evening. Just you and me. That's what I want more than anything."

"Then that's what you shall have."

She meant it. Naturally, she couldn't know that it wasn't going to work out that way.

Neither of us could have guessed that within eight hours we'd be up to our necks in murder.

THE Carrington studio is on the west side of New York. It was once a warehouse, and still looks that way from the outside. On the street level is a garage which belongs to the studio. You can enter that from the street, leave your car and walk up a silly spiral staircase which enters the studio through my office. It's an arrangement which strips me of privacy, but there isn't much privacy in an outfit like ours, anyway.

We have a reception room which is tremendous and beautiful and dignified. We have a photograph gallery which is big enough for indoor baseball. Connecting the two, there is a long, narrow hallway flanked by private offices. Beyond the gallery and up a short flight of steps are the art department, developing and printing rooms and processing laboratories. There is a huge wardrobe room and a nifty dressing room for models. We have a taproom decorated in old English style and presided over by a slender little man named Andy. Andy has charge of the studio liquor cabinet, and only he and the boss have keys to that cabinet.

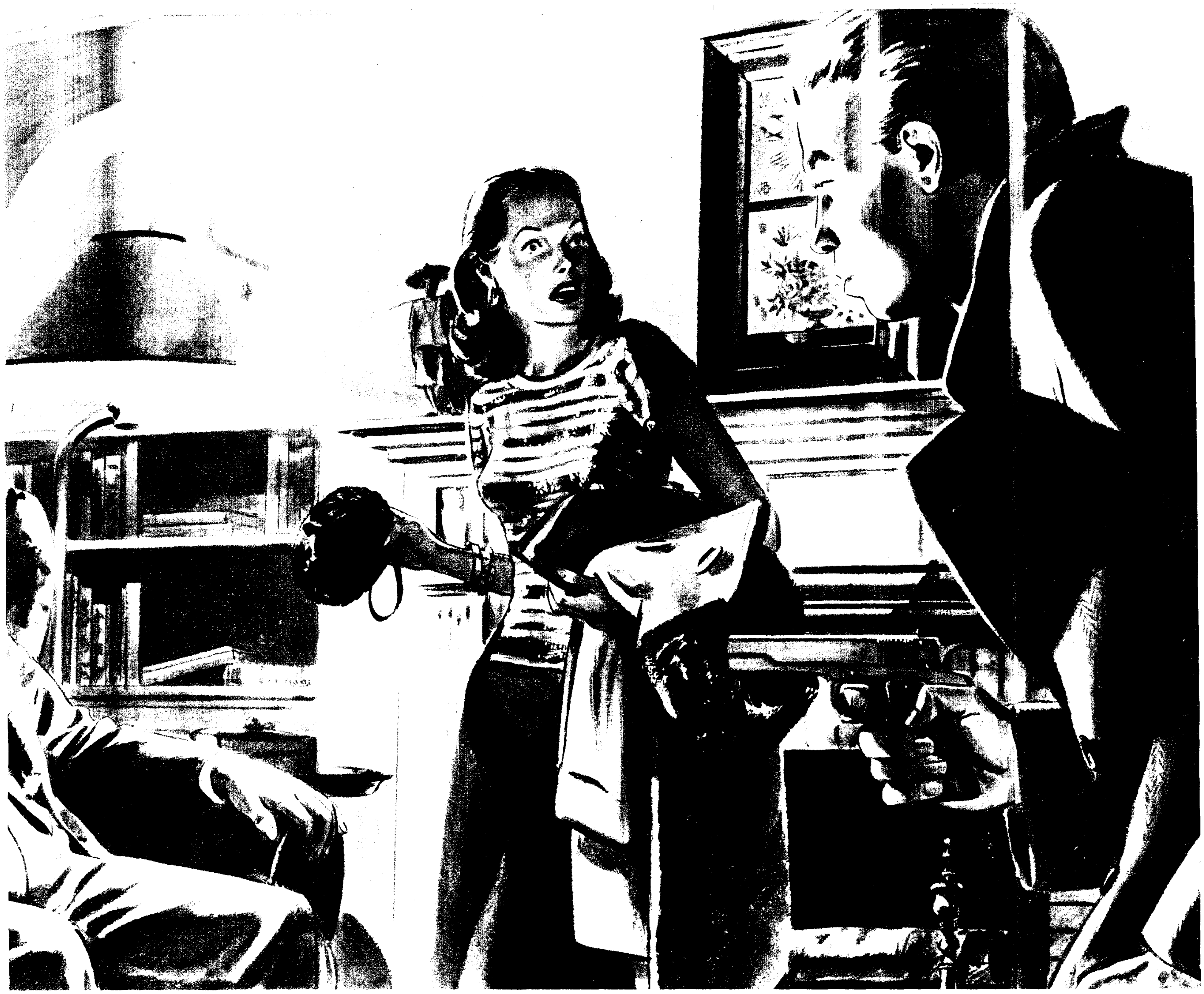
My office isn't any different from the other offices except that my desk is new and shiny. It's a garish onyx-and-chromium job. At first I was impressed by it, but them days have gone.

I was standing close to Iris now, when two people walked in. And I couldn't kick no matter how little I wanted company right then, because my visitors were the boss and his wife.

Wallace Carrington looked formidable and sounded formidable and wasn't either. He was forty-three years old, slightly above medium height, clean-shaven and conservative. He had blue eyes and light brown hair, and he wore glasses. He looked as though he belonged in the Long Island horsy set, and did, though he didn't work at it. Everybody called him Wally and everybody liked him.

But whereas conservatism was the keynote of Wally Carrington, the same couldn't be said of his wife. I didn't know her precise age, but thirty would have been my guess. She had gray eyes, a startlingly clear skin, and a husky and intriguing voice. Her hair was blacker than midnight, and she wore it in a sophisticated hair-do, rolled high toward a part on the left side and held tight against her head by small combs which matched her prevailing costume.

The prevailing costume was always tailored to the point of severity. Her accessories



were always expensive and always matched. She was partial to jade, went strong for red, too. She had been at the studio a couple of years before as Wally's secretary, and for almost a year she had been his wife, which seemed a fairly quick promotion.

She swept in ahead of her husband, grabbed Iris by both hands and they were chattering about nothing at all, with Wally standing in the background interjecting an occasional remark. He was fond of her and proud of her success. He stuck his head outside the door and called for Andy and ordered drinks. Studio rule was no drinks until five o'clock, but Wally insisted that this was a special occasion and to hell with rules.

Andy came back with the drinks and set them on my desk. I showed him my box of El Corsario Invincibles. I said, "Look what Iris brought me."

He said, "Them is good cigars, Mr. Drake."

"Too good," I agreed. "Too good for me and infinitely too good for customers." I opened the bottom drawer of my desk and shoved the box inside. "That's so nobody can find 'em," I explained.

Andy said, "That's a good idea. A lot of guys don't know the difference between an El Corsario and a ten-cent smelleroo."

Somebody bawled for Andy, then, to bring a stepladder into the gallery. He grinned at Iris, said he sure was glad to see her again and vanished into the hall. We settled down to our drinks and a lot of idle chitchat that went on until Iris suddenly remembered to look at her watch and saw she was late for her appointment with Brenner. She grabbed her bag and gloves and started for the reception room. I went with her.

She stopped at the PBX and conversed with Margie. She and Margie were old friends. They'd been models together. Now Margie was punching a switchboard and Iris was making five hundred a week as a singer. But that made no difference to either of them.

I WALKED into the street with Iris, found a taxi and put her in it. After telling her goodby as though she were off for another tour, which is to say that I held her hand for a long time. I walked back to the studio alone. There was a good strong wind whipping in from the Hudson. But if I was cold, I didn't know it. "Jimmy Drake," I told myself sternly, "you're a fatuous fool." That fitted. I liked the sound of it. Being a fatuous fool about Iris seemed to be the nicest thing in the world.

I walked into the reception room and Margie flagged me. She told me that Wally Carrington wanted me in his office. I walked up the decorative flight of steps and barged in on a conference.

Wally was sitting behind his desk holding a bunch of color shots in his hand. In front of him was a little gadget covered with ground glass. He'd put one of the color shots on the ground glass, flick a switch which would turn on a light under the glass and the color shot would show up clear as a bell. He called me over, ran through the set with me, and said, "They're your customers, Jimmy. What do you think?"

I said they weren't the best I'd ever seen, but I'd certainly seen worse. I said, "We don't have to show 'em to the client."

Wally explained the spot we were in. "The client has already seen them," he said. "He thinks they're great."

"Then what . . . ?"

Hal White, the chief of the photographic department, broke in. "I don't care what the client thinks," he said. "The shots are no good. We don't want those things going out as Carrington work."

Hal was a good guy and I liked him, but right then I didn't feel like arguing about a bunch of pictures. I said, "My job is to please the customer. When it comes to quality . . . that's your headache," and I walked across the office and sat down on the couch alongside Sonia.

Sonia was looking good today. Not that she didn't always look good, but today she was something extra special. Her accessories were jade. She took out a jade cigarette case, passed me a smoke and selected one for herself. The clasp of the cigarette case was broken, and she said something about getting it fixed. Then she started asking me questions about Iris.

Sonia always knew just how to hit the right personal note that made you feel that you and your affairs were the only things in the world that counted.

So we sat there and discussed Iris while the debate in the corner waxed hotter and hotter. Wally and Hal sent for Howard Lawton. I didn't care much for Lawton. He was efficient enough as assistant business manager, and was probably a right gee, but he never had registered with me.

Out of the darkness stepped a man with a gun. "Stay where you are—all of you," he said. I sat stiffly on the couch and wondered what to do. Iris didn't move. If Brenner was afraid he didn't show it

He was better than six feet tall and built like an athlete. At thirty-six, he looked older, perhaps because of a premature grayness. He talked with a slow, lazy drawl which betrayed his Southern background, but he didn't overdo it. Sonia said, "You don't like Howard, do you?"

I said, "Sure, I like him."

"But not much."

"Am I supposed to?"

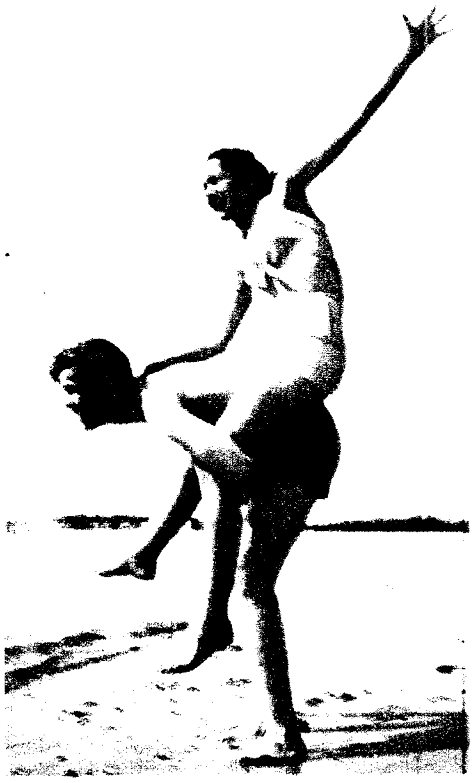
She said, "He's all right." The way she said it gave me the feeling that she was trying to sell herself a bill of goods.

OUR three debaters were getting nowhere fast. They were doing it in a loud way. An outsider couldn't have guessed which one was boss. I got up and told Sonia I'd be going back to my office. I was the forgotten man. I left the room and they never missed me.

Work was piled up on my desk. The telephone rang, and Margie's bright, cheerful voice reminded me of two calls I was supposed to make. I didn't make either.

I was thinking of the evening ahead. An evening alone with Iris.

(Continued on page 68)

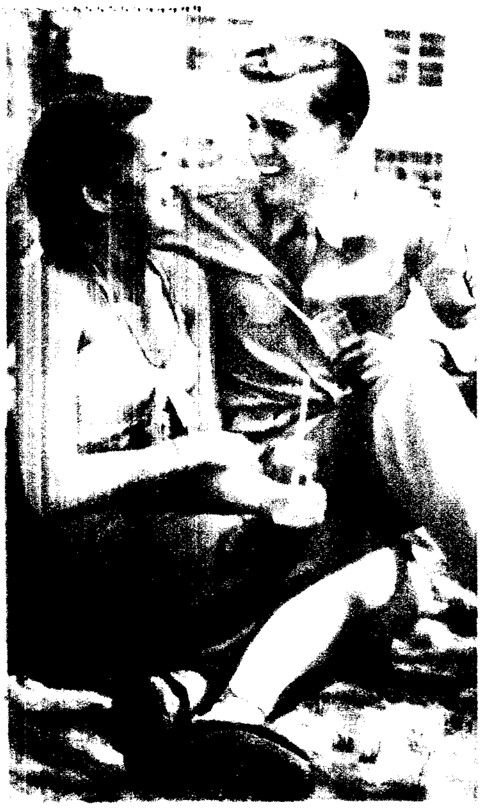


Start with red and white striped cotton bra and pants for play suit

Quick Change Costume

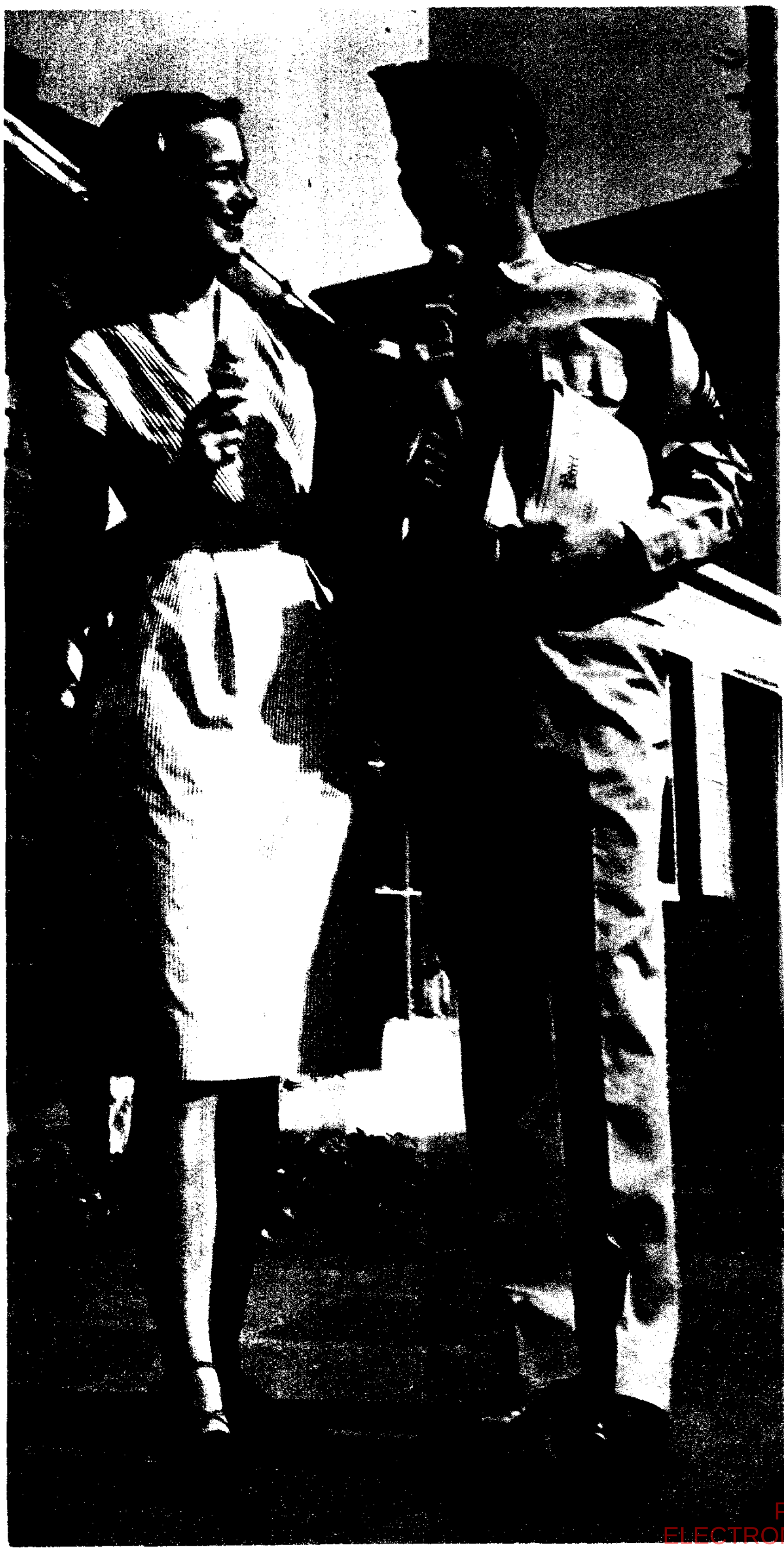
BY RUTH CARSON

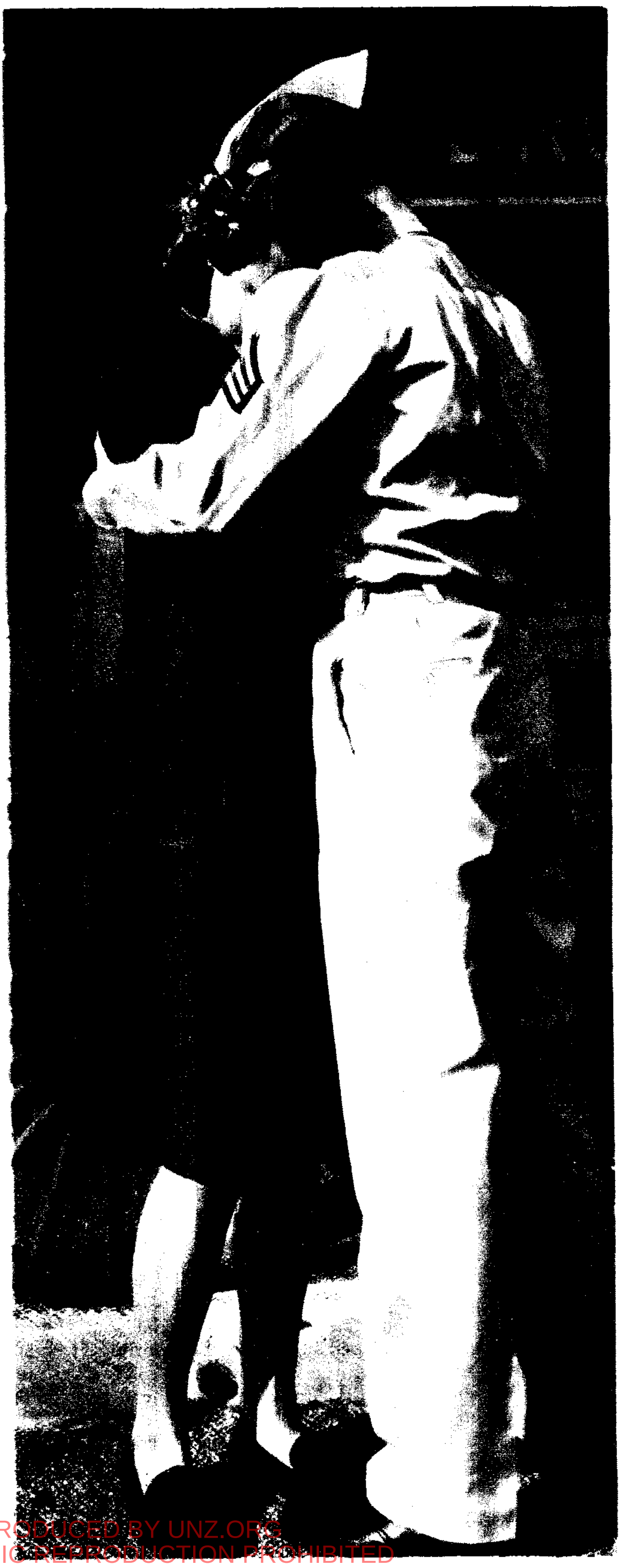
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TONI FRISSELL



Add skirt of brown rayon (looks like linen) and you've a sun dress

For a change, wrap-around dress of same striped cotton, below. Add jacket to bra and skirt for traveling suit





What to wear—any place, any time—in five easy pieces; designed by Claire McCardell, winner of the Fashion Critics' Award

WHEN he wires "Come meet me," or "I'll be there," that's no time to go fussing about your wardrobe, figuring what to pack or what goes with what. There's just time enough to polish up the coiffure and be set with a variable outfit like the five-piece one herewith that, at the drop of a jacket or the switch of a skirt, is anything from sun to travel suit. No fussing with a lot of costumes and accessories, plus luggage. You're covered—becomingly, though barely—for anything.

This easygoing outfit was designed for Collier's by Claire McCardell, winner of this year's American Fashion Critics' Award "for top performance in the field of casual clothes," which means that she designs clothes that exactly suit a lot of American girls. They're young, they're gay, and they have plenty of style at a price.

Looking over the costume you see here, she points out its merits: "When I'm packing a suitcase, I've found it's easier to have several things in one fabric than to have a lot of stuff that doesn't go together. That's the whole basis of having things in pieces.

"That bra top with skirt is good in a lot of places. Then suddenly you walk out of one of those places, and it's no longer okay. So you have a jacket along.

"The dress you could wear as a beach dress. You just put it on and tie. It would fit practically anyone. The shoulders kind of stick out. They don't bother you."

Comfort in clothes is important to Claire McCardell, since she designs to suit her own lithe self. Hence the broad, easy shoulders, the skirts that won't hamper a rangy stride and the original kind of fashion that is becoming to the owner of a pert nose and sparkle.

Claire is the American girl who made good in regulation up-from-the-bottom fashion. She came from a small town, Frederick, Maryland, to the big cities, New York and Paris, to study to be a fashion designer. Three years of fine-fashion schooling landed her a job painting lamp shades. Then she modeled for a while.

How Not to Become a Designer

"People told me," she says, "that in order to be a designer, you had to be a sample hand first. A sample hand is the person who sews the original model. I tried that. They put me to work on the toughest job possible, making bias piping out of chiffon. I couldn't even keep the machine threaded. I quit the same day."

Now she does fine designing by sketching, and sometimes draping fabric on a dummy. She has been doing this for ten years on Seventh Avenue, New York's wholesale center, with a brief interlude at Hattie Carnegie's, and the thousand-dollar bond and bronze trophy the Fashion Critics' jury awarded her are simply acknowledgment of what her followers have known all along: that she is one of America's top-ranking fashion designers. However, as soon as the war is over, she is going to join the stampede to Paris.

"People think all we did was go there and copy," she says, "but that isn't so. Paris trains your eye and your color sense, and you see everything there, good and bad. It's a matter, not of copying, but of what you do with a trend."

When, for obvious reasons, there was a trend to house dresses, Claire McCardell produced the popover, which is as gay as its name, likewise useful, and a trend-setter itself. People who like to pick fashion "firsts" say she was first with the bareback, strip-tease kind of clothes now dotting your summer scene.

No matter how many times she goes to Paris, she promises, her designs will always be such answers—with a fillip—to your needs because they're her needs, too. ★★★

HELL FOR HIROHITO

BY CAPTAIN ROBERT COPLEY AS TOLD TO WALTER RUNDLE

RADIOED FROM CHINA

On the way back from bombing the Yawata steel works, the copilot said, "From here out, I wouldn't walk across the street to see the greatest fireworks display in the world"

AS LONG as I live, I think I'll carry the memory of a long piece of red string stretching across the cloth-draped map in the briefing room of Forward Echelon Headquarters of the Twentieth Army Air Force in western China. That's the first thing I noted as I filed in with the crew on the morning of June 15th and we took our places on the pine benches in the mud and bamboo building which had been completed only a few days earlier.

It's hard to put into words what you feel at a briefing. Everyone in the building knew it was to be an important mission, and I was particularly tense for two reasons: My own ship was out of order, and it was still uncertain whether I would go. Then, too, it would be the first mission for myself and most of the crew. So when I saw the red string and the general direction in which it ran, I felt perspiration break out on the palms of my hands.

The string started at our China base, then ducked under the cloth, but I could follow its outline. It seemed to stretch endlessly, terminating in the upper right-hand corner of the wall, under a patch of brown butcher's paper which formed an extension of the cloth drape.

I think nearly everyone felt much the same as I. It was the sort of feeling you get before a big football game or boxing match—a feeling that there is a vacuum in your stomach.

We'd all hoped for a crack at the Japanese mainland, but personally I thought Formosa a more likely spot, and others in the crew said later they'd had a hunch we were going to Shanghai or Hong Kong.

That red string was the first tip on how big and important the raid really was. There was a strange hush as the pilots filed in and had a look. I remember thinking it was something like the hush in church just before the service begins. I also recall thinking: Brother, you *gotta* go on this one. I'd got up at 5 A.M. and headed for the line, only to learn that the ship I usually flew had developed a gas leak. The crew and I pleaded to go anyhow, but we were told we couldn't. There had been a hell of a scene, with everyone almost in tears, and the right gunner, Sergeant Dave Danks, an "eager beaver" from Central City, Kentucky, giving such a profane performance in front of assorted colonels and generals that I was afraid he'd be reprimanded. The upshot was a promise that we'd be permitted to take another ship if the ground crews readied it in time for the take-off.

That will give you some idea of the mixed emotions we felt as Colonel Leonard F. Harman of Boise, Idaho, ordered the briefing-room lights turned down, and the slide lantern threw a picture of a huge industrial plant on the cloth covering the map.

The Chance They'd Been Asking For

"You've all been asking for a chance to hit the Jap and hit him hard," Harman said, and pointed to the enlarged picture. "If there ever was a juicy target, this is it. These blast furnaces of the Imperial Iron and Steel Works at Yawata produce one fifth of all the steel in the Japanese empire. If you lay your cookies on the target, it will take the Japanese at least fourteen months to repair the loss."

The lights went on, and the cloth drape was rolled up, permitting us to see the course of the red string. I could hear a sort of general intake of breath. It was a man-size mission.

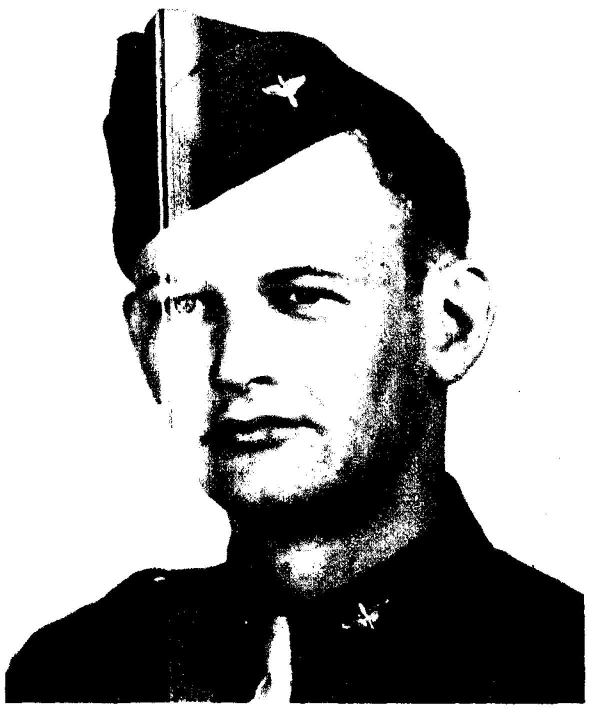
The briefing continued for two hours, with specific instructions on the route, the weather, the hazards on the approach to the target and the bomb run. Overhead I heard the roar of B-29 motors and knew it must be the "short-timing" plane whereon hung my chances to go on the mission. I began to think the briefing would never be over. When it ended, I high-tailed it to the ship, which was just taxiing to a stop, and, with my heart in my mouth, asked for the news. It was good. We were going.

I dashed back, gave the crew the good word and headed for a hasty lunch, which none of us were able to eat. After lunch we began preparations for the mission. Every man worked like a dog. We had to transfer all equipment—a good truckload of it—from our own ship. There was a staggering number of details; checking the gas and oil and each of the motors, and loading and arming the bombs. Finally we buttoned up the hatches and were ready to start the engines after the first B-29 roared into the air. A tractor pulled us to the turning circle on the runway a couple of minutes after the scheduled take-off time.

I gunned the engines, and they ticked like a platinum watch, so I set her nose down the runway and eased back the throttles. The motors fought against the great weight of the bombs and gas and lifted us slowly into the air. As we climbed toward the nearest ridge of hills, we banked toward Japan. We were dog-tired by then—dog-tired but happy. We were on our way in the most important mission yet flown in the China-Burma-India theater.

I think we began to relax a couple of hours later for the first time that day. I asked the copilot, G. R. "Jerry" Offerman of Minneapolis, Minnesota, to take the controls and I sat back and listened to those motors. It was the sweetest sound I ever heard. Everything about the ship was working perfectly.

We were well over Japanese-occupied territory but were flying through soup—which was the best possible guaranty against detection. So I was sitting back and thinking it was about the hour my wife back in *(Continued on page 47)*



Lt. Oscar Lee Smith, the bombardier, delivered a bill of goods to the Imperial Iron and Steel Works

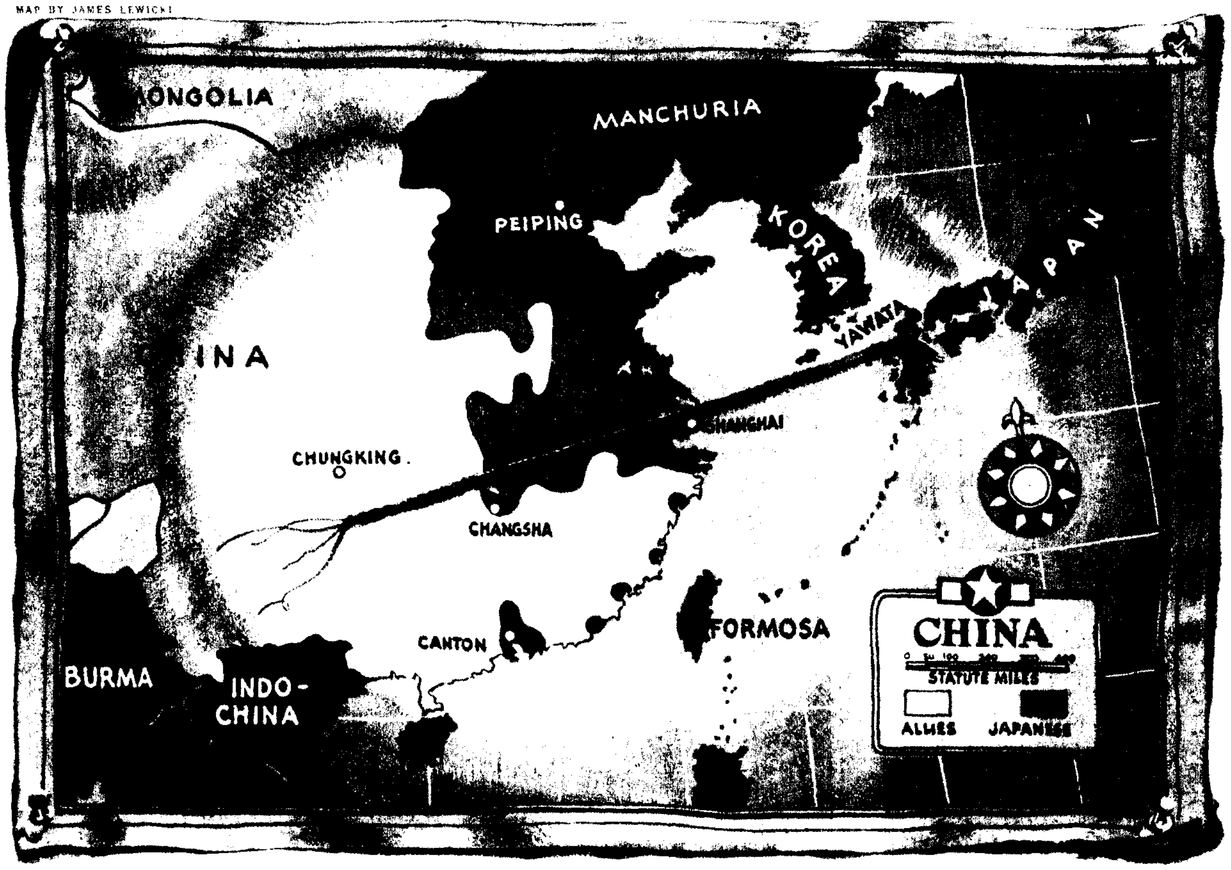
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS U. S. AIR FORCES

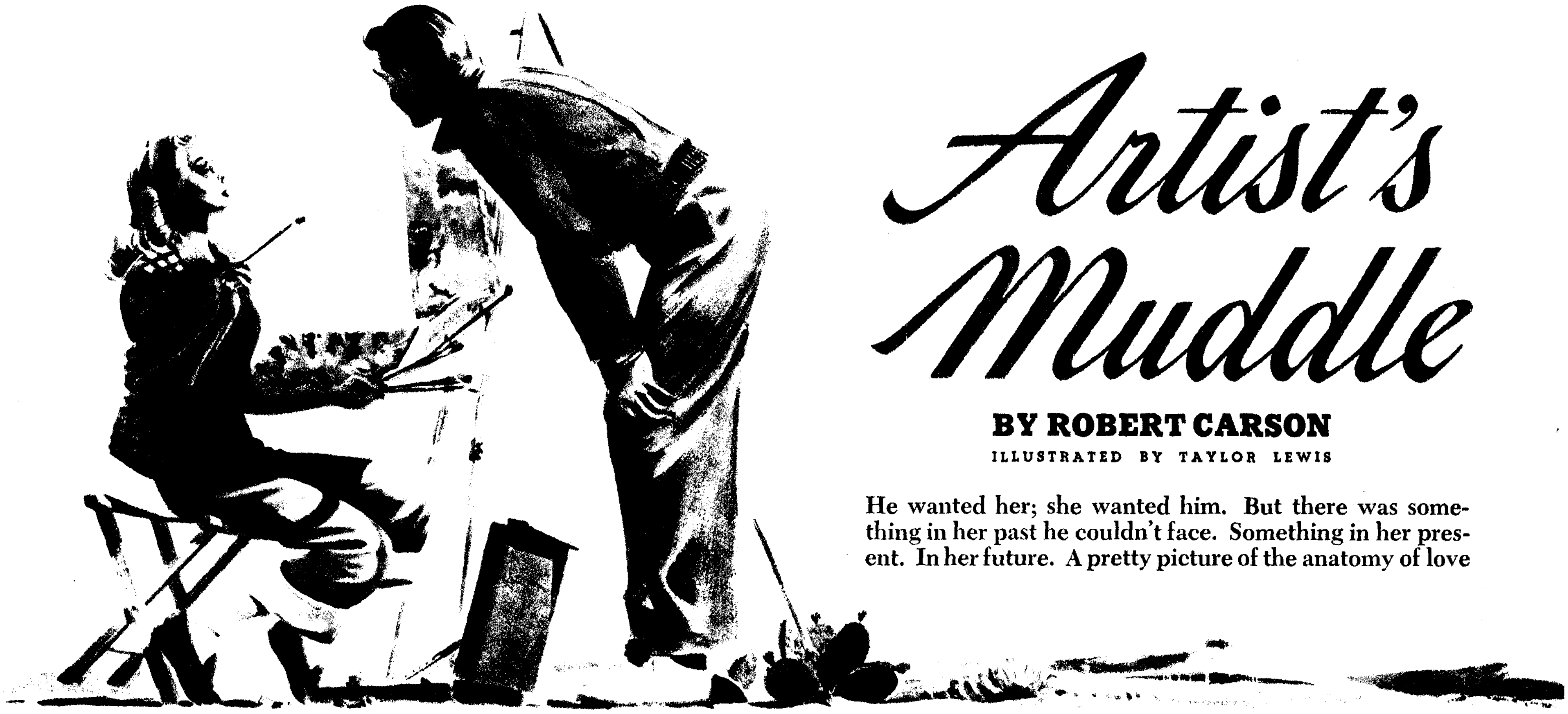
Captain Robert Copley, shown as cadet, piloted the Boeing B-29 to Yawata, tried to turn it into a fighter

Colonel Leonard Harman (below) said it might take the Japs fourteen months to repair the raid's damage

In Forward Echelon Headquarters . . . the lights went on, and the cloth drape was rolled up, permitting us to see the course of the red string. I could hear a sort of general intake of breath. It was a man-size mission

MAP BY JAMES LEWICKI





Artist's Muddle

BY ROBERT CARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TAYLOR LEWIS

He wanted her; she wanted him. But there was something in her past he couldn't face. Something in her present. In her future. A pretty picture of the anatomy of love

THERE were two brothers named Camden. Both were in their late twenties, tall men, solid, not very excitable, with a Virginia softening to their speech and wide, amiable grins. Peter, the elder by two years, was one of America's foremost artists, well known especially for his work on the war. The younger, Stephen, was a practically anonymous test pilot for a big aircraft plant.

A fact that never ceased to fascinate people who knew them was their complete dissimilarity of interest as far as art was concerned. Peter, a realist rather than a modernist and springing directly from the American tradition, had the training, taste and judgment that made him a valuable critic as well as a top-flight painter; Stephen's knowledge of art ended with camera studies of pin-up girls, at which he was known to gaze sometimes and give vent to his critical approval by a series of hoarse barks. Friends of the Camdens had a saying: "Steve is Steve, and Pete is Pete, and never the twain shall meet in any gallery."

In this they were mistaken. A love for art came to Steve along with love under rather idyllic circumstances. The late spring of 1944 found him spending the week end on the ranch of some friends about three A coupons from Los Angeles. A long time had passed since his last vacation, and he was inclined to innocent gaiety. Certain hazards incident to his profession gave him a kind of large carelessness in his daily life. Added to this was the recent death of a colleague of his who should have known better than to get himself killed—a test pilot of forty, with many thousands of hours and a wife and three children. Although by no means a large drinker, Steve had had three Scotch-and-sodas before lunch. He decided to go for a walk and practice singing selections from H.M.S. Pinafore, which he did rather well.

Crossing from the house, he opened the gate and went down the road. He was wearing his usual tan gabardine pants and worn leather jacket, and he was in pretty good voice. Singing the part of Sir Joseph held him for half a mile, and he pleased himself. Just for variety he switched to Buttercup's aria, hopefully adjusting his voice for a female part. He rounded a turn in which the road had a high bank, alleging that he was called Buttercup, poor little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup. On the other side of the turn in the road was parked an old roadster with the top down. Beside it was a girl working at an easel. She seemed startled.

Steve stopped singing and approached the artist cautiously. He noted that she was youthful, very slim, with blond hair in the long bob he so much admired, a grave, oval face, and a lovely smooth expanse of forehead that gave her an angelic expression. Coming closer, he saw she had large, calmly clear gray eyes well shaded by long dark lashes.

A beautiful, innocent child, he thought, and quite a find in the midst of this inhospitable desert. Almost a Botticelli goddess, he might have said, except that he had never heard of Botticelli. Also, the goddesses normally wore only a few wisps of gauze, and this lady had on faded denim pants, a wool shirt, and a plaid windbreaker. Nevertheless, she could have been dressed in gunny sacks and barefooted, and still she would have given him the sensation of a few snap rolls. His happy inspection tended to make him stare, and the artist frowned slightly.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"I have no complaints," Steve said. "And your folks certainly must be happy at everything turning out so well."

"They keep singing and dancing," the girl said. "Would you care to inspect my canvas, too?"

Steve peered over her shoulder at the picture on the easel. It was an ordinary landscape—a stretch of brownish desert land with conical treeless hills and hulking mauve mountains in the distance. The foreground was broken by a straight line of cottonwood trees. You could do the same thing with a camera and a little color film, and be back in time for a few sets of tennis. Of course, it was a matter of taste. There were guys who made their own furniture in their garages, and women who liked to knit sweaters.

STEVE had a sudden inspiration. He gasped politely. "Wonderful," he said. "Magnificent. Those trees are so—ah—so—"

The girl's lashes parted, giving him a true appreciation of the color gray. "So wooden, perhaps?"

"Exactly," Steve said. "You took the word right out of my mouth."

"I'm trying to get the feeling of the desert—the sunlit melancholy, the timelessness."

Steve nodded, his face serious and judicial. "You've got it, honey, and six points. I was just going to say this picture is melancholy and timeless."

"No kidding?" the gorgeous artist said.

A red light was winking on Steve's mental instrument board. He resolved to keep going, an old habit of his. If you didn't, you were apt to lose flying speed and spin in.

"I hang around galleries all the time," he said. "I'm crazy about pictures. Haven't I seen your signature somewhere?"

"Only if you hang around banks, too," the girl said. "I often write checks and sign them, but never my pictures. None of them have been exhibited."

There was a short silence. Steve had an unpleasant feeling that the interview was over. The girl picked up her palette.

"Maybe I ought to introduce myself," he said.

"I know, you're sweet little Buttercup," the girl replied. "I heard you coming."

Steve laughed heartily and falsely. "You kill me. My name's Steve Camden."

"Glad to meet you."

"It's a pleasure," Steve said, and waited patiently. The girl began painting. "I'm twenty-seven, and I went to William and Mary. I like football and ice hockey and occasionally smoke a pipe. My family is predominantly Democratic, but I prefer to wait and see. I enjoy sucking up sodas with a straw, and I would get a lot of reading done if I didn't get so sleepy at night."

"You probably get more fun out of life than many people," the girl said. "Drop around here again next Saturday. You'll find the view pleasant."

"Not unless you're here."

"I'm sorry, I won't be."

"In that case," Steve said, "I wonder if I may have your name. I might have to establish an alibi or something."

Though the girl continued to work, she sighed and smiled and gave up the struggle. Her name was Annice Ralston, and her friends called her Annie. Steve, who wished to be listed among her friends, lost no time in calling her Annie. He pulled up a flat rock and sat down beside her canvas chair.

Painting being a restful occupation, they chatted along for upward of an hour, with Annie doing a good deal of the talking. Steve was entranced to learn that she was alone in Los Angeles, doing some undesignated work for a medical foundation. She was unmarried, a Michigan girl, and interested in landscapes as an avocation. Whenever she had enough gasoline and felt she wasn't damaging the war effort, she came out like this to work.

Steve had never heard a biography more interesting to him, but the air was chill, and hunger overcame his attention. He glanced at his watch. "Listen, how would you like a barbecued steak, two inches thick, with a black crust on it, covered with barbecue sauce and served on a hot platter with French fried potatoes—all inside half an hour?"

"I was told not to go with strange men," Annie said, "especially out here in the desert. How do I know who you are? How can I be sure that you're telling the truth? And how can I resist a chance to eat a steak? You drive."

Steve took her back to the ranch house. The hostess, a charming lady, received Annie with great kindness and led her to a powder room for general repairs. Steve went to the large pine-walled room where the rest of the guests were assembling for the barbecue.

Everybody was curious concerning Steve's long absence, especially Mercedes, the tall and willowy model who had accompanie him on the week end. Steve had barely started his explanation when Annie arrived with the hostess. She created an instant sensation, particularly among the men. Mercedes ranged herself beside Steve, grimly smiling. Together they watched the young artist charm the party.

"HOW about giving me the dope, dope?" Mercedes said. "Under what rock did you find that handsomely attired young queen of the open spaces? In addition, why?"

"There's nothing personal in it," Steve replied. "She happened to be by the side of the road I was walking along. She's a painter, and I stopped to admire and criticize her work. One *bon mot* led to another, and I ended by bringing her home to feed her. It was simply from a desire to lend a helping hand to a struggling young artist."

"She'll be struggling if she sticks around you," Mercedes said sourly, "but as long as she struggles, I don't mind. The minute she stops, I'm going to put a stick of dynamite in your little sagebrush love nest."

"Sometimes I wonder," Steve said, "if your clothes haven't gone to your head."

A little later he managed to elude Mercedes and caught Annie at the bar. She was having a tall glass of water, since she didn't care for stronger beverages. Steve had one for her and one for himself.

"You have too much of that stuff," Annie said. "It's not good for you."

"You sound like a nurse," Steve said.

"Do I?" Annie said quietly.

Their hostess came up.

Annie eyed her watch nervously. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to eat and run," she said. "I hope you won't think I'm too horribly rude."

"Oh, you must stay," the hostess said. "I won't hear of anything else. You'll be very well chaperoned here, and I have a room for you."

"By all means stay, darling," Mercedes said. "And I hope you're good at hand-to-hand fighting, because I'll be in to help you remove your make-up with a hatchet."

"I wish I could," Annie said. "I love hand-to-hand fighting. But I'll have to go home tonight. However, perhaps we can challenge each other to single combat later."

"Not unless you insist on a patron for your art," Mercedes said.

Annie was parted from Steve for a while. However, as she left the line in front of the fireplace with her platter of food, he came hastily up, gripped her arm and hurried her off to the library. Seating her at the table, he locked the door and sat down with a sigh.

"At last we are alone," he said. "Now I hope we can think of something to talk about."

"Aren't you going to eat?" Annie asked.

"Yeah, I've bribed the maid to bring me a steak."

Annie bent over her steak and breathed it rapturously. Her gray eyes were wide when she looked up at him. "It's the real thing," she said. "I wonder if I'm going to faint!"

There was a complicated system of knocks on the door. Steve unbolted it and said, "Pass, friend." The maid entered, left him a hot platter and departed. Steve sat down across from Annie, and they ate contentedly.

"Think how happy we can be," Steve said, "eating alone like this night after night at friends' houses. Now we've found each other, what's to prevent us going through life together hand in hand?"

"A couple of things," Annie said. "Question number one: Explain what gives with Mercedes, the well-dressed girl."

"Simple as ABC," Steve said. "I went in a store to buy an elegant dress as a birthday present for my mother. Mercedes modeled the dress I bought. I am easily confused, and somehow I acquired the idea that the model went with the dress. It gave me a sense of obligation toward Mercedes. On the other hand, she felt I should take her and the dress home to Mother. Too late I realized my mistake. The dress was mailed home, but I was left with a model on my hands. I really blame the store for the whole thing. They should have told me. Surely you can understand that mistakes like that are bound to happen occasionally."

"Oh, surely," Annie said. "You take your liberty in your hands these days when you buy a dress. Besides, with the shortage of men there is, the poor girl's probably desperate."

"I DON'T know that I like your tone," Steve said, "but anyway, we come to question number two."

Annie nodded. "Correct. What's the matter with you?"

"Huh?"

"I mean physically. Why are you 4-F?"

"I'm not 4-F," Steve said. "Here, feel my muscle."

"No, thanks. If you're not 4-F, why aren't you in the Army?"

"That's a good question. I'm glad you brought it up. It happens that I am working for an aircraft company, and I was working for it before the war. I was told to keep on working for it. The man you hear so much about, General Hershey, is not running a candy factory. If they want you, they take you. I want it distinctly understood that I didn't ask to stay here."

"Okay," Annie said. "Don't get sore. It's understood."

Steve didn't bother to go on and explain he was a test pilot. He'd had some unfortunate experiences in that line. Such explanations shortened and often ended budding romances. Girls had a way of assuming, on the basis of his occupation, that he wouldn't be around long handing out flowers and candy.

"Does that conclude the cross-examination?" he asked.

"For the moment," Annie replied. "Other questions may occur to me from time to time, and you must remember that you're my boy friend on nothing more than a trial basis."

"Fine, fine!" Steve said. "To all intents and purposes, our romance is completely organized. There is no reason from now on that we can't have a perfect brother-and-sister relationship except that we neck."

Annie smiled. "No reason at all."

"My brother is in the South Pacific doing war stuff for the Navy, but he'll be back any day. When he comes I'll have him do a portrait of you that I can have a shrine built around as soon as they release the materials."

"Your brother?" Annie said, and her voice had grown excited. "That's why your name seemed familiar when I first heard it! Is your brother Peter Camden?"

"None other."

"Oh, he's one of my heroes! I think he's wonderful! Tell me all about him."

"Some other time," Steve said. "Let's discuss me first. You would be amazed at how fascinating I—"

"Please, please," Annie interrupted. "I can always hear your little falsehoods. Tell me about Peter Camden."

Not too pleased, Steve began on his memories of Pete, which were naturally considerable. Annie listened with her gray eyes glowing. She thought Peter Camden was the greatest painter of his day, and no detail about him was too small. Since she was giving Steve the greatest attention he had yet elicited, he had to go on. He brought Pete from puling infancy to the hour when he left on a Navy bomber for Hawaii, and spared nothing. By then he was hoarse. The next subject was himself.

ANNIE suddenly got up. "Gosh, it's late," she said, "and Cinderella has to thank her hostess and run. Hand me my glass slipper."

Steve followed her to the door and unbolted it. He had a pencil and paper ready for her address and telephone number. Annie hesitated, looking at him uneasily.

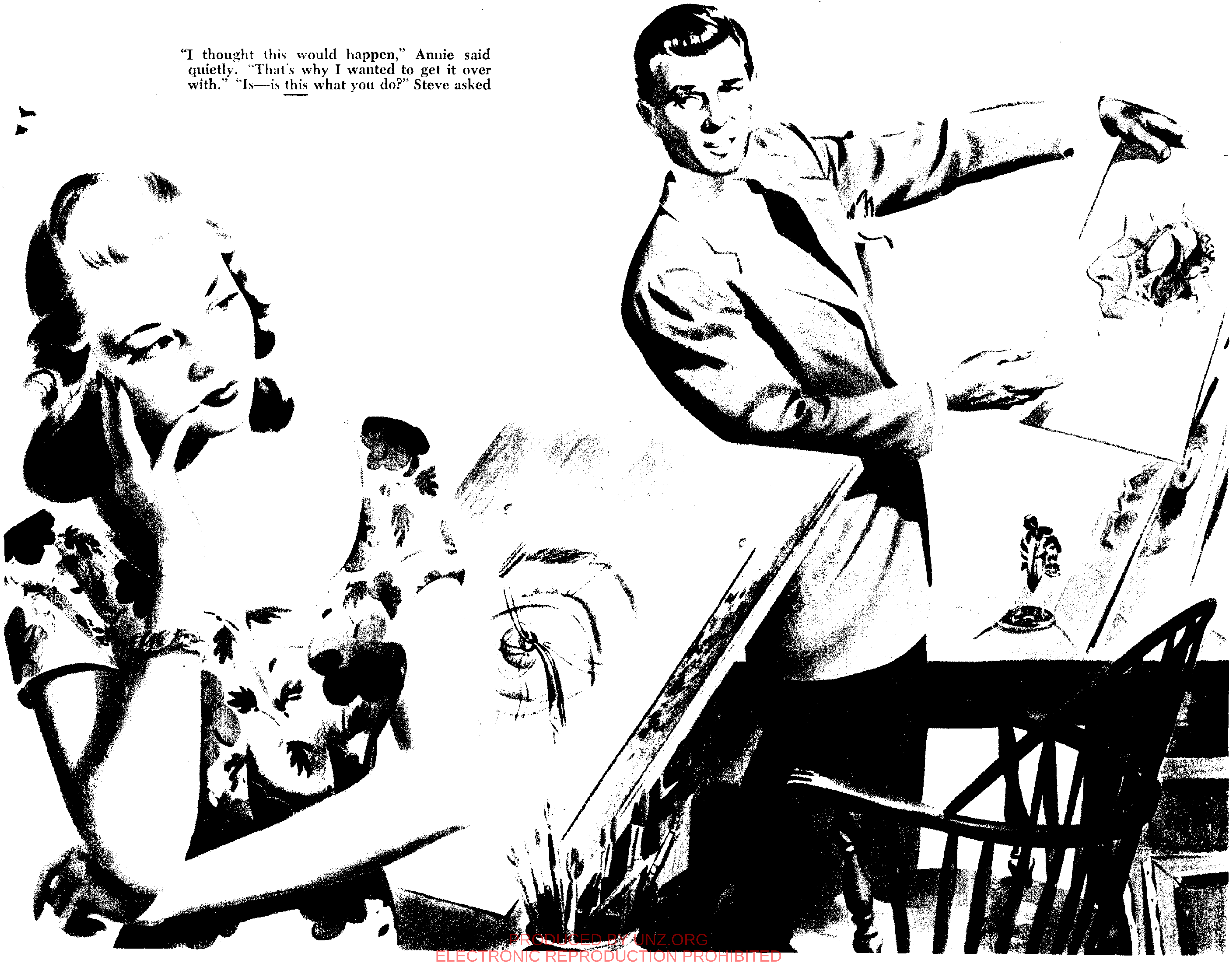
"I promise I won't abuse the privilege," Steve said. "I won't be around more than once a day."

"It's not that," Annie said, and her expression was peculiar. "I—I just don't know how to say it . . . but you might feel happier if we didn't pursue this meeting. Today has been lots of fun. Tomorrow may not. Couldn't we be satisfied with our memories?"

"No, we couldn't," Steve said. "That would lower our morale. Let's have the vital statistics, Annie."

She gave him the required information. Then she resignedly let him kiss her good

(Continued on page 59)



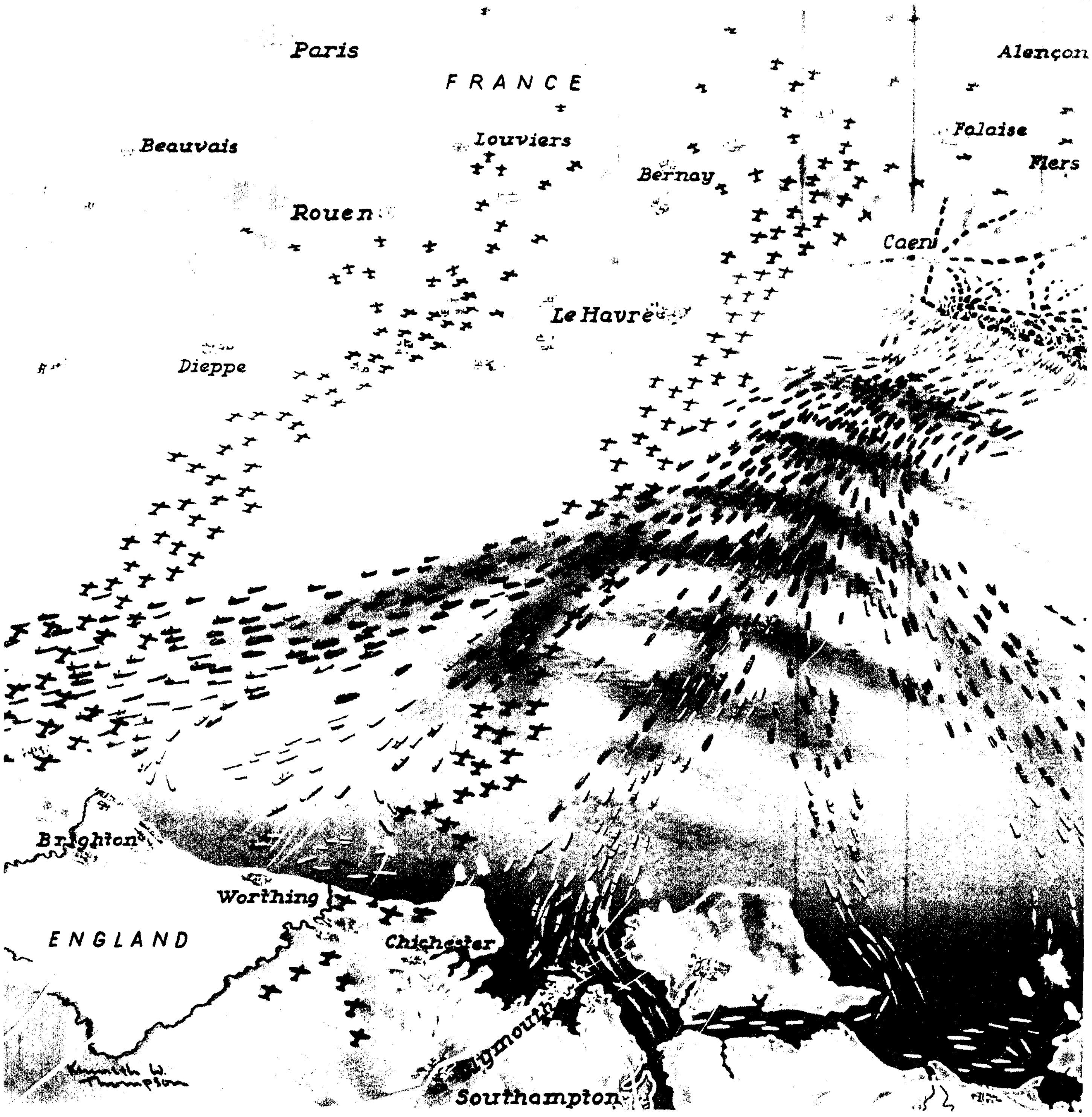
"I thought this would happen," Annie said quietly. "That's why I wanted to get it over with." "Is—is this what you do?" Steve asked

On the VICTORY TIDE

BY W. B. COURTNEY

RADIOED FROM LONDON

Collier's correspondent goes along with the men and guns and ships on the first stage of their long, long fighting journey back home



THIS was the real beginning of the greatest single adventure in the history of mankind and this is how your men set forth upon it. No one living in our time will see its like again.

Not only as a military event but in the grave political economic and social fates it held, there has been nothing ever before to equal it. Beyond comparison, this is the most stupendous enterprise to which modern free men ever dedicated their fortunes and lives.

Set down in the midst of it, the mind is frustrated and the imagination bemused. Ships, balloons, men-of-war, trucks, guns, tanks—every lethal and destructive weapon and device and vehicle known to the science of legal mass homicide—transports near and far whose open decks swarm with indistinguishable men in the battle dress of the United States Army, until each vessel seems thickly spread with mustard from bow to stern. With spinning head, you turn from this sight to contemplate one soldier.

He is a fit, husky private from Montgomery, Alabama. He lights a cigarette but does not put out the match. Instead he holds it up and carefully studies the flame. When it burns down, he strikes another.

"I'm just seeing," he explains, "if there's too much wind tonight for them paratroops."

I noticed that scores of soldiers were doing likewise with matches or lighters. Others wetted their fingers and held them up. Those who did neither gathered in judicial groups to watch those who did. This homely test seemed to have sprung up spontaneously throughout the fleet. It was just dusk enough, so that I could see hundreds of tiny flames gleaming on the khaki crust of all the ships within eye range.

"If the wind puts 'em out, it's too strong for jumping," declared Alabama. "The guys get scattered too much. That's why we turned back last night, I reckon—because the brass hats figured it was too windy for the paratroops to go in. Seems okay now, sir."

Thus the plain G.I.s in our convoy (as doubtless in all the other waiting convoys in all the British ports) occupied themselves this momentous eve in mind-reading the Supreme Command by a form of ancient divination most of them had never heard of—meteoromancy.

We were rolling heavily at anchor on the edge of the Channel outside the breakwater of a historic old English town. There was a lolloping sea, the afterbrunt of a half gale that had blown itself out at noon as we returned from our false start of the previous night. Though it was cold, hundreds of the soldiers had stripped and had gone swimming that afternoon from the low handy decks of the LCTs.

Now in the long summer twilight of these high latitudes, stretched on the clock to nearly midnight by British double summer time, the clouds were slowly peeling away from many little clearings of fresh, calm, washed-green sky. For three days we had been stowed on our ships incommunicado, for we were possessors of the world's greatest secret—the exact plans and place for the opening of the second front.

My particular convoy bore a division the numeral of which was renowned in National Guard history before sectional identities were lost in the melting pot of the present United States Army. Before this week ended, it would gain new battle honors.

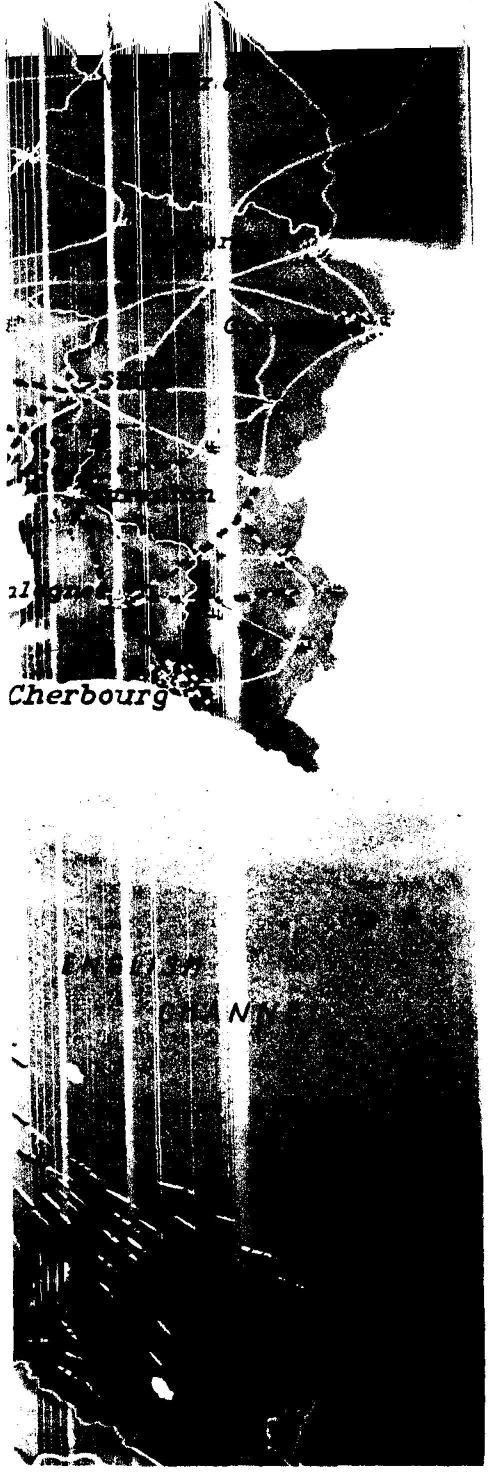
A lieutenant from Richmond borrowed my field glasses. He wanted to examine the beak of coast off which we lay. I hoped he would not see what I had been watching there a few minutes before—a large cozy house dropping to the sea a green napkin of lawn on which idled two very young couples in sports clothes and gear after playing tennis. But he did, and studied them for a long time. Abruptly he gave the glasses back, and there was a remote desperation in his eyes.

"I used to play tennis with my wife," he snapped, and walked away.

Alabama, my private ship newshound, came back about this time. "The scuttlebutt," he whispered mysteriously, "says we're going to haul tail out of here at three in the morning." Scuttlebutt is the Navy's equivalent of the Army's latrine rumors. "It must be so because there go the mine sweepers again."

Racing from the inner harbor through the guarded pass in the breakwater and the antisubmarine net, came a gallant line of miniature ships, dozens of them, like a precision ballet act, bows to sterns. British and Yank intermingled, as in every other phase of this team, cleared for action, dipping froth-edged clear water over their noses, laying their smoke flat back until it formed a single thin grayish cord that seemed to bind all of them into one instrument. This was the sharp positive opening play.

It profoundly stirred us all. Every soldier got to his feet to watch them pass. There was nothing in such bad taste as cheering. We just stood and looked in quiet admiration. We knew they would be the first to approach the disputed far shore. We knew they



MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

At left, is Artist Kenneth W. Thompson's idea of the invasion of France as it would look from a plane high over southwestern England. Scattered through the text are photos of typical American fighting men who took part in landings

would make our way there as safe as humanly possible in this dangerous game.

Presently we, too, would have the thrill of the sailing of a lifetime. Meanwhile, there was time for a bath and a brief sleep before the infernal din of "General Quarters" (the alarm that was to become so familiar and to wear our nerves blade-thin in succeeding days) signaled our going. It was the last time I would be clean or have my clothes off until my return to England a week later.

If this night was a mounting climax for the soldiers and sailors, it was for a war correspondent, too. For more than a month we had lived in a conspiratorial fog of endless meetings, arrangements, new inoculations and more discussions and heart-burning decisions over "what to take" than a bride before her honeymoon. The high expectancy of those days in London can hardly be described. Unable to work, plan or move normally but unable to explain why to home offices, we had lived, eaten and slept with kits packed and the telephone at our elbows.

To get hundreds of battle-dressed correspondents out of the capital's hotels, apartments and boardinghouses without arousing suspicion was a security problem. There had been "dry runs" for variously assigned groups in which everything was real, including secrecy, except the actual invasion. Early in May, I had been on such a jaunt which amounted to nothing more than several days' enforced futile vacation in a country village. Then late on the night of May 31 came a discreet telephone call about a "conference" at the Admiralty early next morning.

A day-long train ride through a blossom-laden countryside mocked the idea of war, for every window framed a post-card view that you would like to mail home. But the mood changed when we found ourselves a small tense band locked in a Nissen hut.

Rear Admiral Alan Goodrich Kirk, United States Navy, was there to greet and brief us. Admiral Kirk was commander of one of the two naval task forces that ferried the armies over and covered their landings. Rear Admiral Sir Philip Vian, Royal Navy, was the other. Under Kirk for the main beaches—each known by a code name—the American operations were bossed by Rear Admiral John L. Hall, Jr., and Rear Admiral Don Pardee Moon. Commodore C. D. Edgar was head of the particular force to which I was assigned in Admiral Hall's section.

Kirk is a small man with a large strong face. He stood before us, inscrutable. His wall-size battle-plan maps were ready but as yet unrolled. All of us had been guessing about this matter, of course. Each had a pet theory ranging from Norway to the Mediterranean. But up to this moment, only Kirk and his aides in that room knew the answer. The silence was choking. It was as if now that you were going to know, you didn't want to know. Then Kirk spoke a simple phrase that was the most dramatic any of us had ever heard or would hear again. In twenty years of covering wars and big events for Collier's, this was the only time I have felt a pad of frozen butter slipping up and down my spine.

He said, "Gentlemen, we are going to land in France."

Near by in the busy port-town street, outside the wire barricade of the naval compound, a dog joined his bark to the screams of playing children. A tram got heavily and noisily under way from the corner. A cab horn tooted, and then you heard brakes. The sounds of normal life flow that you suddenly felt had no meaning for you and seemed to come from a different earth millions of miles away and wholly unrelated to our stark, constricted, hushed world. We saw the maps, heard the plans, and later each man went to his assigned ship subdued and not talking much. From then until H-Hour of D-Day, we were sealed away from contact with any save those who were to share the adventure, and from all communication with our homes, offices and friends.

The troops were already on board and I had been impressed at once by their fine bearing and behavior, and the ship's officers spoke of it often, too. Not grim but purposeful, not apprehensive but not kidding themselves, not eager but matter-of-fact. A year's observation of them in England had convinced me that not since the romantically nostalgic days of the Civil War has America had such a homesick Army or one so politically indifferent. But the only way home was through France—the long and desperate way, but the only way—and they wanted to get on with it.

Now in the sober consciousness of starting at last, they quit even those immemorial soldier prerogatives of horseplay and grousing. They were orderly in chow lines. They policed themselves and their quarters in a manner that astonished the carefree sailors. They were friendly but reserved and talked quietly among themselves. You wished both their English friends and their few English critics might see them now. Even to an American like myself who knew them well, it was a touching revelation—this voyage of thoughtful young men.

But they were tough—very tough. Hard physical training, rehearsals in landings under simulated combat conditions, live ammunition, sham fights over replicas of the beaches and hinterland they must tackle, realistic last-minute briefings and—perhaps most important—two winters of living in the open on clammy English downs, had not made them a bunch of easy optimists or left any softness inside or out.

As many as could find room slept on the decks—just rolled into blankets and ignored the bitter Channel night and occasional brushings of light rain. In the extreme bow I found a "shelter half" spread between the rail and a steel partition, and it was like prying into a cocoon to find the private contentedly sleeping there, head pillowed on an iron bollard snug against spray that might break over from the rough sea.

They were part of a tide, these boys—the returning tide, four years gathering its flood that had ebbed at Dunkerque. As individuals from the remoteness of Tennessee mountains and Nevada plateaus, in driblets from Texas and New England villages, in streams from towns in California and the South, in rivers from the cities of the East and Middle West, they had blended in strength and momentum and surged across the ocean to augment the re-formed tide of Britons, and now they crested together in a monstrous wave that roared upon Hitler's Fortress.

That was not my thought. It was given me by a 39-year-old sergeant from Syracuse, New York, as we talked at the rail while our convoy formed and got under way just before dawn of June 5th. He added: "Wasn't it somewhere in these parts that old King Canute held up his hand and ordered the tide to stop coming in, and when it didn't obey, he was converted with his people to Christianity? That's just from memory and maybe I've got it screwy. Anyhow, I'm wondering if when Rommel holds up his hand and this tide doesn't stop coming in, the Nazis will be converted to civilization."

Impressive in numbers and power as the mixed fleet in our port and its massed departure therefrom was, in the astonishing scenes that came with morning on the Channel and continued all day, we discovered ourselves a small part indeed of the whole fantastic pattern. One could only give up counting and surrender to mere gaping.

For dawn had revealed our convoy to be one of many similar flotillas, all making their easting up the fitfully sunlit Channel parallel to the south coast of England. From that coast *out* of every port, cove and bay, poured hundreds of other ships to join our stream like tributaries flowing into a great river, often so far off that they seemed to be processions of ants, or endless hawsers unraveling from the shore as the main fleet drifted away. There were more than four thousand ships of war and transport on the move by late afternoon, plus a countless attending host of auxiliaries.

"Hell!" the awed and pleased kids at the rails were telling one another. "We got more ships than the Jerries got soldiers."

War basically is always the same—compounded of gross killing and wastage and boundless courage. Consequently, as the day wore on and the truculent panorama widened, your mind was stupefied, deadened rather than exhilarated; this project was so huge it lost touch with human values. Yet hate it as he might, something atavistic in every man would be stirred by the virile grandeur of this display.

It carried a major gun strength of nearly 700 great naval cannon and scores of thousands of guns of calibers not considered of main-battery gauge. It had great deckloads of depth charges and torpedoes. In its lockers were heavy explosive shells for 16-, 14-, 12-, 8-, 5- and 3-inch guns. In its holds and in the belts and kits of the fighting men were bangalore torpedoes, rockets for bazookas and Piats and other devices, hand grenades, bayonets, ranger and commando knives, and millions of dozens of bullets for machine guns, rifles and other small arms.

Here was a supply of ammunition sufficient, if each missile found a true mark, to wipe out the entire human population of the earth. Here was an arsenal of more potential strength than was required in waging any entire one of America's wars of the nineteenth century.

Here could be found all the corps and specialists needful in modern war—engineers, sailors, doctors, soldiers of all branches, air groundmen, Seabees, Coast Guard men, signal and radio experts, rangers, quartermasters and the rest, including dogs.

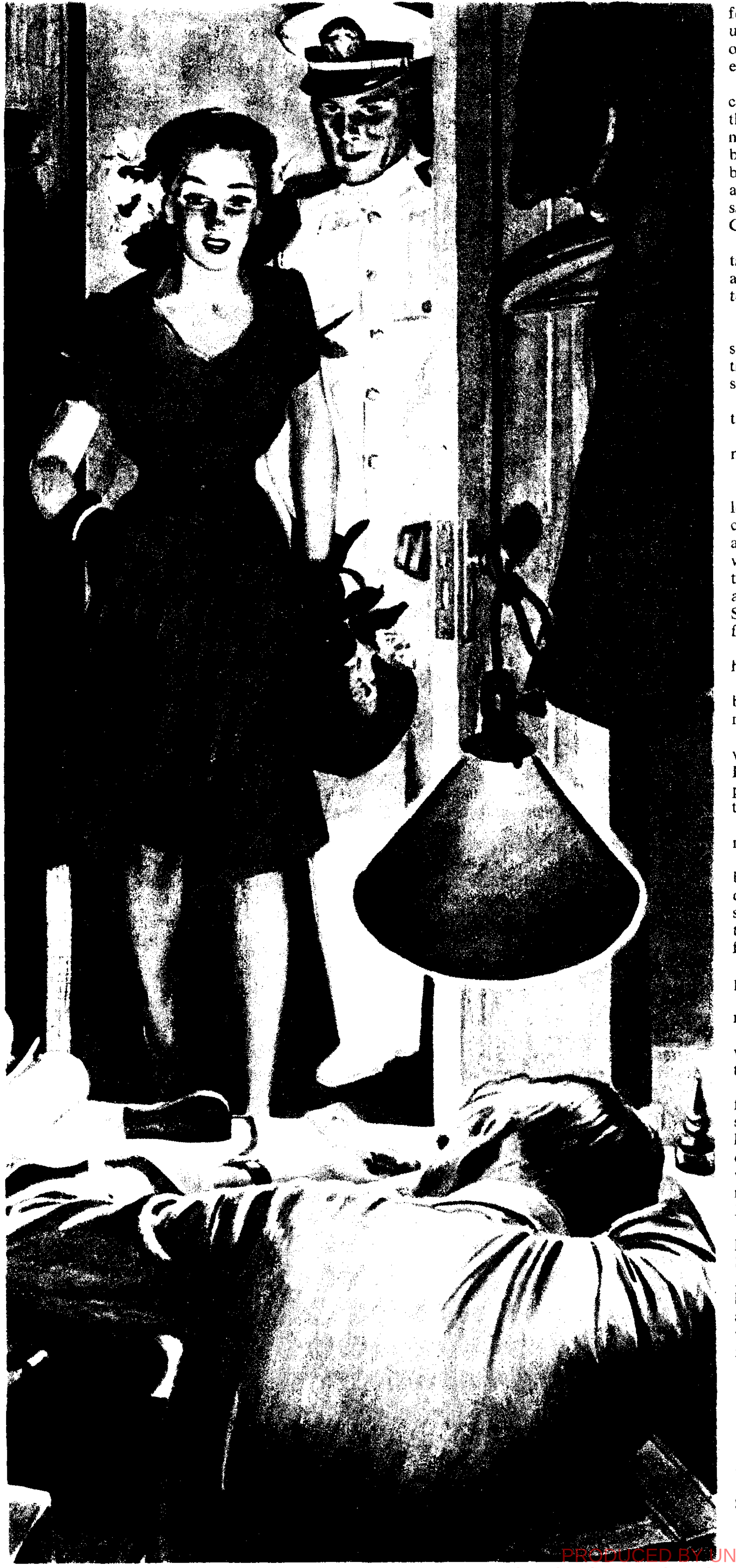
(*Continued on page 62*)

HEAT WAVE

When your husband sends an attractive man to meet you, to amuse you while he works—where does mere amusement end and faithlessness set in?

BY MONA WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



Hugh laughed softly and said, "I couldn't have staged it better if I had tried. I knew this was where he's been doing his sleeping lately"

IT'S always dramatic to watch two people who don't know each other, meeting in a big, public place like a railroad station. Each has been told to look for a flower in a buttonhole, or a red coat, or a tall blond man with a cleft chin. There is the fumbling, unfocused glance over the sea of faces, the uneasy twitch of neck muscles, all the strain of expectancy without knowing just what to expect.

The blond lieutenant (jg) with the cleft chin had the advantage, because he had seen the girl's picture. The picture stood on Commander Carey's desk, lately snowed under by official papers and blueprints. It showed a big, warm-looking girl with smoky eyes and a tender mouth. And the commander had said she would probably wear her red coat. Gwen liked bright colors.

When the lieutenant saw her he didn't hesitate; he cut briskly through the crowd and, as he spoke, he took her arm to steer her toward a quieter spot.

"Mrs. Carey? I'm Lieutenant Swanson."

"Oh, yes—how do you do?" But the smoky, gray eyes hadn't really settled yet—they were still searching faces. "I don't suppose my husband—"

"Didn't he wire you I was to meet your train?"

"Yes, yes, he did, but I was still hoping he might have got away to meet me, himself."

"Let me tell you how sorry he was."

Her eyes came to rest on him slowly. The look that passed between them was frankly curious. Lieutenant Swanson was aware of a small shock of pleasure. He liked sizable, warm-colored women with a look of richness to them. This girl, with her curved cheek and dark, alive hair, was like a ripe peach. Still, there was childishness in her, too. Her full underlip was trembling.

"It's been eight months since I've seen him. I thought—somehow—he'd manage."

"I'm afraid the commander's job is too big to manage, even for a beautiful wife—it manages him."

Her cheek grew a shade pinker. He always knew what to say to please a woman. In one sentence he had excused her husband, paid her a compliment, and commented on the importance of the commander's job.

She was walking beside him quite willingly now. "Where are you taking me?"

"Have you made hotel reservations? The big ones will all be full. I'll tell you—why don't you let me take you to the Duval; it's small and on a side street, but they know me there, and I'm sure they'll make you comfortable."

"Didn't—didn't my husband make any plans for me—where I was to stay?"

They stepped from the gray light of the ramp into the hot, dazzling June afternoon.

"Not that I know of. As I understand it, he wasn't really expecting you at this time. Until your telegram arrived."

She almost stopped walking, turning to face him in her earnest desire to justify herself. "Chet can't seem to understand that I had to come now, or not at all! I couldn't get off any other time. I have just the week's vacation. And I couldn't bear to waste a minute of it, just marking time at home, when I could be here, with Chet—"

"But you see that's the hitch." He was handing her smoothly into a taxi. "You can't be with Chet, with the commander, just now. He's working on a rush job under the stiffest kind of schedule. He's doing the work of about three men. Frankly, I don't know when he finds time to eat or sleep. He asked me to tell you that he wouldn't have a minute he could call his own—or yours—until tomorrow night. It happens to be my ship he's doctoring now, so I can loaf while he sweats—"

"Tomorrow night!" The cab turned a corner and swung her against him. He felt her body tremble. "But that's hours! What am I to do with myself all that time? I don't know a soul—"

"Except me."

The helpless look she gave him when he said that made him smile. He thought, She's a darling. Eight months! I'll bet the commander has forgotten what a darling she is.

"Look, I'm meeting some friends for cocktails about an hour from now. Why don't you join us?"

"No," she said, "no, I couldn't do that."

"Why not? You'll enjoy these people. I doubt if they have ever had two consecutive ideas, but they have fun."

"I don't believe—Chet would like it."

He sat forward and told the driver to stop. "All right. Perhaps we can find you a good book at a newsstand. Or maybe you brought your knitting along."

"My knitting?"

"Certainly—to keep yourself usefully occupied until tomorrow night."

He never urged a woman to do anything. If you simply made whatever prospect you had to offer attractive, and the alternative dull enough, she usually came around by herself, and that was better because you didn't feel so responsible.

She was silent as he helped her out of the cab and escorted her into the small, discreet lobby of the hotel. The clerk at the desk knew him; he would see that the lady had the best of everything. The lieutenant stood by, courteous and smiling, while she signed the register. He admired her profile—the short, blunt nose and the rounded chin. The photograph really hadn't done her justice.

He left her at the elevator. The boy was already inside with her bag. Lieutenant Swanson turned and walked smartly out into the sunlight. He was conscious of her eyes following him, and he whistled under his breath. He thought of Commander Carey with a new respect and good will because his wife was so attractive. Even if the episode was closed, meeting her train had been a pleasant errand.

The commander dropped out of his thoughts. Somehow, he couldn't believe the episode was closed.

IN HER thin, striped robe, Gwen Carey stood at the window of the chintzy, tasteful room allotted to her and looked down into the street. Her hair was piled in dark, moist curls on her head, just as she had come from the shower.

Because she had never been in New York before, and had no idea of its geography, she thought that perhaps the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where her husband was stationed, might be just a little distance away. Brooklyn was part of the city, wasn't it? If she dressed, went outside, and knew how to get there, she could perhaps be face to face with him in half an hour.

After being separated by half a continent, it seemed crazy that she couldn't see him, now she was here. A few minutes was all she asked, just the sight of him and the feel of his firm chin against her face, and the sound of his impatient voice—then she'd be good and wait. Surely, he could have managed that!

Chet loved her; she knew other women didn't exist for him, but he was always impatient, always in a hurry to get back to work. Sometimes Gwen caught herself wishing Chet wasn't so important. He had been working on a repair job in New London before this, and before that in Norfolk. He was an engineer and a structural steel expert and whenever a damaged ship limped home, Chet, or somebody like him, took over.

It was true—he had written her not to come until later. Of course he was crazy to see her, but right now he had a job to lick and a schedule to make. And yet, she had come. 'Way back in the spring a week's holiday had been arranged for each girl in her office. She couldn't have changed it at the last moment.

(Continued on page 36)

Mr. Roosevelt's Friend SIDNEY

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

By the million, Mr. Hillman doles out everything from lipsticked napkins to political pamphlets, to line up the labor vote for the fourth term

HALSMAN

Philip Murray and Sidney Hillman, right, discuss strategy for the PAC—an organization that makes a number of right-wing politicians pale around the gills

IN Democratic National [illegible] they don't say it in so many [illegible] their attitude, their innoce[illegible] interest in the opposition, makes [illegible] they think of November's election [illegible] bag.

There's an easy air of prof[illegible] about the place—a rambling hotel [illegible] impatient confidence, sophistication [illegible] boredom. They kid you, kid one another. They answer the phone loudly, with authority. They discuss the war as if they were running it—the country, too, and with greater reason. They laugh at nervous congressmen and soothe newly arrived field [illegible] who seem to have doubts. In the bag. [illegible] the bag. Everything except the war is a side issue. Ask them questions. For example, what about Sidney Hillman and his Political Action Committee of the C.I.O.?

Glad you mentioned it. Glad you mentioned it. Wonderful guy, Sidney. Had it right here on the calendar to call up Sidney. Daisy, get me Sidney Hillman. . . . Hello, Sidney! Just wanted to tell you that that's okay. . . . Sure. Sure. Go right ahead. . . . No. No. Not a chance. . . . What's that? No-oooo. . . . Well for . . . What? *You're* asking *me?* Thanks for the compliment. . . . Sure, sure, old boy. Well, see you at Eddie's. 'By, Sidney.

Up Connecticut Avenue in the proper stone house that's Republican National Headquarters they tell you straight and call you Mister. It's in the works, Mister, in the works. It's like the challenger's camp—the quarters of the old champ making another comeback. Here life is earnest—good and earnest. The air is a bit rarer, manner decidedly more restrained. Dignity. No feet on desks. Honest, solid respectability. You're listened to impressively and answered solemnly. Sidney Hillman and his Political Action Committee?

Well, now that the campaign is under way, with new and less apprehensive hands on the controls, they're not so inclined to scold the opposition. They're considerably more artful than their predecessors. The timorously indignant Spangler management talked of demanding the impeachment of Attorney General Biddle unless he indicted Mr. Hillman and the PAC for violating the Corrupt Practices Act or the Smith-Connally Act.

The new management are shooting at Hillman's flanks. They are much more cunning, believing that the populace at large and, in particular, Hillman's enemy, the American Federation of Labor, are not going to permit the Congress of Industrial Organizations to become the balance of political power in America. They insist that Hillman is talking utter nonsense when he says that his committee is not a political machine at all but a general labor movement which will hasten the day when the two great labor organizations will unite.

What Hillman's up to, they go on, is not alone the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt but political power for the C.I.O. and the consequent disintegration of the A. F. of L. and subjugation of John Lewis' United Mine Workers. Don't be deceived by Hillman's smooth tongue, they warn you. He's driving the A. F. of L. into the Republican Party.

Where Victory is Assured

Yes, sir, Republican victory in November is in the works. They follow you to the door to be sure that you've made a note of that. In Democratic headquarters, they laugh when you mention political trends—the various local Republican triumphs. They seem to feel a little sorry for you when you talk about revolts in the South, and they do it so convincingly that you are inclined to feel like a gently chastened child. Sidney Hillman, too, will tell you that this trend thing is phony, but in Republican headquarters, they merely repeat that twenty-six of our forty-eight governors are Republicans, and that seventy per cent of us are living under the Republican Party's rule. And they dare you to laugh that off.

But as for disbanding the Political Action Committee for violating the Corrupt Practices Act, the Smith-Connally Act or the Hatch Act (all of which seek to limit the amount and regulate the source of money a party may spend in a national campaign)—well, that's something else again. All these laws are a trifle loose in this department. Everybody interested has been rereading the report of the Federal Grand Jury which investigated the expenditures of the Republicans in 1940—Mr. Hillman in particular. But we shall come to that in a few moments.

Elections aren't won in court—not Presidential elections, anyway. Besides, there is no evidence that the people at large care much. Who cares who spends a few hundred thousand dollars on a political campaign when a three hundred billion dollar war is yet to be won, and eerie shapes of postwar problems stalk darkly along the horizon?

Down near the White House, on the second floor of C.I.O.'s polite stone building, Mr. Hillman is holding a press conference. If he is even mildly concerned with all this legal pother, he gives off no sign. He, the C.I.O. and the Political Action Committee want Mr. Roosevelt re-elected. He says it would be labor's greatest calamity were the President to be defeated. He has $750,000 with which to help avert that calamity—and more where that came from.

Mr. Hillman claims as the work of his

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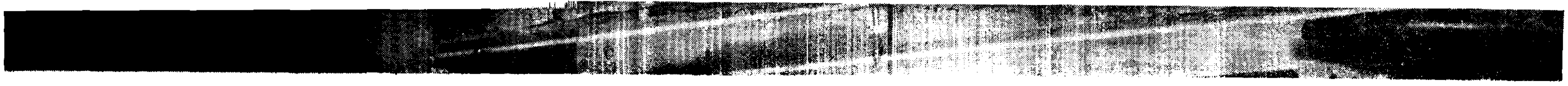
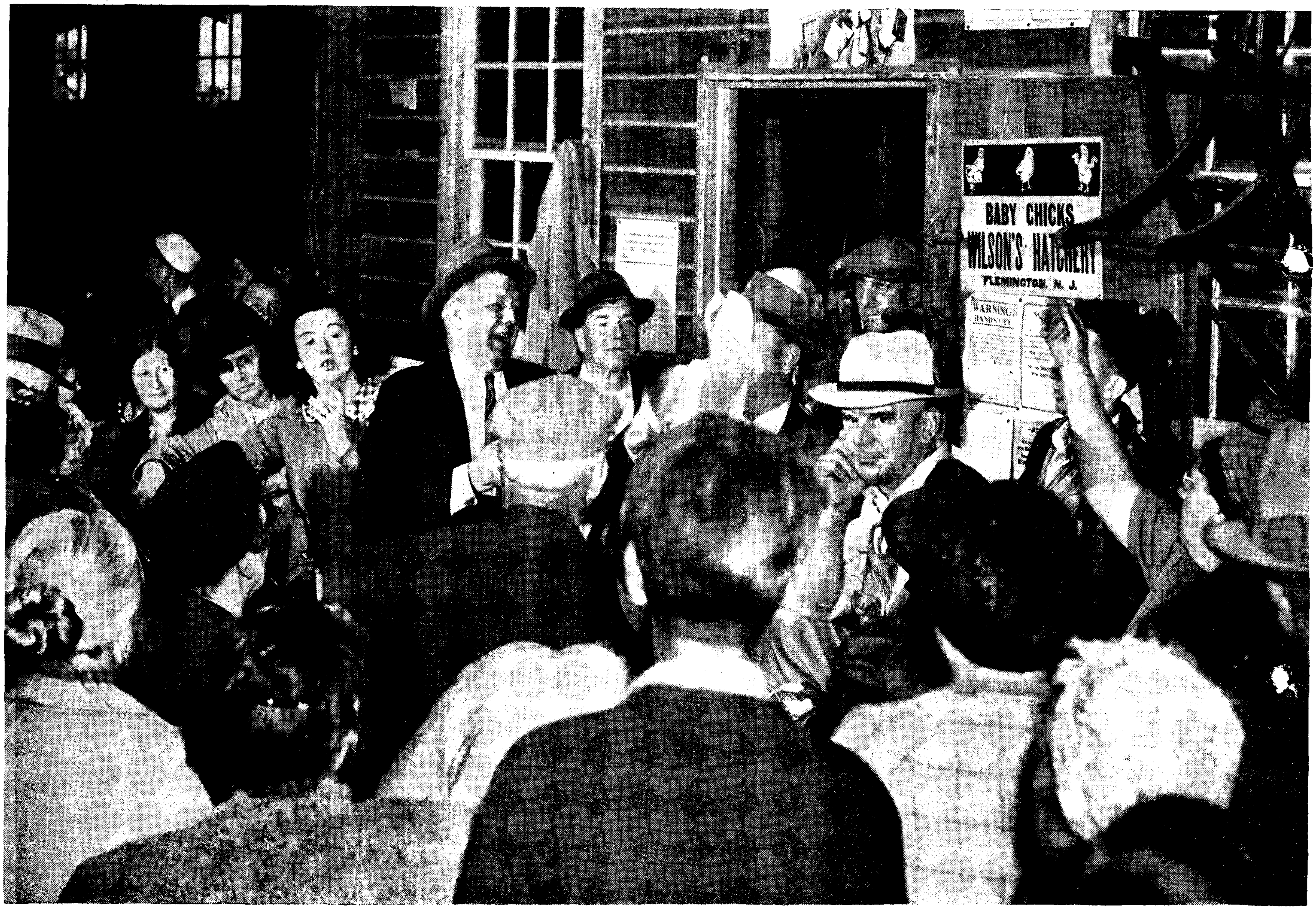


COUNTRY AUCTION

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD



Above: H. M. Summers, auctioning off stockings, sells machinery, fruit and miscellany. Junk wagon, below, carries odds and ends of metal

Everything from lemons to lambs finds a ready buyer, while everyone has a grand time at this unusual farm sale

THE auction wasn't to start at the Rice Brothers' farm in Bucks County till one o'clock, but when the first customers arrived around eleven, they found the place alive with merchants. Outside the big shed, vegetable dealers had set up their boxes on long boards sitting on trestles, and what caught the eye first were bananas. It was immediately apparent that there might be a scarcity of bananas somewhere in the world, but not in this section of Pennsylvania.

"Fifty, forty and twenty-five a dozen," said the dealers.

They also were displaying asparagus, oranges, lemons, cabbages, grapefruit, onions, potatoes and tomatoes. The Rice farm is between Lumberville and Lahaska, Pennsylvania, which is about five miles from the art colony of New Hope. Just when one has decided that the country-auction flavor is a fake, there comes the bleat of lambs from the barn, and the mooing of cattle, and one can't be too sure. Bucks County is the home of such famous people as George S. Kaufman, Moss Hart, Dorothy Parker and Pearl S. Buck, but it is also a farming community. The gentlemen farmers may covet a goat or a guinea hen, but the Rice people couldn't exist on such esthetic husbandry; they get 8 per cent on all sales, and real dirt farmers do most of the cattle buying.

The auction is as much a marketing day as a cattle sale. The big shed contains everything from a lunchroom to the mangiest of secondhand exhibits. There are clothing stores, shoe stores, flower shops, a bakery shop, a meat market and half a dozen secondhand shops. At one of them outside the shed, sitting amid a collection of old bicycle seats, ancient tennis shoes and battered alarm clocks, was a strange-looking exhibit that seemed to entrance the dealer.

"That's a check protector," he explained. "Good shape, too. I could let you have that for three dollars."

An old man with a stubble-bearded face shook his head at that and mumbled to his wife, "They wouldn't sell it if I had to buy it."

The clothing merchants were lounging about, waiting for the rush. They came up from Philadelphia and made all the auctions within forty or fifty miles. Sometimes it was Perkiomen or Parkersburg, and the Rice farm auction was every second Tuesday.

"A hit-and-run business," commented one of them fatalistically and then pointed to a row of clothes hanging on a rack. "You got a little boy . . . there's one of them Sammy suits. Eight bucks."

The flower counter near the rear of the shed was run by Mrs. Pearl Wilson of Bristol, Pa. Her husband works at a plant in Philadelphia, and she raises her own flowers and sells them. With her was her son's wife and a little towheaded granddaughter. Mrs. Wilson was stout and obviously successful with her business. She complained somewhat about the income tax—it sort of took away initiative in a business that centered around three big days: Easter, Memorial Day and Mother's Day.

"Everybody thinks it's pretty easy, just raising flowers," said Mrs. Wilson, shaking her head dolefully. "They don't know. My daughter-in-law there—she's just been helping this year. She gets a little leery, rush times. Easter almost drove her nuts."

Back of Mrs. Wilson's stand was a junk layout that excelled all the others. It was a mass of broken furniture, rusted barbed wire, old automobile headlights, ancient bedsprings, an accordion, a box filled with assorted poker chips, a baby carriage, a tin shield to fit over a kitchen stove. In the middle of this chaos were six stalks of rhubarb, lending a very refreshing note and hoping for a buyer.

Cars were driving up to the barns and unloading animals. The rear seats were often taken out and used to carry calves, sheep and goats. Out of the rumble seat of a roadster two nice-looking women in slacks unloaded a goat. They were Mrs. William Thomas and Mrs. Victor Konetschnig of Black Eddy, Pa., sisters who were living together on a farm while their husbands were in service.

"We ought to get fifty dollars for it," said Mrs. Thomas; "but we probably won't."

She disappeared into the barn to list her goat with the Rice farm representatives, who noted down its status in a little book and gave it a number.

Always a Market for Cure-Alls

By this time the patent-medicine man had arrived and set up his pitch outside the door of the big shed. This was O. Hunter of Allentown, Pa., who had been in the business twenty-five years and had been coming to Rice farm for eighteen. He said he could keep going every day in the week at places like this, but didn't.

"Competition?" he exclaimed, at a question. "Everybody has competition, but the war seems to have stopped all the Indians and blackface comedians. Don't ask me why. They just stopped."

His best bargain was a corn remover at thirty-five cents but there was a steady call for Herb-O-Tone at $2.25 the bottle, Wonderful Oil at $1, and cough sirup at $1.50

"Trouble is, I can't get the bottles," complained Mr. Hunter. "I could sell twenty-five thousand, this salve, could I get the bottles."

A sign tacked on the office of the Rice Brothers in the shed announced the 8 per cent commission on livestock sales, potatoes and machinery. There was a fifty-cent entrance fee required for all horses, cows, autos and pig pens—to be returned if a sale was made but not otherwise. Terms on sales were cash or certified check.

Two little girls were going proudly about with elegant-looking handbags, which they said they had bought for five cents each. In a corner to the right, women were looking at secondhand dresses. There was a brown creation priced at fifteen cents that had an admiring audience but no purchasers. Another item was an amazing pair of woman's shoes about two feet long and turned up at the toes. This was a ten-cent item, also with no immediate takers.

"You'll be back around here afterward, wanting them," warned the dealer grimly.

The lunchroom kept steadily filled with people eating hot dogs and drinking pop, and there was another busy table in the kitchen of the Rice farmhouse, where dinners were being served at seventy-five cents each. Satiated customers leaving there had to pass the man with the check protector.

"Mighty good shape," he was saying now,

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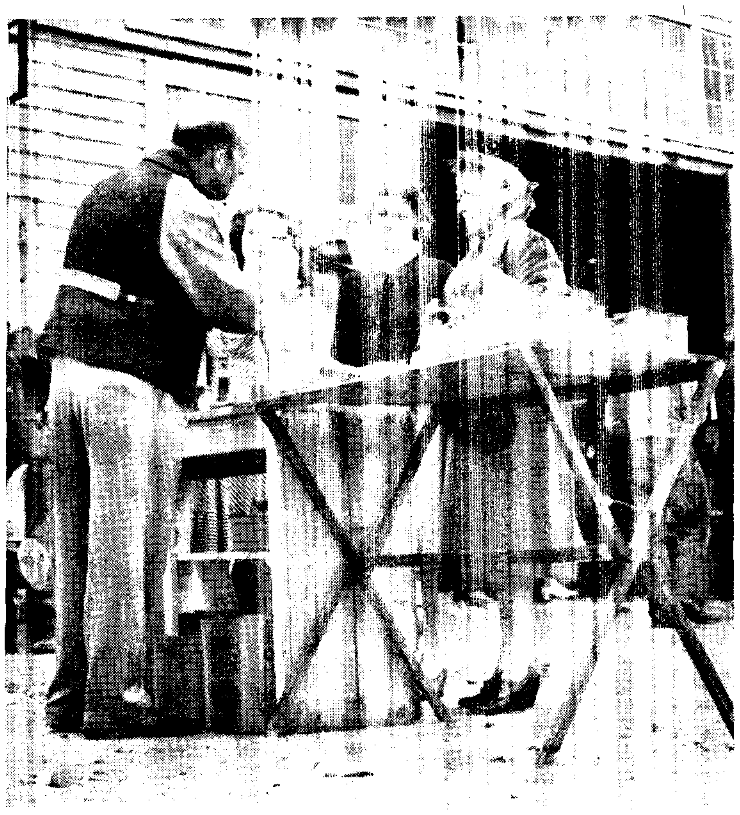

The patent-medicine man, above, O. Hunter of Allentown, Pa., does a big business in corn remover, Herb-O-Tone, Wonderful Oil and cough sirup. Below: Against his will a goat is unloaded for auction

The ram above, duly tagged, awaits the gavel. Below: Clothing merchants from Philadelphia make all auctions within 50 miles. The straw-hatted customer gets some advice on angles from his brother

An Amish woman with a calf for sale. Rice Brothers get an 8 per cent commission on livestock sales

Secondhand shoes need no ration stamps. Madame, here, has a little trouble finding one that fits

HANGDOG HERRENVOLK

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

RADIOED FROM LONDON

For years everyone has thought of the much-touted Wehrmacht as huge blond supermen. But when the doors of the LST swung open in the light of the acetylene torch, the Nazi prisoners were a crew of unhealthy, undersized men, all of them under twenty or over forty

THE Master Race arrived on the shores of England at night. In the dark at one side of the landing ramp, a soldier was working with an acetylene torch, and suddenly the blue flare of the torch flowed over the open LST and there the Master Race stood, lined four deep inside the cavern of the ship. The landing ramp sloped down to the water's edge, and there were many uniformed men moving over the cobbles, talking in low voices so that no words could be heard. But inside the LST the prisoners stood and stared blindly toward England and did not speak.

Earlier in the day, a few German wounded had been brought over on light craft, but nobody here had yet seen so many Germans collected harmlessly in one place. We had watched the LST maneuver to land, we had watched the great doors swing open, and the great ramp lower, and the LST in the night was an ominous ship. British Military Police, five to a side, lined the ramp and waited for the prisoners.

One of them said seriously, but to himself, "I'd like to blast them Germans. They got my brother."

Behind him stood a tall, jolly, awkward redheaded American soldier. He was pushing a little to get a better view. "Come on," he said, "give me a chance. I came down here to see an Aryan."

Quite unexpectedly, prisoners began to move from the LST to shore, on the double, and their faces were invisible in the dark. They passed in a rush, like well-herded cattle. After they were gone, there was calm again, and the LST still seemed full of small shabby men in field gray. A German lieutenant stood at the head of the long column of prisoners. He was tall and blond, with a narrow face and blue eyes, and he was standing very theatrically, with his hands on his hips, registering scorn and indifference.

The redheaded American soldier could not take his eyes from the German officer. "Look at him," he said. "He's fixed up for the movies."

The officer was wearing pale blue riding breeches, high black boots, a rather darker blue tunic and a pale blue forage cap, and he did look extraordinarily fancy for this time and place.

The German wounded lay on stretchers, on the right side of the LST, and now there was a conference between the German medical officer and the American officer in charge of the shore ambulance company. The whole scene froze as they talked; it became an enormous historical painting and no one seemed real. The blue acetylene glare flashed over the crowded ship for a moment and then faded, leaving only the light of bare bulbs hanging from girders inside the ship.

The British captain of the LST, who looked as tired as everyone looked that night, and happy though tired, wandered over and remarked that the Jerry doctor was something of a character.

"He was telling me," said the Britisher, "that they were delighted we had started this invasion, because it was our last fling." The Britisher laughed merrily at this and gestured toward the solid bank of prisoners.

You did not know what to think, or maybe no one was thinking by that time. During all these years we have thought so much about the German army that one scarcely expected them even to look like men, and one certainly did not expect them to look like such unhealthy, undersized men. We decided that these prisoners must be a labor battalion or something of the sort; there was no sense in imagining that the entire Wehrmacht would turn out to be five foot four and hangdog.

We studied the line of prisoners, trying to understand, trying to see in those faces what had happened to the world. But it was no use; it was hopeless. In one row, there was a boy of not more than seventeen. Beside him stood a man we instantly named The Gnome. He looked at least forty-five and seemed under five feet in height. The whole lot was so motley, so unimposing, so abject, that finally we only wanted to get out, so as not to have to look at them any more.

American stretcher-bearers filed on board to carry off the wounded. All the ambulance companies here were colored troops, and I had watched them that day doing a fine, swift, gentle job. When they came on board,

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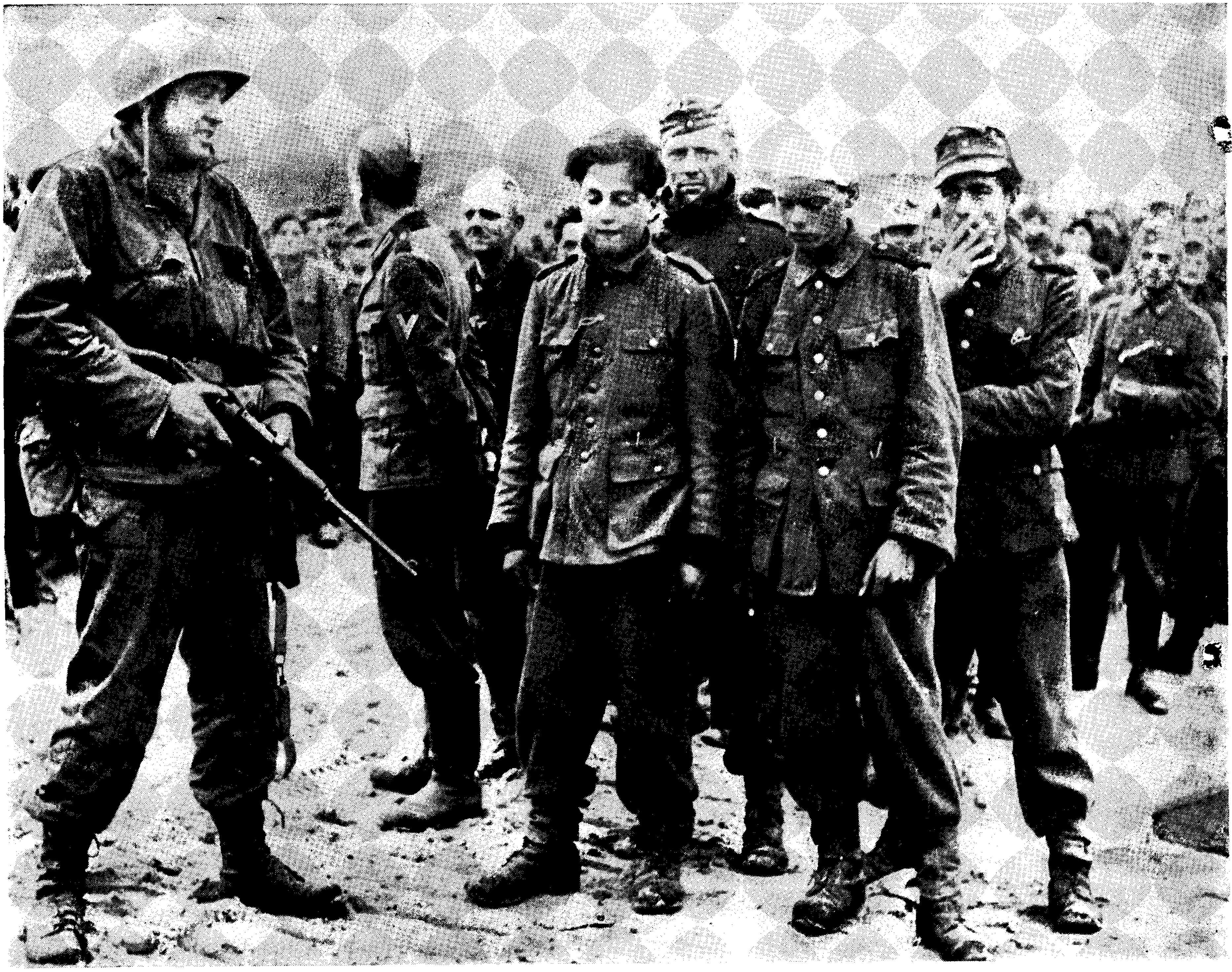
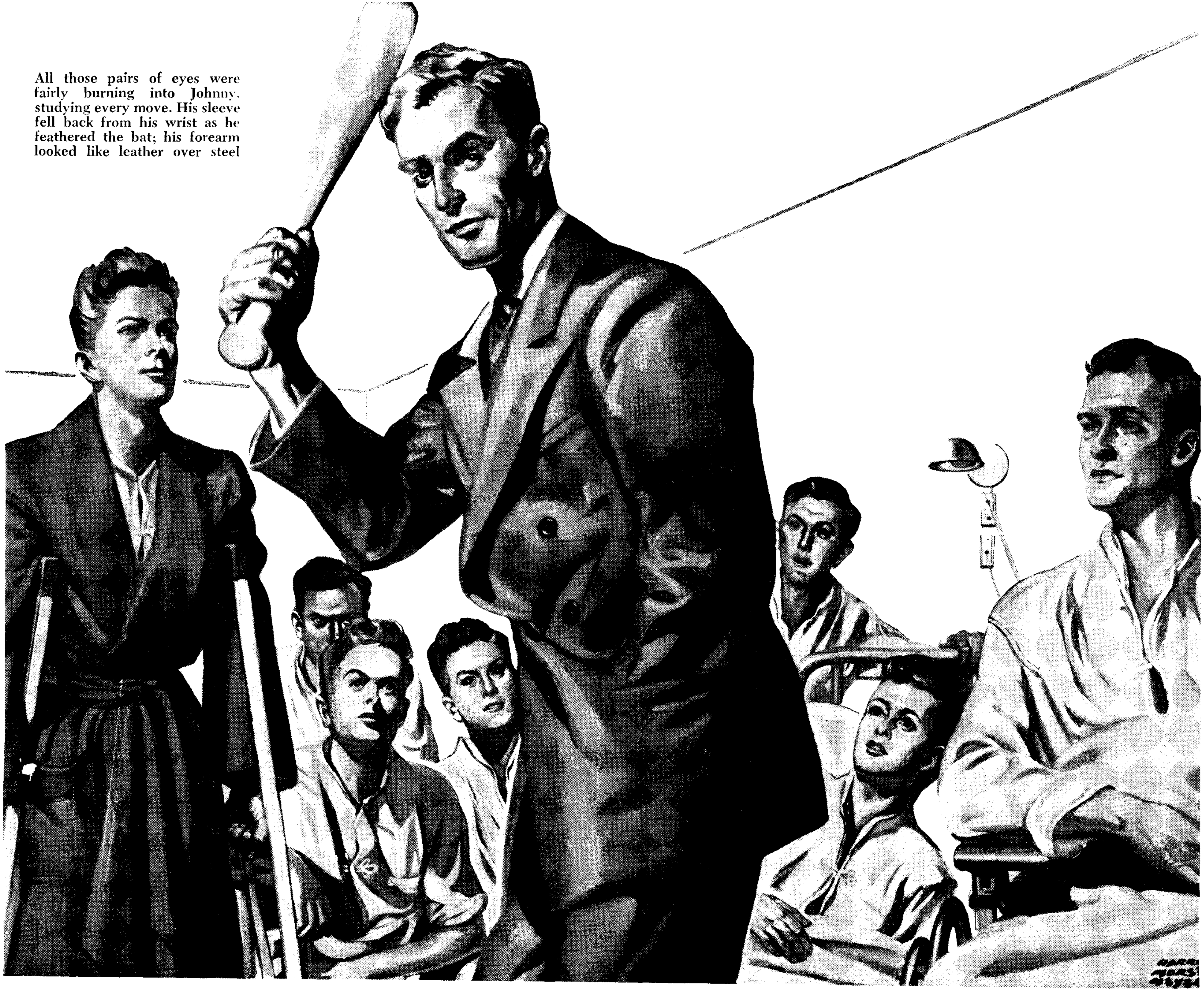


INTERNATIONAL

Today's Nazis are very young or very old. This bag of Normandy prisoners includes two children, in front, and many oldsters

All those pairs of eyes were fairly burning into Johnny, studying every move. His sleeve fell back from his wrist as he feathered the bat; his forearm looked like leather over steel



ONE HAND FOR BEGINNERS

BY PAUL GALLICO

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

He had only one arm and a wife who believed in him—and he thought that wasn't enough. It took a bunch of G.I. Joes to convince him one hand needn't be a handicap

DO YOU know how Johnny Avery, the one-armed pitcher, came to go with the New Yorks? I do. Maybe you'd like to hear about it. Johnny wouldn't mind my telling it, I guess. He's doing all right. Won eight and lost three so far, leading the staff. If he goes on chucking that apple the way he's been doing he'll win twenty games this year. I'm betting he does. I know a lot of kids in a certain Army hospital out on Long Island who are betting the same way.

My name is Sam White. I'm a sports writer with a kind of a reputation for sticking my nose into other people's business. So we were sitting around in "Spikes" McNerny's office last winter and busting our noggins where to get ball players from, so at least the team could open the season. Spikes is the manager of the New Yorks for the last twenty years. He's had headaches before, but nothing like the headache of trying to keep a ball club going in a war.

Maybe you don't think they ought to run baseball during a war, but if that's the way you feel, we part company right here. *We* know how much baseball means to those kids out there.

Spikes had a fair infield of 4Fs and overage veterans, and was thinking of supplying the outfielders with wheel chairs so they could get around and cover the garden. But the pitching staff was the real problem. Spikes knew that if those candidates for the Old Men's Home, in the outfield, had to spend all their time legging after hits, they'd all be in the hospital by midseason. He just had to have somebody to chuck a few strikes once in a while and get the side out. If he had one better than average bowler, around which to build the staff, he could get by.

So there we were, sitting around with our feet up on the table, bulling, and mentioning this guy and that guy. And then all of a sudden I got an idea.

I said, "Hey, what about Johnny Avery?"

Spikes said, "Who, the one-armed feller?"

"Uh-huh. He used to be one of the best in the Three A League."

Spikes took his feet off the desk and hit the gaboon with a dead-center shot. "By Jimminy, I never thought of him. Hey, Eddie, get the book and let's have a look."

EDDIE CONLIN was the scout for the New Yorks. He got the record book and we all had a look. In 1931, Avery won fifteen and lost five for Cedar Rapids, and in '32, his record for Des Moines was even better, eighteen wins and four losers. Also he batted .261, which is not bad even for a pitcher with two hands. He didn't play in 1933.

Eddie Conlin said, "He got himself a farm somewhere outside of Council Bluffs."

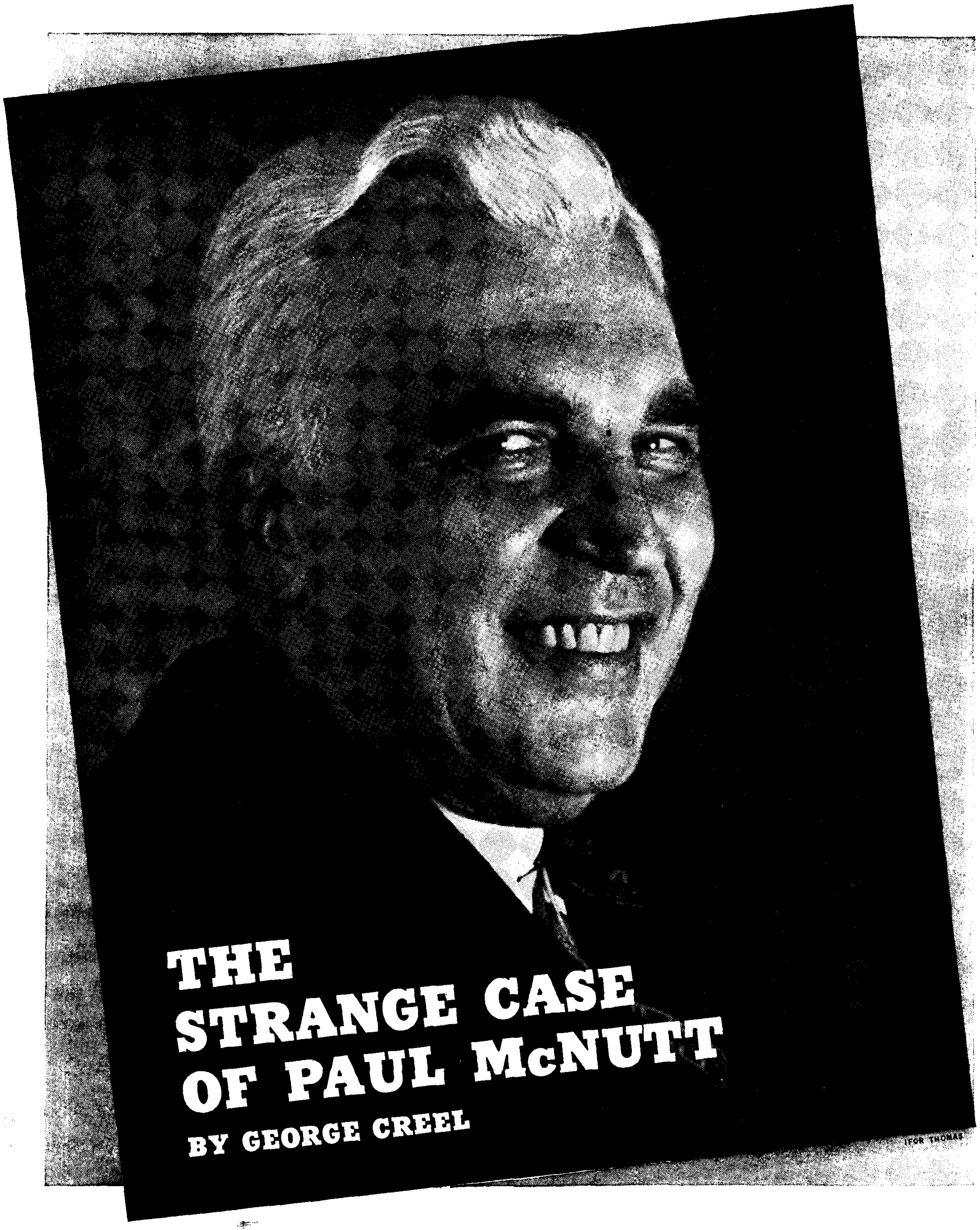
I said, "Yeah, I know. It's at Dumfries."

The reason I knew is we were both born there—on farms. I knew Johnny when we were kids together, and neighbors. I remember Dad coming to the house one afternoon all white-faced and sweaty to get the car to rush the Avery kid to a hospital. He'd got his arm caught in the baler. I was fifteen years old at the time and Johnny was ten. When he came back from the hospital, six weeks later, his left arm was off just above the elbow.

We used to play a lot of ball out our way when we were kids, on Saturday afternoon, against the townies, or just fooling around with a ball, bat and glove whenever we got the chance. And like all kids that age, we used to have a kind of a horselaugh for a guy who would try to grandstand by making a one-hand catch. I guess it's the same all over the country wherever a gang gets together to play ball. We'd shout, "Haw-haw—two hands for beginners!"

Johnny Avery sure made a monkey out of that old saw. It was only one hand for him from then on, but he sure made it do the work of two. He'd been crazy about baseball before the accident, and he was the kind of a gutty kid who doesn't give up. He'd

(Continued on page 51)



IFOR THOMAS

THE STRANGE CASE OF PAUL McNUTT

BY GEORGE CREEL

No official in Washington has been pushed around more than the head of the War Manpower Commission. And nobody seems to know why. He's still in there fighting, and you can bet he won't resign

MEET Paul Vories McNutt, the Human Elevator. Up and down, down and up, with never a stop at any floor. One day resplendent in yellow jacket and peacock feather; the next day lucky to have his fig leaf left. By the time this article appears, the Democratic Convention may have thrust the Vice-Presidential nomination upon him, or, with equal probability, he may be sitting among the ashes in the outer darkness. If the latter, and he does depart from the federal scene, "Nibbled to death by ducks" will be the only fitting epitaph. What has been done to him during his tenure of high office comes close to the cruel and unusual punishment forbidden by the Constitution.

Back in 1942, when Mr. McNutt was appointed chairman of the War Manpower Commission, it looked to be a complete delegation of Presidential authority. Before the nation, he stood up as the Whole Works. Not only that, but everything was under a single tent. No chance for conflict, confusion, duplication and overlapping. And then suddenly and mysteriously began a pinching away of powers, a persistent division of responsibility, until he was about as dominant as an extra in a Hollywood mob scene.

The reason behind this shabby treatment is Washington's prize puzzle. Some ascribe it to his good looks. No question about Mr. McNutt's being handsome to the point of brutality.

Even those who like him best admit that he arouses a definite dissatisfaction with their own faces and figures. Nevertheless, pulchritude has not proved a handicap to Edward Stettinius and Pat Hurley; and Rexford Guy Tugwell, Adonis of the old Brain Trust, still hangs on as governor of Puerto Rico.

Others put Paul McNutt down as a political comet who had nothing but the flash and sweep. This, too, is an explanation that does not hold water, for the man's record is thick with proofs of ability and competence. An honor student both at Indiana and Harvard he showed enough to have the former university offer him an assistant professorship in the law school. In 1917, then twenty-six, he enlisted as a private, and evidently had what it took, for by the time of the armistice, he had risen to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Field Artillery. Returning to Indiana, he soon won a full professorship, and in 1925 took over as dean.

The record also proves popularity. In 1928, the American Legion chose him as National Commander, an honor never given to stuffed shirts, and in 1932, the Democrats of Indiana put him up as their nominee for governor. The first man ever to be named by acclamation, he ran ahead of his ticket, even leading Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Investigation shows that Mr. McNutt found the state with a deficit and left it with a surplus—that, in spite of the depression. Better still, he pushed through sound laws that made Indiana a leader in social legislation.

There is no doubt that he could have been re-elected, but the constitution of the state forbade a second term. Before he could return to private life, however, President Roosevelt sent him to the Philippines as High Commissioner. There again Paul McNutt made good, for no less a person than Manuel Quezon bears witness to a wise administration that bettered relations with the United States. Nor was this the end of Presidential favor, for in 1939 Mr. McNutt was lifted out of the High Commissionership to be the head of the newly organized Federal Security Administration.

Even before this, the loyal and adoring Democrats of Indiana had launched a "McNutt for President" boom. With the third-term tradition still in force, the field looked to be wide open. Naturally enough, they were greatly encouraged by Mr. Roosevelt's action, accepting it as a sign that Paul's shoulders had been measured for the mantle of Elijah and found to be the size. Pie-eyed with expectation, their wild cries did all manner of things to the welkin.

Up to this time, the McNutt career had known only the blaze of the sun. Now, on the heels of the Indiana clamor, came the creep of shadows. Before he was warm in his chair as Federal Security Administrator, the rumor spread that he had been guilty of skulduggery in connection with his income-tax returns. The Treasury itself professed profound ignorance, but word came from Indianapolis that the state was being flooded with investigators.

Stigmatized by Innuendo

Making the rounds of political groups, luncheon clubs, fraternal organizations and even churches, they asked if Mr. McNutt had been paid for his speeches, and, if so, in what amount. Every interview left the plain inference that the ex-governor was suspected of fraud. The cries of the victim split the heavens, but all without result, and in due time the investigation ended as suddenly as it had begun.

His fighting blood at boiling point, Mr. McNutt took a leave of absence from his post and toured the country in the interest of his candidacy. A good campaigner, he was going well, but while still in full swing, it became apparent even to the dullest that the "draft Roosevelt" movement had all the ruthless drive of a juggernaut. There are many who attribute Mr. McNutt's kicks and cuffs to this presumptuous candidacy, but here again is an explanation that does not satisfy. He declared himself out of the race at the first hint of the President's willingness to accept a third term, promising the "Chief" his wholehearted support. Moreover, he followed shortly with another proof of loyalty.

Undaunted, Indiana proceeded to offer her Favorite Son as the candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination, only to have Mr. McNutt make it plain that he preferred his Federal Security job to four years in the Senate internment camp. That seemed to end the matter, especially when the President let it be known that he wanted Henry Wallace as his running mate.

The convention, however, had ideas of its own. Mr. Roosevelt was drafted according to schedule, but when it came to Mr. Walla[illegible] the delegates took the bit in their teeth. Bo[illegible] and catcalls greeted the presentation of his name, while the sudden and unexpected nomination of Paul McNutt by an Oklahoman let loose a demonstration without precedent.

Mr. McNutt's own repeated efforts to disclaim the honor were drowned out by cries of "No, no," and bedlam persisted for a full half-hour. Senator Barkley, the chairman, pleading for obedience to the White House will, even went so far as to warn that the revolt might excite unfavorable comment.

"The proceedings of this convention," he shouted, "are not only being heard in this hall, but all over the nation."

His reward was the largest razzberry ever grown in any Democratic gathering. At last,

(Continued on page 56)

Why the grass is greener on the other side of the fence

THERE'S NO DENYING that the other side of *this* fence looks more inviting.

But you can easily remedy that—simply by creating a fragrant-cool Four Roses Mint Julep of your own!

Here's all you have to do to achieve this frosty midsummer triumph . . .

Take a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or just stir it, if you prefer). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass and fill with shaved ice. Then pour in Four Roses until the glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand till the frost forms thick.

Just one thing more: Although Four Roses, as any Julep-lover will tell you, is *the* Julep whiskey, this superlative whiskey isn't so plentiful today as it was before the war.

So, if you can't get Four Roses the first time you ask for it, please be patient and remember we're doing our best to allot the available supply so that *everybody* will have a fair share.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City

"I'm sure you'll make a wonderful squirrel!" laughed Elsie

"SEE HERE, woman," thundered Elmer, the bull. "If you expect me to climb trees looking for nuts, let me tell you . . ."

"I want to be a squirrel, too," broke in little Beulah eagerly. "I want to run around on a wheel in a cage. Can I, mommy, can I?"

"*Can* is the word for it all right," laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "That's what I meant when I said you were squirrels. We're going to store away food for the winter just as squirrels do. I'm going to can all our garden vegetables and fruits we can't eat now and you may help me."

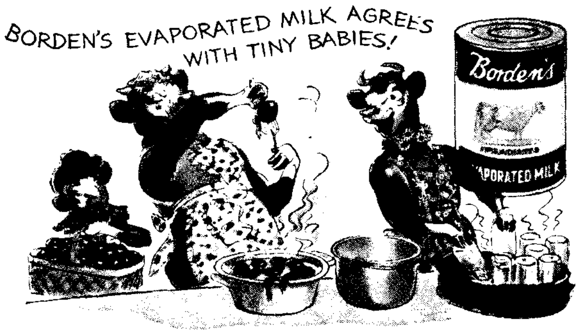
"Gee, can't we can some milk, too?" asked Beulah, fairly popping with excitement. "Mommy, you know you're always saying that milk is man's most nearly perfect food."

SCRUMPTIOUS—BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED VITAMIN D MILK!
Borden's

"So I am, child," agreed Elsie. "And milk is an even more nearly perfect food when it's *Borden's Homogenized Vitamin D Milk.* This is my very special milk with the cream mixed all through it. That makes the milk taste better, makes it more readily digestible. Sunshine Vitamin D is added also."

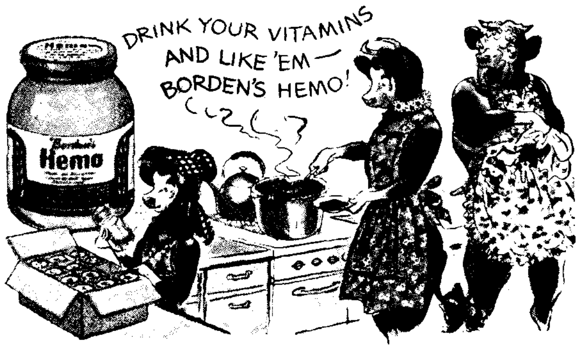
"Then can we can it—can we?" demanded Beulah.

"Goodness," chuckled Elsie, "your tongue is all twisted up. Besides, we already do can milk. *Borden's Evaporated Milk* is canned milk so rich in Vitamin D and so very digestible that loads of doctors approve it for feeding tiny babies."


BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK AGREES WITH TINY BABIES!
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK

"Good, good," boomed Elmer. "As long as Borden has done all the work, I won't be needing this apron. Hurry up, get it off me."

"Not so fast," giggled Elsie. "It's everybody's business to can extra vegetables and fruits this year. They contain much of the nourishment found in milk, and milk is none too plentiful these days."

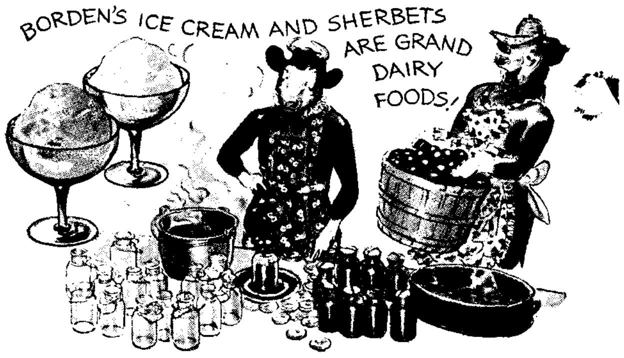

DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM—BORDEN'S HEMO!
Borden's
Hemo

Beulah was examining the canning equipment and looking puzzled. "Mommy," she asked, "why do they call it canning when you put things up in glass jars?"

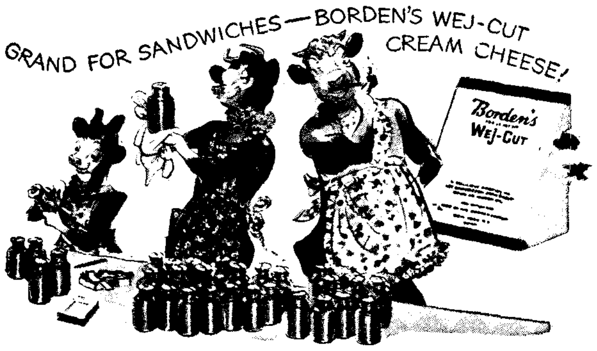
"I expect it's just habit," replied Elsie. "But don't worry: some of the best food I know comes in jars. Take *Borden's Hemo,* for instance. Hemo is the new food drink—the way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. And it has the smoothest chocolate-y, malted flavor you ever dreamed of sipping."

"If you must talk every minute," interrupted Elmer, "suppose you tell me why we go to all this fuss. Wouldn't it be just as easy to quick-freeze this stuff?"

"It would be, I suppose, if we had the equipment," agreed Elsie, "and lots of people do it. Certainly, I'd be the last one to say anything against freezing. Without freezing there wouldn't be any *Borden's Ice Cream* or *Sherbets.* And they're not only great treats but great foods as well."


BORDEN'S ICE CREAM AND SHERBETS ARE GRAND DAIRY FOODS!

"Look," bellowed Elmer, "are you going to can food or talk shop? Every time one of us drops a word, you *sandwich* in a sales talk."


GRAND FOR SANDWICHES—BORDEN'S WEJ-CUT CREAM CHEESE!
Borden's
WEJ-CUT

"I'm certainly glad you mentioned sandwiches," enthused Elsie. "For anyone can make marvelous sandwiches with *Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese.* You don't need butter with Wej-Cut. It's a marvelous buy for your points and pennies."

"I know a good buy, too," grumbled Elmer, "and I'm saying it right now . . . good-by!"

"It certainly is, if it's a Borden's product, agreed Elsie. *"If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"*

—if it's Borden's it's got to be good

ELSIE SAYS:
Speed our attack, help bring our boys back. Buy more War Bonds!

© The Borden Company

Mr. Roosevelt's Friend

Continued from page 21

committee the defeat of Congressmen Starnes, Costello and other Representatives unfriendly to the New Deal; Senator Holman of Oregon, too—and more, he says with a disdainful smile, to come. Incidentally, Mr. Hillman does not share the President's desire to delete the term New Deal from the vocabularies of his friends. Mr. Hillman speaks frequently and tenderly of the New Deal.

He is short, compact, voluble, intense. His square, weathered, deep-seamed face, his thick, hunched shoulders, his broad, short-fingered hands proclaim work—lots of it. He has a swift, sardonic wit when he talks of Mr. Spangler, Senator Hugh Butler of Nebraska, the Dies Committee, or anyone or any combine he regards as his enemy. His voice softens toward the caress stage when he speaks of Mr. Roosevelt. He has shrewd, demanding eyes. He was born in Lithuania, then a part of Russia, fifty-seven years ago, and although he fought the Czar in the Russian revolution of 1905, he is not now a Communist, and the records do not reveal that he ever was. He has been in America since 1907.

He disclaims intention or hope of forming a third party. Throughout all his career as a labor-union organizer and director, in all his mildly revolutionary record, it has been his preference to attach himself and his program to other men's kites. Thus he has never been irrevocably committed to any man, any course, any group. We don't know whether he plays poker; but if he does, he's good. He deals them fast but cautiously. He bets big but never wildly.

At one side sits his lawyer, on the other his statisticians, his fact finders. But he does all the talking, pausing only to look quizzically at his aides for confirmation or the slowdown. He has taken care to beat his critics to the punch, having already made his first public accounting of the funds he has spent in support of Mr. Roosevelt. His first report was made to the public on June 1st—$189,112.12 disbursed since the committee was born ten months before, and all itemized. Other reports will follow.

At his hand are figures with which to defend himself if he gets into serious trouble with Congress. The figures are in the Congressional Record, in the record of the Federal Grand Jury. You may look at them if you choose. You see that both the Republican and the Democratic National Committees kept well within the law which limits their campaign receipts and disbursements in any one general election to $3,000,000. But it is shown that by spreading their donations over the national and the state campaign treasuries, many individuals contributed many thousands more than the law allows.

The Hatch Act says that an individual may give no more than $5,000 to any man's or any ticket's campaign fund. And while the Republican National Committee spent only $2,438,091.88 in its effort to elect Mr. Willkie in 1940, Republican State Committees and all the various pro-Willkie local committees spent $9,111,304.18. The Democratic State and local committees spent a mere $2,785,659.82. So, unless the laws governing such things are amended soon, Mr. Hillman proposes to go right ahead spending C.I.O. money and whatever other contributions he can attract to re-elect Mr. Roosevelt.

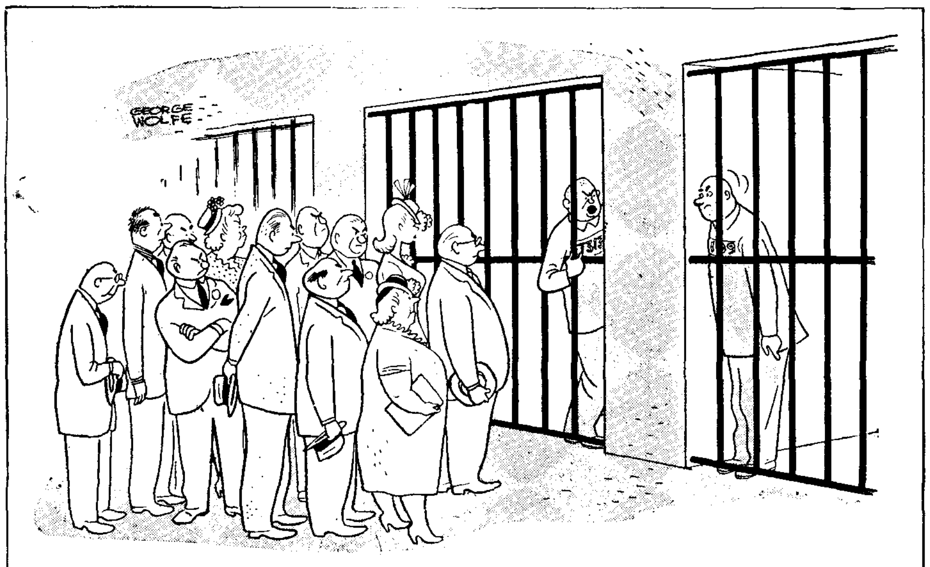
Mr. Hillman's an old hand at starting something. He's a competent organizer, a skillful director, a resourceful politician. Two years after he arrived in America, he got a job as apprentice cutter for Hart, Schaffner & Marx in Chicago. He had been out of work for eighteen months, the country having been writhing in a financial panic and subsequent unemployment depression. Nevertheless, still burning with the fire that had made him hot in Russia, he helped organize a textile strike which started with a handful of his fellow employees and presently spread over the whole Chicago clothing industry.

Clarence Darrow, Jane Addams and Mrs. Raymond Robbins cultivated him, predicted a great future for him as a labor leader. They sent him to New York where he'd be safer and where for some time his headquarters was in Miss Lillian Wald's Henry Street Settlement House. And then he met Miss Frances Perkins, who was to have great influence in his life. He lost no time in becoming a power in the old United Garment Workers Union and, in 1914, he abandoned that organization after a furious internal political battle and set up the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, of which he is still president. His tactics then were unorthodox. They still are—but effective.

Join the Union—or Else

For example, instead of exhorting workers to join the Amalgamated and, when backed by sufficient numbers, calling strikes to win closed-shop contracts, he reversed conventional procedures. Thus he convinced numbers of employers that it was cheaper to sign up with the Amalgamated, even before their workers had joined the union, than to endure inevitable strikes after their employees had been enrolled. And thus many a worker was first notified by his employer that he was employed by a closed-shop company—which left him to choose between joining or being out of a job.

Even as Hillman sits there in C.I.O. headquarters, answering salvos of questions fired by newsmen, reports from his political battle fronts roll in. A message has it that five large A. F. of L. unions have just endorsed Mr. Roosevelt, notifying the nearest Political Action Committee field manager that, at least in their choice for President, they are as one with the C.I.O. They're the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers; the International Jewelry Workers, the Virginia Federation of Labor; the Maryland-District of Columbia Federation; the Joint Council 16, International Brotherhood of Teamsters. This latter, a New York City union, offers Mr. Roosevelt 70,000 votes. Mr. Daniel J. To-

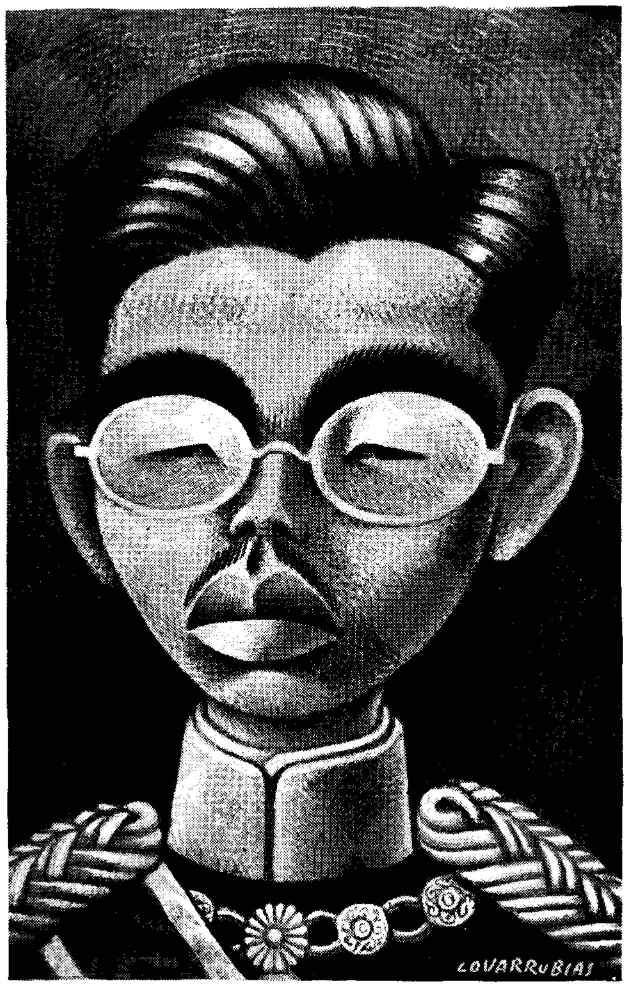


COLLIER'S

"You think your jury was tough? Mine comes up every year to make sure I'm still here!"

GEORGE WOLFE

THE *Guilty*



CARICATURE BY
MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

HIROHITO

LI

THERE is a school of thought in the United States—a kindergarten school—that warns solemnly against listing the Emperor of Japan as a war criminal or even failing to treat him with the reverence due a divinity. He is, they maintain, the mind, heart and soul of his people, tracing direct descent from the heavenly beings whose mating gave birth to the Sacred Isles. If Hirohito is to be handled at all, it must be gently and respectfully, or else his fanatical worshipers will fight on, continuing chaos in the Far East.

In support of their contention they quote this excerpt from a speech made in 1941 by Baron Hiranuma, Japan's home minister: "Our national polity is unique in this world. Heaven sent down Niningi-no-Mikoto, grandson of the Sun Goddess, with a message that their posterity should reign over and govern Japan for ages eternal. It was on this happy day, 2,601 years ago, that our first emperor Jimmu, ascended the throne. Dynasties in foreign countries were created by men. Foreign kings, emperors and presidents are all created by men, but Japan has a sacred throne inherited from the imperial ancestors. Japanese imperial rule, therefore, is an extension of Heaven. Dynasties created by men may collapse, but the Heaven-created throne is beyond men's power."

It is this combination of hokum and gibberish that certain groups accept unquestioningly, and that in the face of cold, hard facts. What nonsense to talk of a history recorded year by year since 660 B. C. The Japanese did not have a written language until 400 A. D., and then the monkey people (as their neighbors knew them) stole characters from the Chinese, along with everything else that gave them a veneer of civilization.

As for Jimmu's unbroken line, it is sheer impudence. Many of the emperors were the spawn of lusty concubines, more fertile than the empresses, or else were adopted from this or that noble family. Yoshihito, Hirohito's father, was the son of a court lady who relied upon her physical charms rather than any claim to divine descent. All the farrago about the sacredness of the emperor, the popular reverence for his person, etc., is of fairly recent invention.

From 670 to 1867, if Japanese history can be believed, the emperors did not even attain to the dignity of puppets. Shoguns, or military chieftains, ruled the land, transmitting power from one to the other. Emperors persisted largely as a matter of ritual, but were so little regarded that some starved to death and several actually went unburied. If one chanced to show independence, he was kicked out summarily. In one period, five ex-emperors, all supposed to be seed of the Sun Goddess, were alive at the same time, mooching handouts at back doors.

Finally two powerful clans united to overthrow the shogunate and used "neglect of the throne" as a battle cry. The revolt succeeded, and in 1868, Mei-ji was put in as emperor. Commodore Perry, some years before, had opened the closed doors of Japan and, for a while, it looked as if the country might take its place among the civilized nations of the world.

The old samurai caste, however, clamped down on Yoshihito, who came to the throne on his father's death in 1912, and turned him into militarism's puppet.

Shintoism—barbarous, superstitious, disguised as religion—was re-established, and once again an obscene and incestuous mythology was crammed down the throats of a people. The fable of the Sun Goddess was also revived, likewise Japan's divine right to rule the world, and wars of conquest followed naturally and inevitably.

What better cannon fodder than men taught to believe that death in battle for the emperor would make them gods? With Japan purged of everything Western, and the population drunk on fanatical rites, the army and the navy ruled supreme.

Granted that Hirohito, who succeeded Yoshihito in 1926, is a puppet, what damns him is the shameful willingness with which he lends himself to the schemes of the militarists.

No word of protest has even come from him when terrorists assassinated statesmen suspected of liberalism, and it is with his benediction that Japanese soldiers have waged war with primitive savagery. No longer does he sit in august seclusion, seen only by princes of the blood, but performs publicly whenever Tojo pulls the strings.

One day, dressed in royal robes, he goes through all the mumbo-jumbo of heathenism, even holding services in honor of dead war horses. The next day, wearing a khaki field uniform, he parades as a soldier, endorsing every infamy and promising the delights of Heaven to all who die for Japan. A divinity, indeed! Viewed honestly, he ranks with the Indian medicine men and African sorcerers of another time and is no more worthy of toleration. . . . G. C.

HELL FOR HIROHITO, SEE PAGE 15

bin, vice-president of the A. F. of L., is the teamsters' international president.

Another sample—and we have room for samples only—is a message from Mr. Raymond S. McKeough of Chicago. He is the committee's regional director for Illinois—one of the fourteen regional directors covering the country. The 2,000,000 C.I.O. members in Mr. McKeough's territory are being organized by city, county, ward and precinct workers, just as the regular political parties operate.

To double check, assistants to each shop steward in every industrial plant and factory are being appointed as political aides. It will be their job to see to it that union members register—then vote. They're holding Roosevelt rallies, at which spellbinders incite them to furious cheers for the President. They report that, individually and in local lots, A. F. of L. members attend the meetings and jeer when A. F. of L. President William Green's "no political alliances" edict is mentioned.

"We refuse to tie ourselves as a kite to any political party," Mr. Green had said. "There are some in the ranks of labor who would sacrifice the future stability of their organizations for the sake of temporary political expediency. We (the A. F. of L.) are in business to stay, no matter which party wins."

There are Negro reporters at Mr. Hillman's press conference. They want to know how far the Political Action Committee will go in aiding the Southern Negro to realize the benefits of the Supreme Court's Texas primary decision.

Mr. Hillman says that the Committee cannot do more than urge all citizens to register and to vote, although the C.I.O. and the Political Action Committee are necessarily in sympathy with the Negro in his battle, but it's still the Negro's battle. While Mr. Hillman doesn't go deeper into the subject, the conference has arrived at a delicate situation—a situation which any adroit politician hastens to by-pass.

An Issue to Be Dodged

There are thousands of Northern white union members working in the South just now, and it has been found that the attitude of the real Southern white man toward the Negro is tolerant indeed when compared with the prejudice a transplanted Yankee can work up. So, as we've said, it's a very delicate situation, and the political fate of the Negro is still in black hands. In normal union affairs, the Negro is accepted fairly evenly by the C.I.O. But this is a political fight—registering, voting and everything.

As chairman of the C.I.O.'s political organization, Mr. Hillman is the complete politician. There is nothing sanctified about his thinking, his maneuvering, or indeed about his cause. He's in there to elect Mr. Roosevelt to a fourth term and says so, and he doesn't propose to overlook any enabling trick or spare the finer feelings of the opposition. He never has.

Due to his ability to know the right people in a clutch, his Amalgamated Clothing Workers all but ran the garment industry during the first World War. There weren't many uniform manufacturers with government contacts who didn't have agreements with the Amalgamated. Mr. Hillman didn't fritter away much time fooling around with the small fry. He became friendly with such influential intellectuals as Brandeis, Frankfurter and W. Z. Ripley, and he came to know President Wilson as intimately as Mr. Wilson permitted men to know him. But when the New Deal dawned, Mr. Hillman came into his own in a large way.

Chaperoned by Madame Secretary Perkins, he became a White House favorite and was appointed to the NRA's advisory board. On that board, too, were William Green, president of the A. F. of L., and John L. Lewis, boss of the United Mine Workers. The Amalgamated was an independent organization which had now grown into a membership of more than 125,000. Although politically they are now far apart, Hillman and Lewis were mutual admirers at that time. Green was then, as now, an able gentleman, but in pretty fast company.

Anyway, with the wordless blessing of the White House, Messrs. Lewis and Hillman popped up one morning with a nice rival for Mr. Green—the C.I.O. Lewis was its boss, but Hillman organized about 1,250,000 textile workers for him, never forgetting that his own power depended upon the might of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, which was soon to claim a membership of 400,000. We're putting all this down just to show you that Mr. Roosevelt's opponents are wholly justified in ranking Mr. Hillman well up on the list of their personal enemies.

In due time, Mr. Roosevelt appointed Mr. Hillman to the National Defense Advisory Council, and later to the co-directorship with William S. Knudsen of the Office of Production Management, now the War Production Board. Mr. Hillman retired from the official Washington arena a year or so ago—ill health—but while he was in the bureaus, he doled out many a headache to numerous congressmen. He's back at that particular pastime now as a sort of incidental to carrying the fourth-term flag.

Yet nobody knows better than Mr. Hillman that he can overdo his job, that his committee can be a handicap rather than a help to Mr. Roosevelt. No one knows how many servicemen will vote in November, or how they'll vote. No one knows how general is the serviceman's resentment of labor strikes in war-production plants or to what extent jealousy of production workers' wages will influence the uniformed vote. On the day that American soldiers landed on the Cherbourg Peninsula, 12,000 members of C.I.O.'s United Automobile Workers walked out of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation plant at Lockland, Ohio, for no better reason than that seven Negroes were employed in an "all-white department." Mr. Hillman realizes that more such demonstrations by his organization will do him no good.

BUTCH
by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS
Sgt Larry Reynolds
COLLIER'S

"Oh, I'm just th' homey type. I don't like the hustle an' bustle of bank and warehouse jobs"

Therefore, he now prefers to emphasize the Political Action Committee's plans for postwar employment, rather than straight unionism or even the virtues of Mr. Roosevelt. His propaganda spreaders hand you letters from servicemen announcing their applause for the "good work the C.I.O. Political Action Committee is doing."

In Republican headquarters you will hear that hundreds of thousands of servicemen are only waiting to say, with votes, just what they think of wartime strikes. And while this claim may have no more substance than lots of the ballyhoo of the Democrats and of Mr. Hillman's committee, neither Mr. Hillman nor anyone else is serenely certain.

The home offices of Mr. Hillman's committee are in New York, and if the Washington headquarters of the Democrats and the Republicans bore you (which is not impossible), you might drop in on Mr. Hillman and see mass-production politics. The propaganda department is an assembly line. Every labor newspaper and magazine is in immediate contact—its publication deadlines known, its questions answered, its peculiar editorial requirements catered to. There are 15,000,000 readers of such journals. Daily and weekly, hundreds of clip sheets are mailed out to these, to the Negro press, and to general-circulation papers and magazines. To newspaper columnists go salty scraps about men and situations. Mats, cartoons, editorials and features, including comics, are on tap for any editor looking for free filler. For clubrooms, union halls and meeting rooms and eating places favored by workers, there are well-drawn, color-printed lithographs. Out of Mr. Hillman's propaganda works, flow pamphlets of many uses—largely educational.

There are, for example, cleverly illustrated, well-written pamphlets titled Every Worker a Voter, What a Canvasser Should Know, and so on. They tell the shop steward's political aide and the union's precinct workers just how to get out the vote, get it registered, keep it in line, lead it to the polls. In addition to being the precinct worker's handbooks which a child can easily understand, they're almost gay. Look them over quickly: Canvassing Is Like Love, Canvassers Should Be Neighbors, Start as a Winner and You'll End as a Champion, The Sixty-four Dollar Question: Have You Registered? Know Whereof You Speak, Love Thy Neighbor and Organize Him Too. And all cartooned from beginning to end, from tragedy to cheesecake.

Then there's the Political Action News, an expert weekly, and lapel buttons, window stickers and seals for the flap side of your letters—Votes Are Weapons on the Home Front—and even paper napkins for cafés, restaurants and diners. On the napkins is the rough imprint of a girl's lips. Beneath the kiss is the injunction: Leave Your Mark at the Ballot Box. For the more serious, there are weightier pamphlets—Full Employment, and Four Men Speak About Jobs for All. These four men are Vice-President Henry A. Wallace, Philip Murray, President of C.I.O., James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers Union, and Mr. Hillman.

Maybe the Political Action Committee is not the political power the Republicans think it is, but that's not the committee's fault. Mr. Hillman has a considerable number of gentlemen on Capitol Hill scared stiff. The whole House of Representatives is to be elected in November, and thirty-two Senators.

It has never happened in our political history that the party electing its Presidential candidate has not carried Congress, too, but the Political Action Committee is leaving nothing to precedent. Precedent has taken a terrific beating during the past twelve years. Therefore Mr. Hillman's organization is really bearing down on congressional candidates who have been outspoken and consistent voting opponents of Mr. Roosevelt's policies. Mr. Hillman says that he has no roster of Representatives and Senators marked for defeat—no purge list. His local agents and field offices will take care of that, however, he adds.

Like Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, and Eric Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Hillman believes sturdily that while their systems of government will continue to be at opposite poles, Russia and the United States can and should do a rushing business with each other after the war. He returned to Russia in 1921 and came back to the United States as impressed as Mr. Nelson was after his visit to Moscow, and as usual Mr. Hillman did nothing by halves.

While in Russia, he helped organize the Russian-American Industrial Corporation, which was to establish nine clothing factories with the Russian government as a partner. Nothing came of it, and Moscow made good the financial losses of the share buyers—about $300,000. But Mr. Hillman expects to see the day when small international trade gestures like that with Russia will seem absurdly small. However, he wants no truck with Communists within his own political organization. Would he accept their support for PAC's candidates and policies?

"We have no Communists in our organization—none that we know of, anyway. But we shall accept anybody's vote," he said.

No Mention of Mr. Wallace

Mr. Hillman does not couple Henry Wallace's name with Mr. Roosevelt's. This may be politically expedient, inasmuch as Mr. Wallace is no public idol. Nevertheless, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have endorsed Mr. Wallace for re-election.

Like almost all the politicians we've met, Mr. Hillman devotes himself to the main issue, letting sideshows take care of themselves.

He has taken to the air, not with speechmaking, of which, he says, there is entirely too much already, but in his committee's New York offices there's his radio section writing scripts to be broadcast. For example:

A guy named Joe is skeptical of the value of the Political Action Committee's power and aims. A representative of PAC explains. Joe, only half convinced, says: "We-e-ll, I gotta figure it out—gotta figure out what I want."

PAC voice: "Sure, think it over, Joe. Listen. Maybe you think you want this."

A weary off-stage voice: "Apples . . . Apples . . . Five cents apiece . . . Please buy an apple, Mister . . . Mister, please . . ."

Second off-stage voice (reprovingly): "Big strapping fellow like you selling apples on a street corner. Why don't you get a job?"

First voice (savagely): "You tell me where there's a job. Just tell me where, you . . ."

PAC voice: "Do you want those days back, Joe? Is that what you want? Or maybe this?"

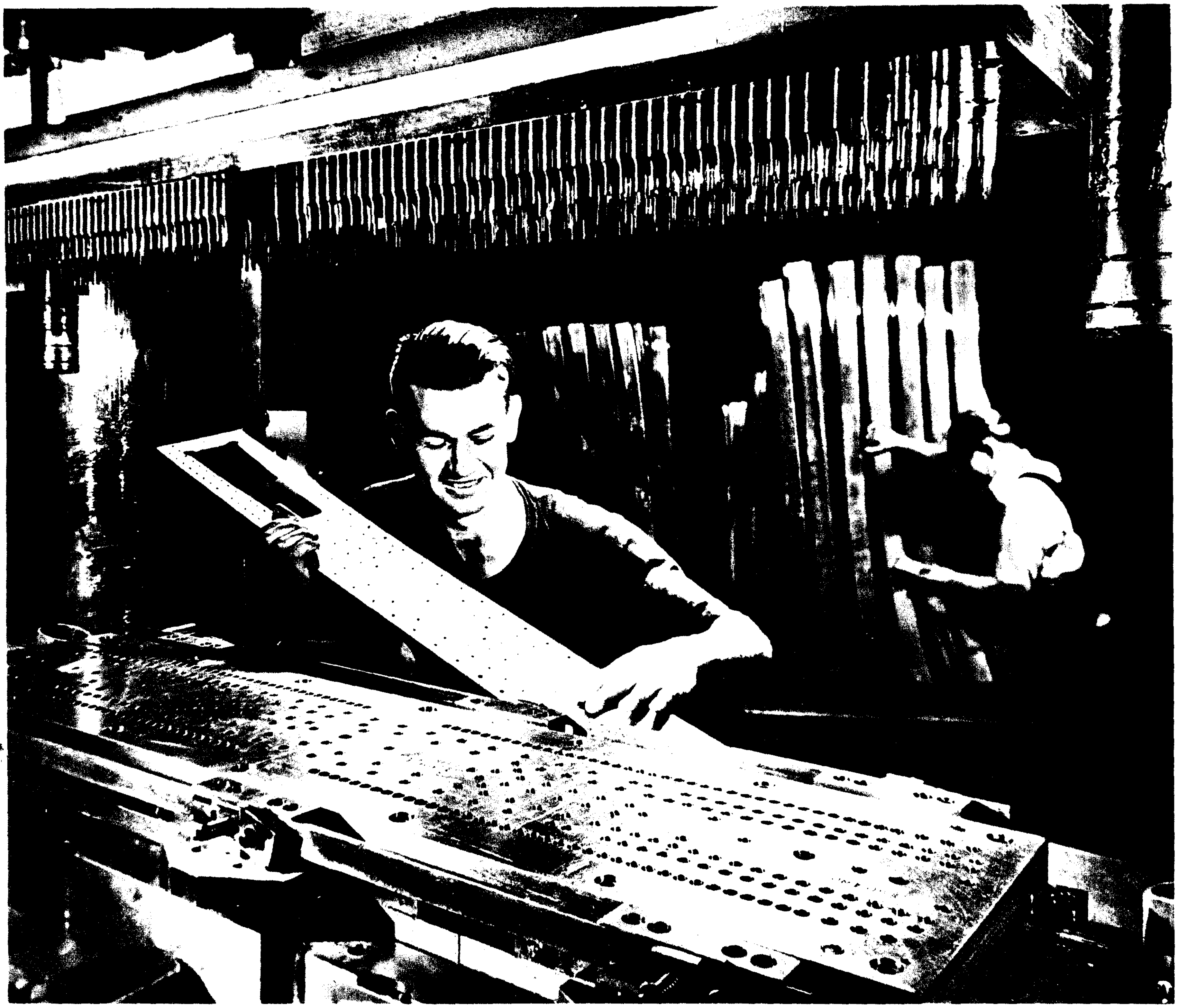
Third off-stage voice: "I'm a veteran. I fought in Africa and Europe. Twice I was wounded. See? What kind of a country is this to come back to? No jobs. No work. What the hell have you civilian guys been doing while I was away? You promised me . . ."

PAC voice: "Want that, Joe? Is that what you want?"

Joe (slowly at first, his voice rising): "I think I get you, chum. Sure, I get you. Okay, chum, see you later. Me, I'm going to ring doorbells—for F.D.R. and jobs for all."

Corn? Okay. But don't kid yourself; it's going to be quite a campaign.

THE END



Buy War Bonds—to Have and to Hold

Before You Can Say "Porcupine"!

Almost before you can wink an eye, this formidable tool punches out 388 exactly placed rivet holes at a single stroke of a giant hydraulic press.

In the Boeing plant at Seattle, they have nicknamed it the "porcupine," and it is one of the reasons why in building Flying Fortresses Boeing has broken all existing records for the production of completed four-engine bombers. In five lightning-fast operations, its 388 "quills" of super-hard tool steel punch the 976 holes needed to rivet together all the parts of a Fortress bomb-bay catwalk—*thirty times quicker* than the previous method of electric drilling.

To assure the absolute alignment of holes, the position of each punch is held to an accuracy of 5/10,000ths of an inch! Naturally, the porcupine die was a complex and expensive tool to build. Nothing like it had ever been made before. But it is rapidly paying for itself in time savings and increased production. It is one of more than a *quarter of a million* special tools developed by Boeing since the declaration of the national emergency.

There are thousands of engineers in the Boeing plants. Many of them devote their skills to the design of better aircraft, in such varied fields as aerodynamics and structural, electrical, hydraulic and metallurgical engineering.

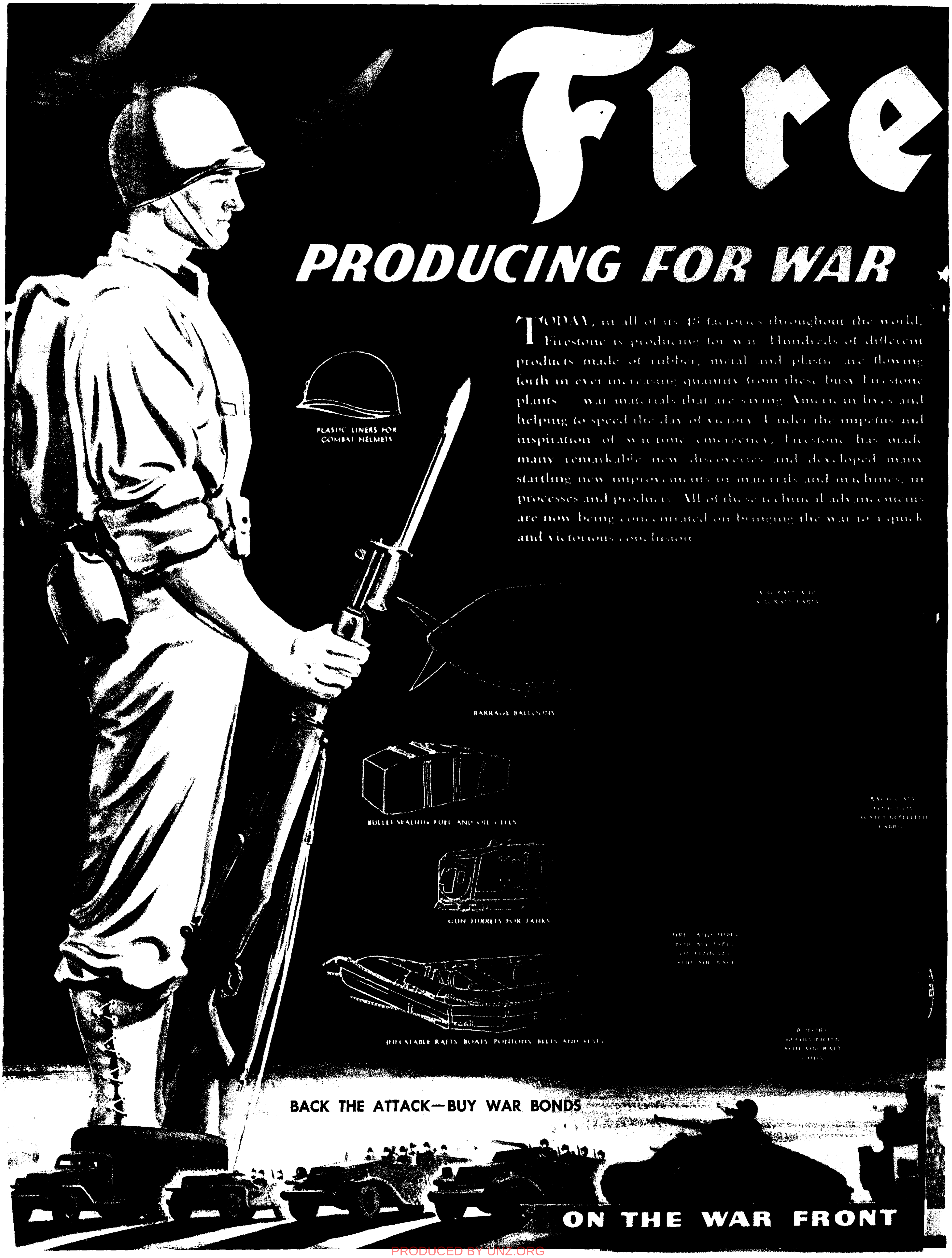
Equally qualified are Boeing Tooling Engineers. Whether developing entirely new tools or building a machine to turn out parts at greater speed, they go at it with the idea that it must be a better job than has ever been done before.

The determined ingenuity of such men—their skill in finding ways to do things better, faster—has helped to make possible the steady pounding of Axis strongholds by courageous American Fortress crews.

• • •

When the war ends, Boeing's engineering and manufacturing resources will again be applied to peacetime products. You can have full confidence in any such product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**



Fire

PRODUCING FOR WAR

TODAY, in all of its 45 factories throughout the world, Firestone is producing for war. Hundreds of different products made of rubber, metal and plastic are flowing forth in ever increasing quantity from these busy Firestone plants — war materials that are saving American lives and helping to speed the day of victory. Under the impetus and inspiration of wartime emergency, Firestone has made many remarkable new discoveries and developed many startling new improvements in materials and machines, in processes and products. All of these technical advancements are now being concentrated on bringing the war to a quick and victorious conclusion.

PLASTIC LINERS FOR COMBAT HELMETS
AIRCRAFT AND AIRCRAFT PARTS
BARRAGE BALLOONS
BULLET SEALING FUEL AND OIL CELLS
RAINCOATS, PONCHOS, WATER REPELLENT FABRICS
GUN TURRETS FOR TANKS
TIRES AND TUBES FOR ALL TYPES OF VEHICLES AND AIRCRAFT
INFLATABLE RAFTS, BOATS, PONTOONS, BELTS AND VESTS

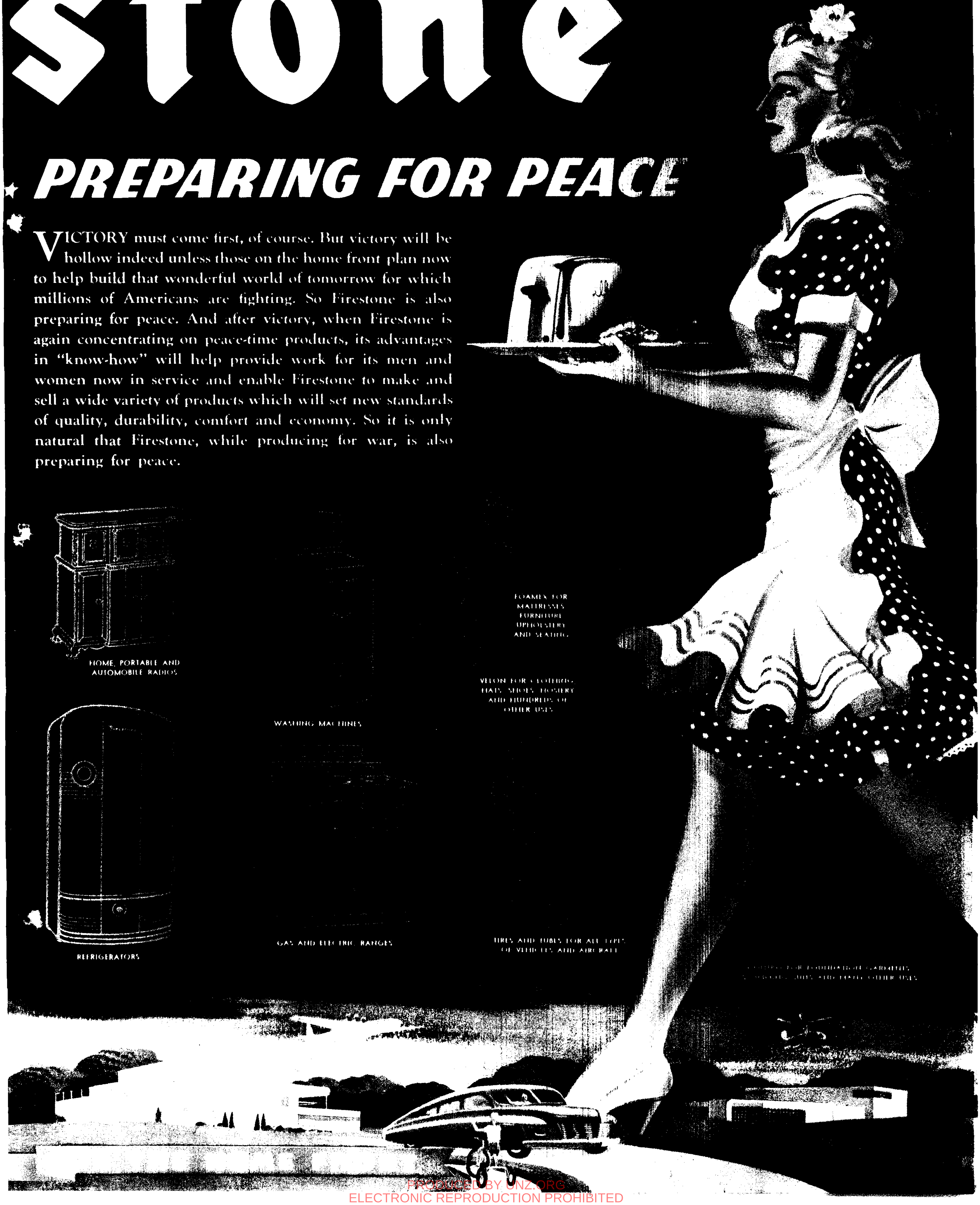
BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

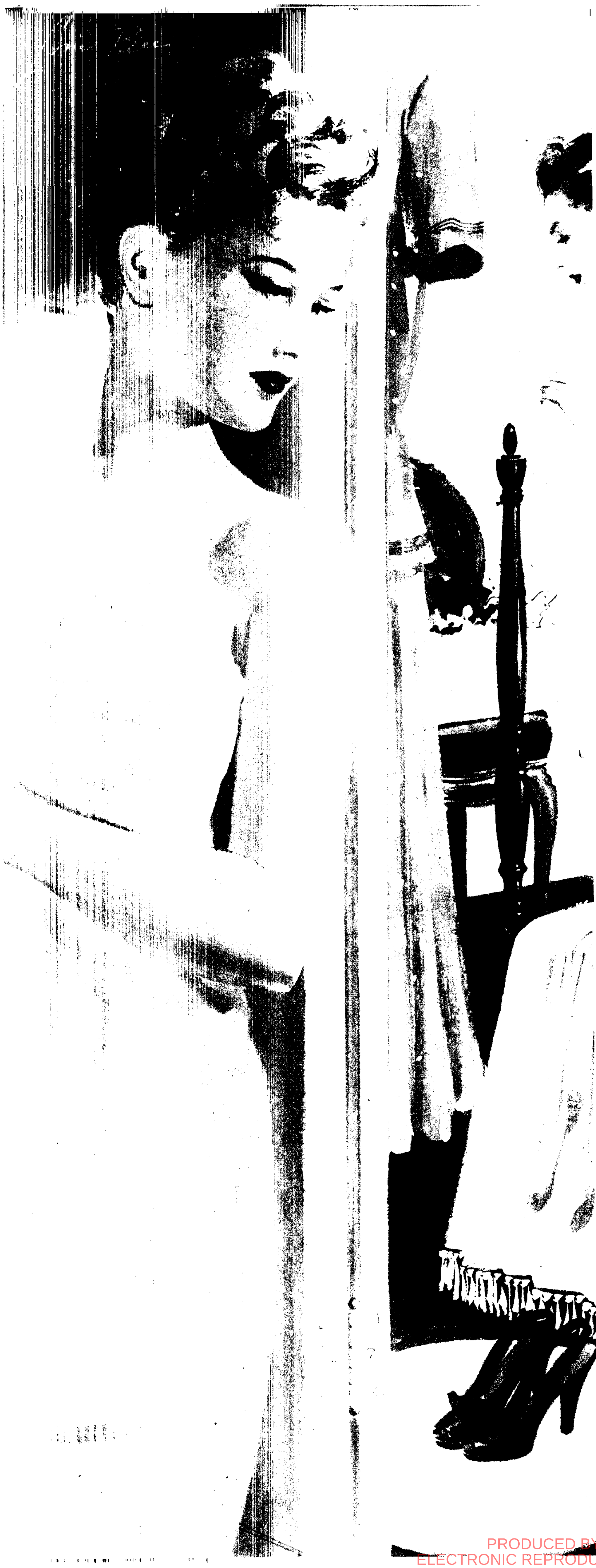
ON THE WAR FRONT

stone

PREPARING FOR PEACE

VICTORY must come first, of course. But victory will be hollow indeed unless those on the home front plan now to help build that wonderful world of tomorrow for which millions of Americans are fighting. So Firestone is also preparing for peace. And after victory, when Firestone is again concentrating on peace-time products, its advantages in "know-how" will help provide work for its men and women now in service and enable Firestone to make and sell a wide variety of products which will set new standards of quality, durability, comfort and economy. So it is only natural that Firestone, while producing for war, is also preparing for peace.


HOME, PORTABLE AND AUTOMOBILE RADIOS
WASHING MACHINES
FOAMEX FOR MATTRESSES FURNITURE UPHOLSTERY AND SEATING
VELON FOR CLOTHING HATS, SHOES, HOSIERY AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER USES
REFRIGERATORS
GAS AND ELECTRIC RANGES
TIRES AND TUBES FOR ALL TYPES OF VEHICLES AND AIRCRAFT
[illegible] FOR FOUNDATION GARMENTS, [illegible] SUITS AND MANY OTHER USES



"Will you fix things for me?" Peggy called apologetically. So while she tubbed, Amy laid out this and that

THE WAY IT IS

BY MORTON THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LONIE BEE

THE girl in the bright orange snood put down the oversize crescent wrench. She wiped her cramped fingers on her coveralls.

"You want me with you—to meet him?" the other girl asked.

"Well," said the first girl, "all I want you to do is come home with me. Look, Amy—"

"Oh, I'll come with you, all right. Sure, I'll come with you." Amy looked at her watch. "Thirty-four minutes to go. You know what time the ship comes in? They tell you yet?"

Peggy picked up the crescent wrench. They began to labor again on the bomber.

"The wire said they'd call," she said. "They telephone."

They hadn't been home five minutes when the call came.

"Hello," said Peggy. Her voice hadn't any haste, just her everyday voice, only there was strain in it. As when you use the phone in a strange house.

The man at the other end said be at such and such a dock at 5 o'clock.

"All right," said Peggy.

Amy said, "You sure take it cool."

Peggy looked at her. She felt embarrassed. What was inside wasn't showing outside, at all. It was a relief in a way, but still she didn't know what to say or what to do to show what was going on inside her, with her man coming home from overseas, wounded. For a moment she was horribly self-conscious and she flushed.

There was nothing to say. That was the way it was. And there were three hours and twelve minutes before the boat came in. There was a lot to do.

"You love him more than before?" Amy asked suddenly.

Peggy had put her new blue polka-dot dress on the bed. She was getting out of her greasy coveralls and the shapeless shoes and the sleazy-looking, masculine-type, rayon panties for at the plant. She did not look at Amy.

"Yes," she said.

"That girl in the supply room, the one on seven to four-thirty, the blond one—her Eddie was wounded in Italy," Amy said.

Joe came over Peggy in a wave. She glanced quickly at the clock. She ran to the bathroom. She didn't move particularly gracefully. She was self-effacing. But she had nice legs. Very, very nice legs. And a trim waist, white-skinned and lean, and a lovely body.

"Will you fix things for me, Amy?" she called apologetically.

So while Peggy tubbed, carefully, washing over and over, Amy fixed things. She laid out this and that. Peggy wasn't unfeminine. She just didn't have a hand for girl stuff. Amy's rouge was always on exactly right. Amy knew the latest in everything. Her hands were deft. Amy knew girl stuff. And that was why Peggy had brought her home.

Peggy came out of the bathroom and, walking straight to the bed, took up the pair of beautiful panties she had bought against the day of Joe's return. Now she put them on. That was the difference between them.

Amy would have stopped at the mirror first, then gone to the panties. Peggy put them on straightway and reached for the never-worn, much-too-expensive brassière—the one against the day of Joe's return. There was one pair of nylon stockings. There was the brand-new garter belt. There was the brand-new pair of shoes. There was everything brand-new, never worn, bought against the day Joe would come back. And this was the day.

Amy brushed Peggy's hair. It was taffy-colored stuff. It was lovely. Peggy never knew what to do with it. Girls with lesser figures, lesser faces, looked at her with secret satisfaction. Peggy long ago had given up noticing. And today, everything was important. Today, everything had to be just so. Exactly, everlastingly, infinitely, just so.

"This lipstick the right color?" she asked suddenly.

"Sure!" said Amy mechanically. Then she stared at Peggy. She cleared her throat. "He's —uh—wounded, you know," she said carefully.

Peggy winced imperceptibly. "It's got to be right," she said stubbornly. "It's got to be just damn' right."

She began to apply her make-up. Now and then Amy added a touch, a word. They were caught up in it. They finished her face.

Amy stepped back and inspected her with narrowed eyes. "Perfect!" she said.

Peggy happened to look at the bed. "My gosh!" she said.

Amy's eyes followed hers. Amy let her arms drop to her sides. "You forgot to put your dress on!" she moaned. "Can you get it on without mussing yourself?"

They tried. It didn't work very well. It had to be perfect. There mustn't be a thing that wasn't perfect for Joe. Ever.

"Look, Peggy!" Amy said. She was putting the rouge on all over again. "Does it have to be perfect?" She was thinking of Joe. Peggy knew it. "I mean," she said carefully, "it isn't as if—I mean . . ." her voice trailed off.

Peggy was already reshaping the mouth she had wiped off. She was putting on another. She was lost to the world. This one would be more perfect than the one that had got wrecked putting on her dress. When she was finished—when, between them, Peggy had her shoes on, her dress snugged down just so, the seams at the back of the nylons one perfect line from her shapely ankles to the delicious hollow back of the knee, her hair—well, every hair in perfect place—she was a beautiful, beautiful girl. And they had a half-hour to spare. And Joe—like a singing, throbbing, dizzying, magic thing—Joe was coming home.

THE boat had already docked when Peggy got there. Nobody was getting off. There were a lot of faces along the rail. Maybe one of them was Joe. Peggy couldn't tell. Her eyes strained with tears that stung back of the eyeballs. She fumbled her mirror out of the new bag. She looked herself over.

Point by point, she fought down her excitement, she forced herself to go over her face, her hair, with exactitude and maddening care. Every hair was in place. She brushed a single microscopic speck of powder from her cheek. She smoothed her dress until it hadn't a wrinkle.

To any eye, she was sheer, ultimate perfection, perfectly groomed, perfectly made up, fantastically perfect. The gangplank was down, now. There was no mistaking that loved, that wonderful, that heart-sobbing figure who was coming down it. She was at the foot of the gangplank. And now she took two steps up and she was at his side, and now they were on the dock together and he was holding her tight in his arms, and she swam into him like water merging into water, one being, and now he was holding her at arm's length.

He licked his lips.

"I'll bet you look swell!" he said. His voice was low.

"You bet I look swell!" whispered Peggy.

"I'll bet you look like six million dollars!" Joe said.

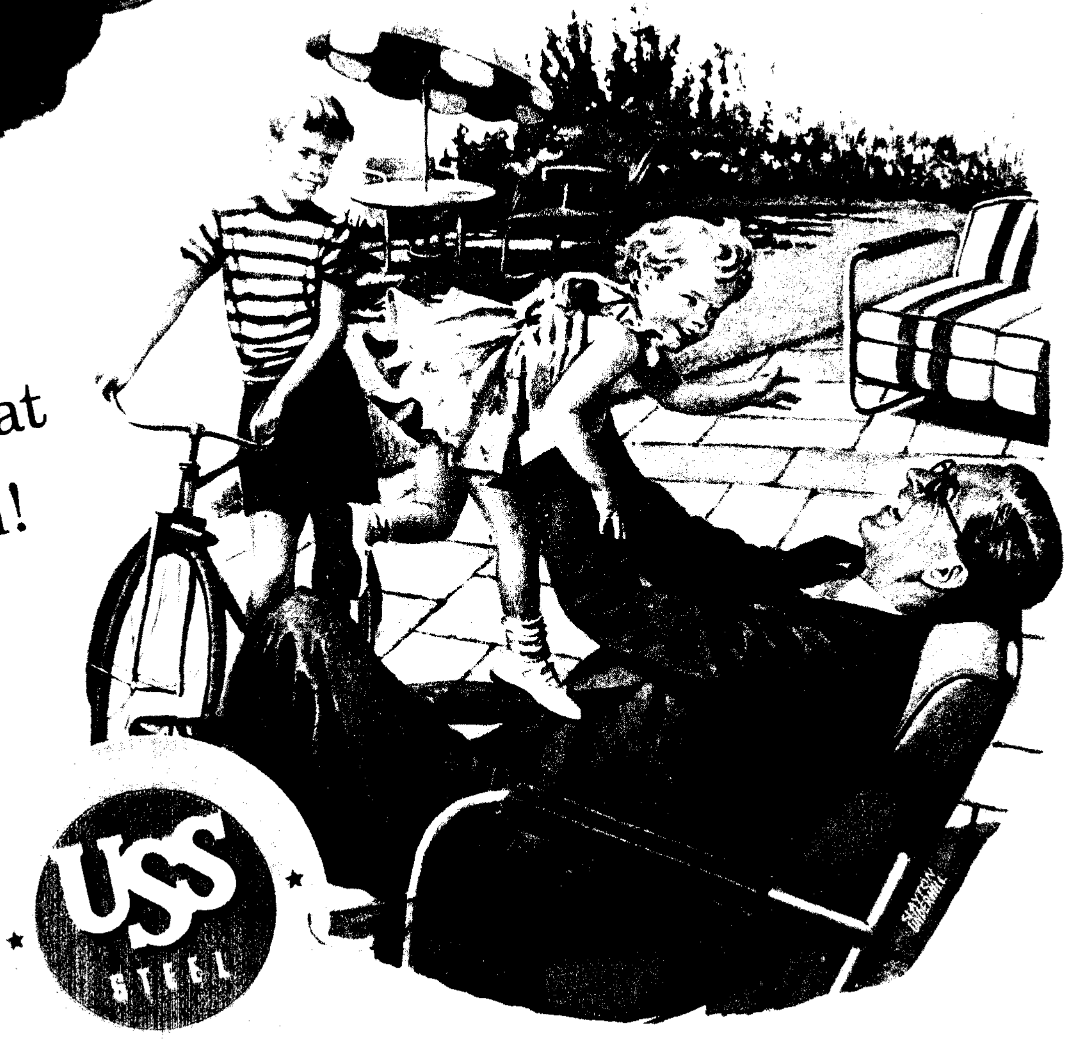
"I do!" said Peggy.

"I'll bet you do," he said huskily.

She took his arm, then, and he gripped her arm, hard, and her face had such a smile, such a smile, such a smile, it was like sunset and sunrise and one world and one person. They moved off through the crowd together. Joe was home. A girl had to look her best for Joe. That's the way it is, you know. That's the way it'll always be.

Why did they make the "Big Inch" pipeline out of STEEL?

Because you can't beat STEEL for Strength!



It's been proved in war. It's true in peace. When you want tough, rugged *strength* . . . use steel! Especially now that there are new and stronger steels—many of them developed in 174 United States Steel laboratories to help fight the war. You will be able to get these new steels when peace comes. In countless products—furniture to fence, bicycles to awning frames. They will be strong, durable. And they'll carry the U·S·S Label . . . your guide to quality steel.

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Paul Gallico

Week's Work

THE soldiers in the Mediterranean area now get their Collier's the same day you get yours. It comes to them in condensed form as a once-a-week supplement to their daily newspaper, Stars and Stripes, and is published simultaneously in Algiers, Oran, Naples and Rome.

Their Collier's must be cut to fit into the eight pages allowed, so, to make more room for reading matter, advertisements and large-size illustrations are eliminated. Each issue carries one or two fiction stories, three or four major articles, all departments, shorts and cartoons. Gurney Williams, Collier's associate editor, prepares the supplement. The material is flown from Collier's Springfield, Ohio, printing plant under a high priority rating, to Algiers, for distribution to the various Mediterranean printing plants. Williams' selections from this issue include Paul Gallico's baseball story, Captain Robert Copley's Hell for Hirohito article about our B-29s, Frank Vicovari's true adventure story, I Rode a German Raider, and the following shorts: Abbreviations Test, Keep Up with the World, Wing Talk, The Guilty, Any Week and The Week's Work—plus most of the cartoons, which the soldiers love.

Collier's was one of the three national magazines invited to contribute a Stars and Stripes supplement. The other two were Saturday Evening Post and Reader's Digest.

ONLY a seasoned sports writer could have produced One Hand for Beginners, the lump-in-your-throat war-and-baseball story on page 25. Paul Gallico is all of that. For fourteen years he served on the New York Daily News as sports writer, sports editor, columnist and sports promoter. When he resigned in 1936 to write fiction and to learn something about the news-reporting end of the newspaper business, he was the highest-paid sports writer in New York.

For the next three years, he spent his summers in Salcombe, South Devonshire, a little fishing village on the English coast just above Plymouth, writing fiction, and his winters reporting general news, not sports, for the Daily News and International News Service.

Throughout the war, Mr. Gallico has stuck to his habit of living part of the time in England, and out of his experiences there have come some superb stories, such as The Snow Goose.

MONA WILLIAMS, like many fiction writers, used to feel that the war cramped her writing style. How could any made-up story compete for interest with the stirring factual stories from the battle fronts?

Then, she says, she made the wonderful discovery that everything has a home-front angle—even bombers, even invasion barges, even antiaircraft guns. There's a Williams' home-front story on page 20, Heat Wave—and pretty exciting, too, in spite of the absence of gunfire.

Mrs. Williams, who lives in Boulder, Colorado, has three children, and a husband, Henry Meade Williams, who preceded her as a Collier's writer.

SOLDIER writers, who presumably know all about guns, also use home-front backgrounds. Like Morton Thompson, who writes us: "The Way It Is (p. 34) was born in a Service Club at Fort Lewis, Washington, late one Saturday night when I saw something so unforgettable it's probably a military secret. I wrote it the next afternoon, and it wrote easily, first because what I saw had such impact, and second because I wanted to get into Tacoma to sweat out the water front.

"I have been a writer," Thompson continues, "ever since I found out that writers sat down to work, and I have been in the Army for the past eleven months, or ever since a group of my neighbors found out I sat down to work.

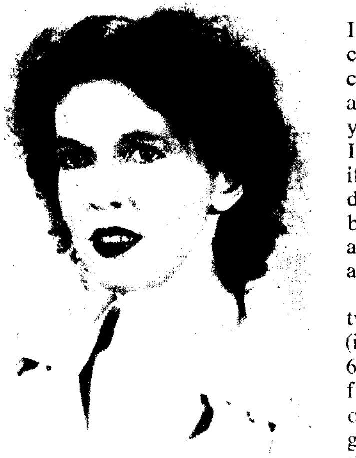
"For some years I was a columnist of the Hollywood Citizen-News. I wrote magazine stories on the side between columning, scenario writing for screen and radio, and finally this month finished a book called Joe, the Wounded Tennis Player, after some years of dibbing and dabbing and never getting past Chapter X. You can get some idea of how many years the book has been in progress by reckoning that Robert Benchley's preface for it was finished before the book was. Appleton-Century will bring the masterpiece out this fall."

CARTOONIST RODNEY DE SARRO, who has brought considerable sunshine into our life and—we hope—yours, too, confesses concerning his life and works: "I made my first appearance in Naples in 1908, and but for the fact that I can't see beyond the rim of my glasses, I'd probably have played a return engagement there on a G.I. pass.

"Next to cartooning I like reading about ancient Egypt. I have a couple of Egyptian pieces about four thousand years old and often when I look at them I wonder if the cartoonists in those days had to beat their brains out as thoroughly as we do, to shake loose an idea.

"The way I did the last two cartoons for Collier's (including the one on page 60), I wedged myself carefully into a chair early one morning, and when I got up at the count of ten that night, I had eight ideas. Collier's laughed at two, and if the subscribers do, too, my lonely vigil will be well rewarded.

"I particularly like drawing teen-agers. Possibly because I have three subteen-agers living in California. A letter from one recently told me how she had planted sweet peas in her garden, only to be dismayed when they grew into an anonymous assortment of practically everything excluding sweet peas. Another wrote excitedly about her new fire-engine-red coat (it's 8 to 5 she listens to Sinatra). The youngest would rather draw than write. So you can probably look forward to a new contributor." . . . A. P.



Mona Williams

Heat Wave

Continued from page 20

There was a knock at the door. A faint chill of excitement went through her; she ran across the room and opened the door three inches. The same boy who had brought up her bag stood there holding out a florist's box.

"Oh, thank you. For me?"

She got the box inside on the bed and fumbled at the cord and crisp, green paper. Suddenly the room swam in the innocent sweetness of lilac. Masses of it bedded in moist green. Lilac for a small-town girl in the city. But Chet—it wasn't like Chet . . .

She got out the card. Lieutenant Hugh Swanson. Underneath was penciled: "There's nothing like a mint julep on a June afternoon. When you've finished your knitting, call ELdorado 4-6720."

She went into the bathroom and filled the bowl with water and stood the great purple sprays upright. The fragrance lifted around her, making her feel almost faint. She must telephone down to the desk for some vases. But when she sat down on the bed beside the telephone, she gave the number on the lieutenant's card. An impersonal voice answered.

She said, "I wonder if it would be too much trouble to get Lieutenant Swanson to the phone?"

"Not at all. He was expecting a call."

WELL, naturally! He would expect to be thanked for the flowers. Immediately she heard his voice, ready, smooth as cream, almost as if he had been waiting by the telephone.

"Listen—it's all very simple. You just walk out of the hotel and get into a cab, and give this address." (He gave it.) "My chums and I are sitting in the sun under an awning in a kind of garden. We look very wholesome and at ease, but nothing of any importance will happen until you get here."

"I'm afraid you misunderstand—I called to thank you for the flowers. You were very kind—"

"Mrs. Carey, are you asking me to believe you called only for that?"

"And to ask you, if you could tell me how and where I could reach my husband by telephone?"

"It seems highly improbable. He's doubtless buried in the bowels of a ship, completely deafened by sounds of honest toil. I could give you his office number, where I left word of your safe arrival, but they say his office sees little of him right now."

"Will you give me the number, please?"

"Certainly. Have you a pencil? Also—just in case—here's that address again."

She set down the phone, picked it up, and called the office number. After several irritating inquiries into her identity and business, the voice at the other end confessed it knew nothing of the commander's whereabouts. He moved around too fast. There was no telling when he would be in again. No, he had left no message.

She lay face down on the bed with her cheek pressed into the pillow. She kicked off her slippers and felt the cool footboard with her bare feet. She'd have to go out and get something to read. If the lieutenant had really meant to be kind, he would have sent her some magazines, or that good book he spoke of. But that wasn't the kind of entertainment he had in mind for her.

She let herself think about him for a moment, his open, sunny smile—his easy charm. She could see Chet in his simple goodness, thinking, "Such a nice young fellow. Beautiful manners—Gwen will like him. Just the person to take care of her." And Lieutenant Swanson, free while his ship was under repair, was delighted to help out the commander in any way he could.

Only Gwen was under no illusions about him. She may have been a small-town girl, but she was too good-looking to be quite innocent. Boys had whistled at her on street corners since she was twelve.

She got up and began to dress rapidly and carelessly. Her flower hat, that she had bought especially because Chet would like it, she put on with hardly a glance in the mirror.

As she passed the bathroom on the way to the door, she broke off a small spray of lilac, and slipped it through the handle of her bag. She kept on smelling it, all the way in the taxi, to the restaurant where the lieutenant and his chums were waiting. . . .

Gwen stepped into the sunny, enclosed place and stood for a moment looking at the varied scene in front of her. Then she saw the lieutenant, crisp and festive in his summer whites, like an officer in an operetta. He wove through the crowded tables under the striped awning, walking in time to tinkling piano music from inside. His face was lighted with welcome, and there was just the right note of surprise in his voice:

"I'd about given up hope. Please—promise me something: Now that you've burnt your conscience behind you, don't regret it. Don't look back over your shoulder. Have fun."

"All right," she said, laughing, feeling the sun rosy on her face. "I'll try."

"Good girl!" He was leading her toward a table at the side of the terrace. The piano music mingled with the tiny splash of a fountain. A lift, a feeling of pleasure and gaiety, invaded her senses.

Three people were sitting at the table, two men and a young woman. Gwen couldn't take them in at once; she was too occupied with seating herself and trying to be properly bright and casual. She became aware of the young woman first. She was thin, with long straight hair that curled under at the bottom, and she wore a green dress with fish swimming all over it. She was speaking petulantly to the table at large:

"I don't know how Hugh does it. He's never in town more than a week at a time, and he always turns up something new. Could it be Brooklyn, do you think? Could there be rich, unexplored ore pockets in Brooklyn?"

The lieutenant said lightly, "Barby's forgotten the secret of my success. I do good deeds. I run errands for my superiors—It's meeting trains."

"With an eye to the cut—always an eye to the cut." The man who said that was heavyset and baldish, and he had crinkly, mischievous eyes. "What do you bet he saw Mrs. Carey's picture?"

Lieutenant Swanson passed cigarettes around the table. "As a matter of fact, I'm continuing my good deed. If Mrs. Carey had been left to mope in her room, by the time she met her husband, she would have felt ill-used and resentful. Like any normal woman, she would have taken it out on him."

He leaned toward her, smiling, holding his lighter to her cigarette. "Whereas, if she enjoys herself while awaiting the commander, she will be extra charming to him to make up for it. Isn't that reasonable, Mrs. Carey?"

She said weakly, "It—it sounds so." She was aware of his brown, compact hand, the fine, golden hairs on the knuckles. When he sat back she felt more at ease.

A thin, big-nosed man said, stirring his drink with a colored stick, "But that's wonderful! No, seriously. Carry the theory to its logical conclusion; it gets more wonderful all the time! The more the woman has to make up for, the more charming she is to her husband. Therefore, the better the deed done him by the—er—"

The lieutenant broke in sharply, "I know nothing about conclusions. I always walk out on them."

Barby said lazily, "Well, aren't you going to buy your girl a drink? We started on mint juleps, but where you came in, Mrs. Carey, it's Manhattans."

WHEN you have cocktails with people, and no engagement for dinner, the natural thing is to go on and have dinner with the same people. There's no dividing line, no definite point where you are brought up short and tell yourself, "All right, that's enough. Now go home."

Dinner was in a different place, and there was dancing. Of course the lieutenant danced well—she had expected that—but she was surprised at the effortless way she followed him. They were in the center of the crowded floor, hemmed into an almost stationary em-

Nothing brings home so close to our men overseas as letters and snapshots

You at home—imagine how it feels to be like the soldier on this page . . . dirty, unshaved, everlastingly tired . . .

—and then think how it would seem to you to get some snapshots of the home folks and home scenes—reminding you that somewhere on earth there's still a life worth living . . . to come back to.

Film is still scarce, the Army and Navy need so much. But let's all make the most of every roll we can get. Let's use it to send snapshots to our men in the service. Let's try to make our letters "snapshot visits from home". . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

REMEMBER SALERNO BEACH? . . . how our men waded in from the boats—and were mowed down by machine guns—blanketed with artillery fire? How one Colonel called to his men, "Boys, let's stay," and, cut off, outnumbered—they stayed, till the beachhead was secure? A stern example for us at home. BUY MORE WAR BONDS.

Visit your man in the service with SNAPSHOTS

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brace, when he asked her if she was having a good time.

"I don't know. I'm dazzled, of course—All this is so new to me."

"Does that mean you're glad you came?"

She answered truthfully, "When I can put Chet out of my mind, it all seems gay, and—oh—marvelous. But when I think how I meant to be with him tonight, this seems all wrong."

The lieutenant hummed in her ear, "Is it gay, or is it sordid?—Such a question is but morbid—" And when she laughed, he laughed, too, and said, "We're going on to the Sutherlands' from here. They have some people coming in. Also, they have a baby. You like babies, don't you?"

She knew by now that the Sutherlands were Barby and Paul, the heavy-set man. The fact that they had a baby made them seem more wholesome.

She said seriously, "I want you to do something. Please ask your friends to stop referring to me as—your girl. I know they don't know Chet, but even so! It makes me feel all mixed up."

"It's just for the evening— Nobody thinks anything of it." His arm tightened around her just a fraction. "You're a darling—do you know it? I'm beginning to feel slightly mixed up, myself."

She meant to say something sharp and rebuking to that, but it was necessary to struggle with a languor that possessed her. Perhaps it was the heat. They danced by the table where the other three were sitting. Paul was picking up the check. He glanced up with his small, glinting eyes.

"Come on, Hugh, we're going. Save it for the next act. I love to watch these torrid dramas from the comfort of my own easy chair."

Gwen didn't ask what he meant. It was better not to think very much right now.

LIEUTENANT SWANSON didn't really want to go on to the Sutherlands'. But he had no choice. Either he must persuade Gwen to accompany them there, or else take her back to the hotel and leave her. He was beginning to think it would have been better not to see her again after he had left her at the hotel this afternoon. Because in this last hour, his emotions had been growing complicated.

This particular evening was the only one they would ever spend together. The prick of that thought began to twist deeper, like a blade. It gave him a hurried, angry feeling, as if he were being rushed along a road, where he would have liked to stop and enjoy the scenery. When someone asked the time, he looked at his wrist and lied, giving it a good half-hour earlier. That wasn't like him.

As they piled out of the cab in front of the Sutherlands' apartment, a group of their expected guests drove up at the same time. Gwen was last to get out, and Hugh turned and gave her a little push, so she sat back on the car seat. In the street light her face looked startled.

He said in a low, strained voice, "Would you consider taking a turn or two around the block with me while this bunch is shaking down? You'll need fresh air before we go in there."

"Thanks. I'm only staying half an hour. I've enough fresh air to last me that long."

She spoke flatly, as though she were reciting lines. He was alarmed. He pulled the accustomed, easy grace back over him like a cloak.

"Come on, I want you to meet these people. They'll give you a much more accurate picture of New York than Grant's Tomb or Radio City. They should really have their pictures on post cards for tourists to send back home."

Inside, he introduced her to the best the room had to offer, and saw her settled between a famous dog trainer and a publisher of sheet music. Then he went and poured himself a drink. For the next half-hour he sat across the room and, while holding a conversation about some columnist, never lost awareness of her for thirty seconds. And he consumed two more drinks.

Finally, during a lull, he saw her rise unobtrusively, and start toward the kitchen. He got up instantly and followed her. He halted her just outside the swinging door in a dim corner of the dining room.

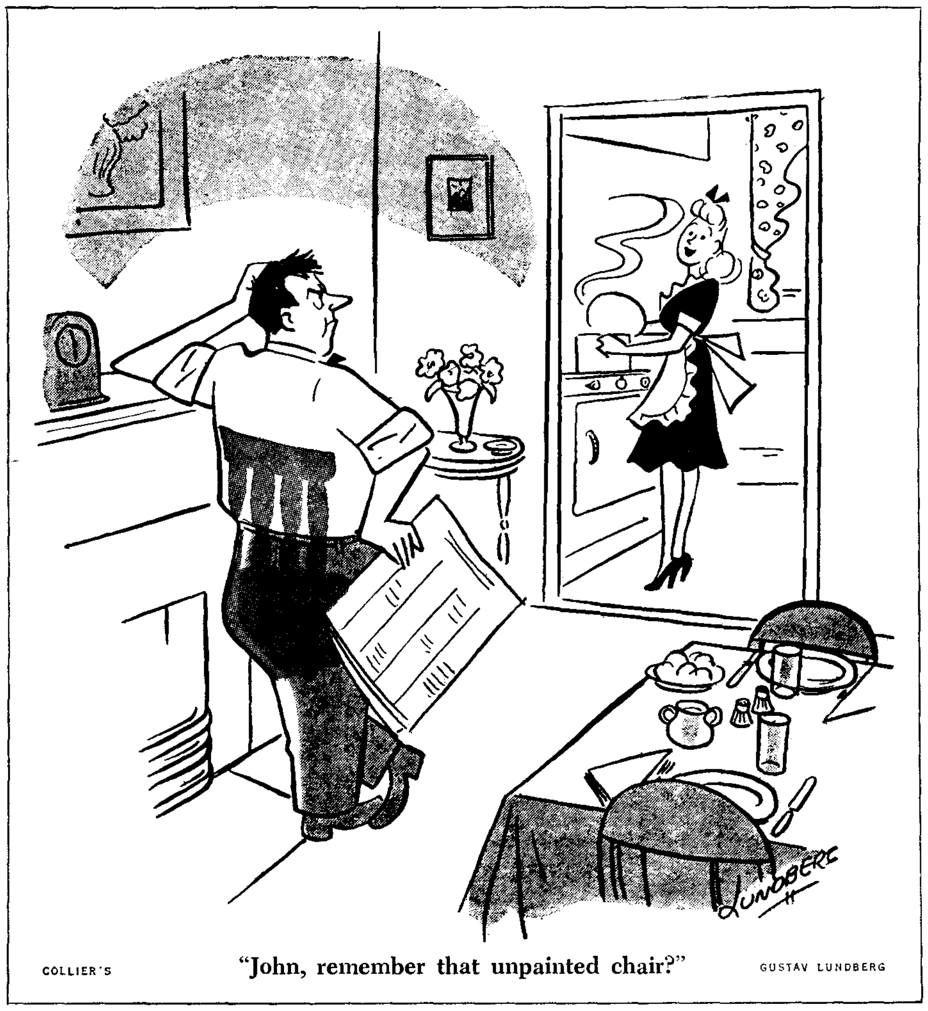
"Can I get you something?"

"Just a glass of water. I've had enough to drink, and plain water seemed too much to ask."

They stood looking at each other in the diluted light from the other room. Her face was white and scared, and for the first time since he had met her, he felt quite sure of himself. He didn't know when it had happened, but now he knew that they could leave the party, and he need not take her home—not directly.

He said softly, "I'm completely and hopelessly smitten. But you know that." And putting his hands on her, he said urgently, "What you've got to understand is that it's true, so true it's not—even fun." He felt an impatience to make her realize the importance of this—that it had happened to *him.*

She leaned back away from him, but she made no real attempt to get away. At the same time he heard Paul's heavy step in the corridor, the tinkle of glasses on a tray, and the outside door to the kitchen kicked open with a foot. He thought absently—he knows we are in here. Damned decent of him to go the long way around.



COLLIER'S "John, remember that unpainted chair?" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

His muscles tightened and he bent his head. But without any warning, she twisted in his arms, freed herself, and swung open the door behind her into the kitchen.

Paul was at the sink removing ice cubes, and at the center table a girl in a white uniform was squeezing oranges. The girl was blond and very clean looking, with neatly rolled hair.

PAUL gave Hugh and Gwen a casual glance. He said, "Don't be alarmed—the orange juice is for the baby. It seems he had some inoculations today, and is a shade fretful."

Gwen said in a bright, metallic voice, "I've heard about the baby. I'd like to meet him."

"He's not at his best tonight," the girl said quietly. She didn't look up.

Paul nodded toward her, smiling his sly, sideways smile. "Hilda never pays the slightest attention to my friends. You really haven't much use for the lot of us, have you, Hilda?"

"Mr. Sutherland, if I could just have that strainer behind you—"

He handed it to her, still grinning. "Hilda not only cares for our infant, but she is also the flower of American womanhood. She stands for purity, fidelity, and what some have called—mulish virtue. Every male who has ever walked in here, from the delivery boy to the Reverend Thomas, has tried to date her up, but she's not having any. She's faithful to a foxhole in New Guinea."

The girl finished straining the juice and began to wash the articles she had used. Hugh stood leaning against the cupboard, his arms folded, his mouth thin and straight.

PAUL said, "Help yourself, Hugh. Fix one for Mrs. Carey." He opened a bottle of seltzer water and went on plaintively, "Of course, neither the reverend nor the delivery boy means anything but kindness. When a girl is beautiful, young, and—temporarily unencumbered—one's natural impulse is to console her. A few flowers—a theater ticket—just kindly attentions. Isn't that right, Hugh? Aren't women ungrateful to be so suspicious?"

"Answer your own questions," Hugh said.

Gwen looked at Hugh. Her mouth quivered, but her voice was clear and defiant. "It's not fair. It's horribly unfair, when you stop to think about it. The men with the kindly attentions, who think women are more important—than anything else—always get the short end, don't they? It's the others—the ones who are doing things, who forget us for days at a time, that—we lie awake nights about. It's funny! You wouldn't think a woman would be content with second place—"

The blond girl said sharply, "Why shouldn't we have second place?—there's a war going on. Put first things first."

There was a whimper from some back room, and she picked up the orange juice. "Good night," she murmured. Her footsteps down the hall were light and quick.

Gwen's voice broke harshly into the silence: "The only thing is we've got to be sure, that—whatever we're being forgotten for—is big enough. So we can hold onto our pride."

Hugh straightened up. "Let's go," he said briskly. "Where's your coat? I'll get it so you won't have to go back through that menagerie."

Paul sampled one of his drinks. "I don't think I'd advise a move at this stage, Hugh. Naturally, if I were in your place—"

Hugh gave a little bat at the swinging, overhead light, as though it were a punching bag. "You never could have dreamed this up, old man. It's the most unnatural move I ever made in my life."

The night was soft; the air against their faces mild as milk. Hugh was walking so fast it was hard for Gwen to keep up with him. A couple of taxis went by, but he didn't summon them. At the end of four blocks he halted abruptly at the entrance to a subway and turned to face her.

"Look, if I seem a little erratic, it's because I'm not quite myself. I'm making a noble gesture and that's entirely out of my line. You see, I'm a cad—I was born a cad. My instinctive reaction, in regard to somebody else's woman, is—what the hell! If he can't hold her that's his tough luck. If you're born a beaver, you build dams; if you're born a cow, you chew a cud. Well, I'm a wolf. You see?"

"I see."

"You were onto that in the beginning. So, it was all right—you were protected. But somewhere along the line, something happened, or say—could have happened. I'd like to have you admit that. It would give me a certain—caddish—satisfaction."

She said, very low, "I admit it."

"Thanks, now we'll skip it. The point is—you said something back there that made a direct hit. Something about your pride."

"I remember."

"All right, then. Let's go. Maybe I can give you an answer for that."

He took her arm and hurried her down the steps to the subway.

THE Brooklyn Navy Yard didn't know whether it was day or night. It was like a forest of steel—cranes, masts, stacks and towers. The noise of riveting, foundries and steel plating flattened out into a solid sheet of sound.

There was a delay at the gate because Gwen didn't have a pass. She handed Hugh her telegram from Chet, and a letter, and stood by while he and the guard argued it out, staring at the control tower of a great ship standing silent and remote beyond this inferno of activity.

Finally the guard gave her a paper which she signed, and then Hugh's hand was at her elbow again, and they were walking inside. They crossed three tracks under a glare of switching lights and entered a long gray building. It was quieter in here, and most of the rooms they passed seemed dark. At the end of a long corridor, light gleamed under a door. Hugh knocked lightly. There was no answer. Tentatively, he tried the knob and pushed the door open.

There was a desk in the room's center, under a bright green-shaded light. A man sat at the desk and slept, his body slumped forward, his head leaning on the circle of his arms.

Hugh laughed softly. "I couldn't have staged it better if I had tried. I knew this was where he's been doing his sleeping lately. There's a cot over there in the corner, but I guess he couldn't quite make it."

"*First things first,*" Gwen murmured. She stared wonderingly around the room.

Hugh nodded toward the window. "That was my ship you saw out there. We'll be on our way any time now. Then, I should think, the commander could find an hour or so for you." He smiled at her, his peculiarly open, sunny smile. "How's your pride, Gwen? Making out all right?"

"My pride's fine."

She put her hand on Chet's shoulder. He grunted, pulled himself up, and looked at her. For the moment there was no surprise on his face. He said with deep satisfaction, "She's done. Finished ten hours ahead of schedule."

She dropped down beside him. "Darling—I'm going to take you to a real bed. You can sleep now."

"Yes, I can sleep." Astonishment grew in him slowly. "Gwen—for Pete's sake—what are you doing here? How in thunder—"

"Don't you remember? You sent Lieutenant Swanson to meet me. Well, so the lieutenant—"

She glanced around. The lieutenant had gone.

THE END

Country Auction

Continued from page 23

a bit more anxiously. "I'll let you have it for three dollars."

In the pig house, helpers were inoculating the animals with cholera serum while a veterinarian looked on. One man held the little pigs while another man dabbed at the throat with iodine, inserted a needle quickly at two places and then finished the job by placing a metal tag in a pair of pincers, putting it around the edge of the pig's ear and clamping it on: *clack*. Squeals, then silence, then another pig.

The auctions started with no fanfare. Suddenly down at the barn they began bringing goats into a small pen set on a platform under the eaves of a roof that jutted out from the building. Ed Matthias of Ottsville was selling the cattle, and a crowd began to gather as soon as he climbed up on the platform. Down at the henhouse, Henry Huttle of Pleasant Valley was doing the auctioneering of chickens, rabbits and guinea hens. In the big shed, H. M. Summers of Coopersburg was handling the sales of machinery, fruits and miscellaneous.

Matthias was assisted by a tall young man in overalls who wore glasses, held the book on the entrants, and seemed to be clerk of the course. He had the air of one who takes it all lightly yet is determined that everybody participate in the bidding. He lifted up the goat by the front feet and turned it so the spectators could get a good look.

"Good milker," he said, dropping the words with provocative unconcern. "Easy to get, too. Two quarts a day. . . ."

The hopeful seller, the former owner, shook his head vigorously from his position hanging over the edge of the pen.

"No," repeated the auctioneer's helper. "Two quarts a milkin'. Ought to get twenty dollars."

"Yes, sir; twenty dollars," started in Mr. Matthias. "Twenty, twenty . . . fifteen . . ."

"Four," said a voice.

"Lotsa milk here," said the helper in a matter-of-fact voice calculated to get all buyers raging with eagerness.

"Four," shrilled Mr. Matthias. "Do I hear five . . . five . . . Five? . . . Do I hear six?"

"Lotsa weight here," said the helper, hefting the goat again and looking around with his enigmatic smile.

"Six . . . six . . . seven . . . seven . . . seven . . . three quarters . . . three quarters . . ."

"You don't find 'em like this very often," said the helper, in a quiet voice aimed at a man who looked like an eight-dollar customer.

"Seven . . . seven. . . . Gone. Get the next one. What's the number? Sixty-nine. Yes, sir; a nice ewe. Now, what am I offered?"

Mr. Matthias was on his way to a full day of persuasion. The sheep and goats and calves seemed endless in number. The crowd swirled, drifted away and returned. In the chicken house, Mr. Huttle was carrying on a quiet, rather intimate auction. He climbed among the crates of chickens and accepted the bids with restrained excitement. There was a sale of guinea hen for $1.50, and that aroused a lady standing with her companion.

"You shoulda got that," she said. "You could take it right over to Perkiomen and get two dollars."

He laughed. "Nobody spends money so good as them that ain't got it," he chided her.

Things were really under way. Mr. Summers was selling everything in sight in the shed. Across from him, the merchants were doing a steady business. Before one batch of shoes was a sign saying: "No F rations." People would take up a pair of shoes, look at the sides and soles, and buy them.

"Try 'em on!" cried the dealer irritatedly. "Why'd they want to try 'em on? They know what they wear."

At another counter, a lady was dickering for a secondhand alarm clock and showing some concern about the state of its health.

"Sure, I guarantee it," cried the salesman. "I been comin' here six years. If I say I don't know, that's different."

A Difference in Farmers

The variations between the gentlemen farmers and the real farmers were by now clearly apparent. The former city folk bought vegetables, fruit and flowers; the real farmers bought everything. By three o'clock Mrs. Wilson had sold practically all her flowers. She sat now with her daughter-in-law on an old sofa that belonged to a secondhand dealer next to her and fanned herself. The sofa sagged dangerously. "The damnedest junk," commented Mrs. Wilson.

"I'm going to bring my house stuff out here and dump it," said the daughter-in-law, lifting her head wearily. "Kids and all."

The cows and horses were to be auctioned last. That was the big stuff and it held the crowd. By three, the gentlemen farmers were leaving and there was a noticeable decline of trade among the greengrocers. Bananas were now down to two for five, and there was a slight difference between a Spanish-looking lady from New Hope, who insisted on picking her own, and the merchant who wanted to give them to her. She won.

"You got the hard ones," he said bitterly.

"I like 'em hard," she said.

Cars were leaving the yard now in a steady stream, but Mr. Matthias and his marvelous helper still unloaded sheep and goats and calves on the interested public. The children were getting tired after the long day and were fretful.

"Ain't we gonna eat?" cried one little boy.

"You *et*," said his mother, giving him a yank.

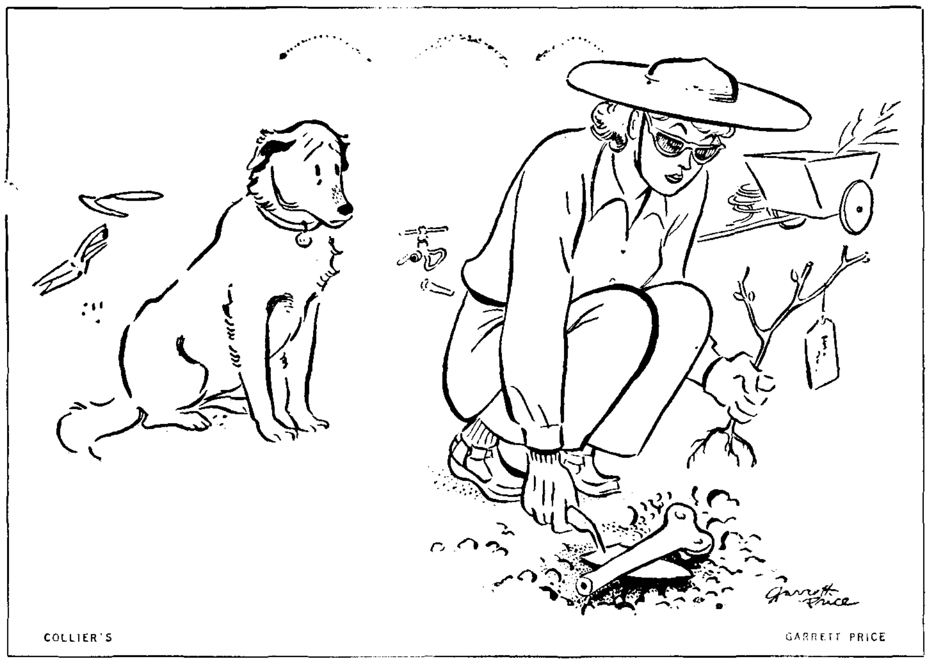
There was activity in the big shed, in the chicken house and the barn. After that would come the pigs and then the cows and horses.

On the way out was the stand of the secondhand man near the Rice farmhouse.

"Never sold that check protector, did you?" asked somebody.

"You still see it there, don't you?" said the man bitterly.

THE END



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YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

You Will Know Your Miles Per Gallon

In the future you will only have to glance at the dashboard of your car to find out how well you are doing with your gasoline economy. Miles-per-gallon will be indicated there just as speed and mileage are now—on a dial. The device will be operated by a "flow meter" incorporated in the fuel pump, a war development so accurate that it will measure the consumption of gas in drops-per-minute. Electrically tied in with the speedometer, this new device will tally fuel flow against car speed and read directly in miles-per-gallon on a separate meter.

Thus, if you coast downhill with the engine stalled, the meter will read zero, while if you idle at the curb it will indicate infinity. Fuel-economy indicators will be of utmost importance to every driver if petroleum runs short, as we have been warned it will. By keeping close track of your gas consumption, as you now do of your tire pressure and battery water, you can drop into a service station for an engine tune-up the minute your carburetor goes out of adjustment.

Giant Machines Will Be Docile

The factory worker of tomorrow will produce more with less fatigue, when the machine he runs follows his own natural rhythm. Electron magic and the science of engineering psychology will combine to give the Gargantuan machinery of the future such adaptability of control that it will faithfully obey the individual characteristics of the operator.

Workers in their turn will be taught to develop the particular motion patterns that tire them least and produce the greatest output.

Today's great stamping presses and other reciprocating machines operate in ponderous, unvarying rhythms determined by their construction. Workers must adapt themselves to these rhythms; if the timing is awkward or unnatural to the length of their arms or legs or the speed of their reflexes, boredom, weariness and accidents are likely to result. But motion-study experts hope to build the new giant machines with flexible controls, so that they can be "tuned" to the individual rhythms of the operators.

The complicated sequence of mechanical motions will be supervised by groups of photoelectric tubes that watch the worker's moves and force the machine to respond to their exact timing. The production-line worker will no longer be an automaton but an artist, with thousands of tons of flying steel obeying his slightest command.

To Beat the Barnacles

Mercury, copper and tar will be the highly poisonous ingredients combined in a new diet to discourage the barnacles and seaweed that foul the ships' bottoms of the world. The best "antifouling" copper paint of the past has failed miserably to control these expensive pests. After a year's service, a 10,000-ton ship will often have more than thirty tons of stowaway mollusks and algae on her plates and will lose several knots speed. So bad is the marine-growth nuisance, especially in tropical waters, that it is necessary to dry-dock an ocean-going vessel at least once a year for thorough cleaning.

Simple poisoning will not be enough to discourage the barnacles. The diet must be fed them in the right way. This will be done by the use of a special paint, tempered with a binder that will slowly wear away, so that a fresh active dose of the poisonous compounds will always be on the outside ready to receive the marine invaders. But, even so, the paint will last many times as long as a year, and no living thing can survive on its surface.

Shipping people are looking forward to a huge saving in dry-docking and bottom-scraping charges, as well as better speed and lower average fuel costs for their ships.

The new paint will be of great value to our world-girdling Navy, making every vessel more effective by eliminating much time lost in overhaul. ★★★

Hangdog Herrenvolk

Continued from page 24

the German lieutenant looked at them with a curious expression for one instant, and then his face resumed the studied, indifferent half-smile.

"What do you know?" the redheaded American soldier murmured. "The Aryans got to depend on a slave race. That's right, ain't it? That's what they said the colored people were." The stretcher-bearers took off the wounded, competently and silently, with no change in their manner. They seemed not to be noticing what they were handling. They simply did their job as they were trained to do it.

There was a strange atmosphere on board the ship, standing there waiting for the prisoners to be marched to the prisoner-of-war camp and for the wounded to be taken to the hospital. We were almost whispering among ourselves and there was no kind of gloating or triumph. Fatigue, as thick as dust, marked everyone's face and showed in the way everyone walked and stood. And there was a curious sadness which no one put into words.

It would be hard to name that feeling of sadness, but we all felt it; it was as if we looked at these poor specimens of humanity and thought: Here is the lowest common denominator of destruction. The world has been hammered and hurt for four and a half years by wretched little people like this.

"It doesn't seem true," a man next to me said. He was an American Navy lieutenant who was supervising this loading ramp. "When you look at them, it doesn't seem true."

Suddenly the inside of the ship came to life. There were shouted, incomprehensible orders in English, and the line of prisoners started to move rapidly from the oblong steel cave of the ship out into the dark. Their boots made a loud, cheerful ring on the steel floor, and the orders sounded nice and lively. The British crew, who were hanging to the side of the ship like boys hanging on a fence to watch a baseball game, began to shout to one another and to the prisoners. You could not understand a word, but there was laughter and whistling, and all the sadness had gone.

One of the crew called to a German soldier at the end of the column and waved his hand. The German turned, smiled, hastily stepped out of line, and the British sailor and the German soldier shook hands. We were amazed by this and no one was pleased and we asked the sailor why he did it.

The sailor was as surprised by our question as we had been by his handshaking. "We took care of him coming over," the sailor explained. "He's a Pole. There were four Poles and a Russian in with that lot. One of the Jerries tried to take food away from that Pole, and the Russian flattened the Jerry against the side of the ship, and afterward we kind of took care of the Poles."

Prisoners a Common Cargo

They started loading the LST at once, and where prisoners had been, they now rolled in tanks. Prisoners had become a common occurrence by now; they seemed to be pouring in on every landing ramp. We were watching a column of prisoners march from the quay to the prisoners' camp.

At an intersection of the road, a line of American tanks waited for the prisoners to clear, so that they could move on to the LSTs and cross to France. Every prisoner in the long column turned to look at those tanks. None of them spoke; they simply looked at those tanks with a kind of solemn, respectful wonder.

At the end of this contingent of prisoners, there were four German soldiers carrying week-end suitcases. This baffled us; it seemed incredible to be all packed up and ready for capture, and then to arrive in England with luggage.

This was the first comic note in the day. The Geneva Convention forbids the press to question prisoners of war, in order to spare them the shame of publicity, so we could not ask what was in those suitcases. Consequently, they remain a minor and laughable mystery.

There were always German wounded coming in with the prisoners, and these were taken, by the sure-handed, quiet and beautifully efficient colored corpsmen and ambulance drivers, to American hospitals in the countryside beyond the port.

One of these hospitals had been freshly painted and had bright royal blue curtains for the blackout, and it seemed, after the uproar of the landing ramps, an improbable haven of peace. Here in a ward which was momentarily striped with sun, lay a double row of wounded Germans, already washed and wearing regulation flannel hospital pajamas. The American medical officer in charge of the hospital was making the rounds, checking up on his new enemy patients.

By a magnificent irony, the Germans, who had relied on the ability and gentleness of colored stretcher-bearers and colored ambulance drivers, now relied on the wisdom and decency of a Jewish doctor. I was moved and proud, and perhaps, at this distance, it will be hard to explain to you who are reading this just how moving it all was. We had seen the Allied wounded coming back and we had seen very terrible things. There are no people near to this war who have any patience in their hearts for the Germans. So none of us felt as we would naturally feel toward any other human being in pain. But without that feeling, the Jewish doctor carefully and sincerely prepared to give his best attention to the enemy.

The Germans watched the doctor coming in and they were very silent. No one knows what they had been told by their propaganda chiefs; no one knows what they expect to have happen to them at our hands. They lay and waited and they were a scared bunch of men.

However, they saw at once that they had nothing to fear. From silence, they launched quickly into very involved complaints. They hurt in this place and in that place. There was a steady flow of German which I was attempting to understand and translate. As none of them was seriously wounded, the doctor listened impassively, asked questions, waited until he was sure that he had the exact answer, and then prescribed the necessary treatment.

We came presently to a bed where a German soldier was sitting up, staring around like an inquisitive but frightened Pekingese. In every nation, in every group of men, there is a clown, and this was the man. He was an involuntary clown, and though none of us was feeling very warmhearted, we stopped to grin at this man. His name was Otto, which somehow added to his comedy value, and his ears grew at right angles to a lined, apologetic, good-natured and stupid face. He wore glasses and he looked about forty-eight years old. He announced firmly that he was thirty-six.

"He must have worried a lot," the doctor said musingly.

Otto had a slight bayonet wound in his shoulder and he was full of conversation. The other Germans perked up, listening to Otto, who was evidently the joke man of the outfit. Now they were laughing and talking between the beds, and the doctor could not hear what Otto was saying about his wound.

The doctor said to me, "Tell them to be quiet."

I could only think of a very polite way to say this, and I said it very politely and to Otto alone.

The man in the next bed barked out an order. *"Ruhig!"* he commanded, as if we were all back in Germany—in that sort of voice.

From gaiety and taking everything for granted, such silence descended on that ward that you could truly have heard a pin drop. The doctor and I looked at each other, and there was an expression of contempt and despair in his eyes. He shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. But I believe we were thinking the same thing: They take advantage or they take orders; there is nothing in between.

The doctor went on, patient and careful, and all his knowledge and all the fine equipment of the hospital were given over to the service of these Germans. When the doctor had finished with the ward, and we walked out into the corridor, you could see that he felt relief and that the nurses, too, were glad to leave that ward for a few moments. These Germans were simply not people like us. There was no common place where we could meet; it was more than a language barrier; our minds were forever unalike.

When we went into the next ward and stopped to ask an American boy how he felt (a boy who had been burned when his landing craft was hit on the beaches), we knew we were home again.

Bring on the Ice Cream!

"Never felt better," said the boy, with gay tough irony, through his bandages. "Do we get ice cream here, Doc?"

The doctor asked me what one of the Germans had wanted when he called me over to his bed. This man wanted to know what the value of a hundred French francs was in English pounds.

It had seemed an odd question and a puzzling one and rather hard to answer, as it would mean explaining to the German that you can't get away with everything forever and you cannot expect to trade false inflation money, imposed on a defeated nation, for good money that free men have earned. I had told the German that his money was without value here, as it came from a different bank.

He did not like this idea and seemed to feel cheated.

"Can you beat it?" the doctor said. He was walking quickly, as it was a big hospital, and wounded were coming in all the time.

"Do you really suppose it takes all kinds to make a world?" the doctor asked, and smiled at me.

THE END

INSIGNE OF THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS

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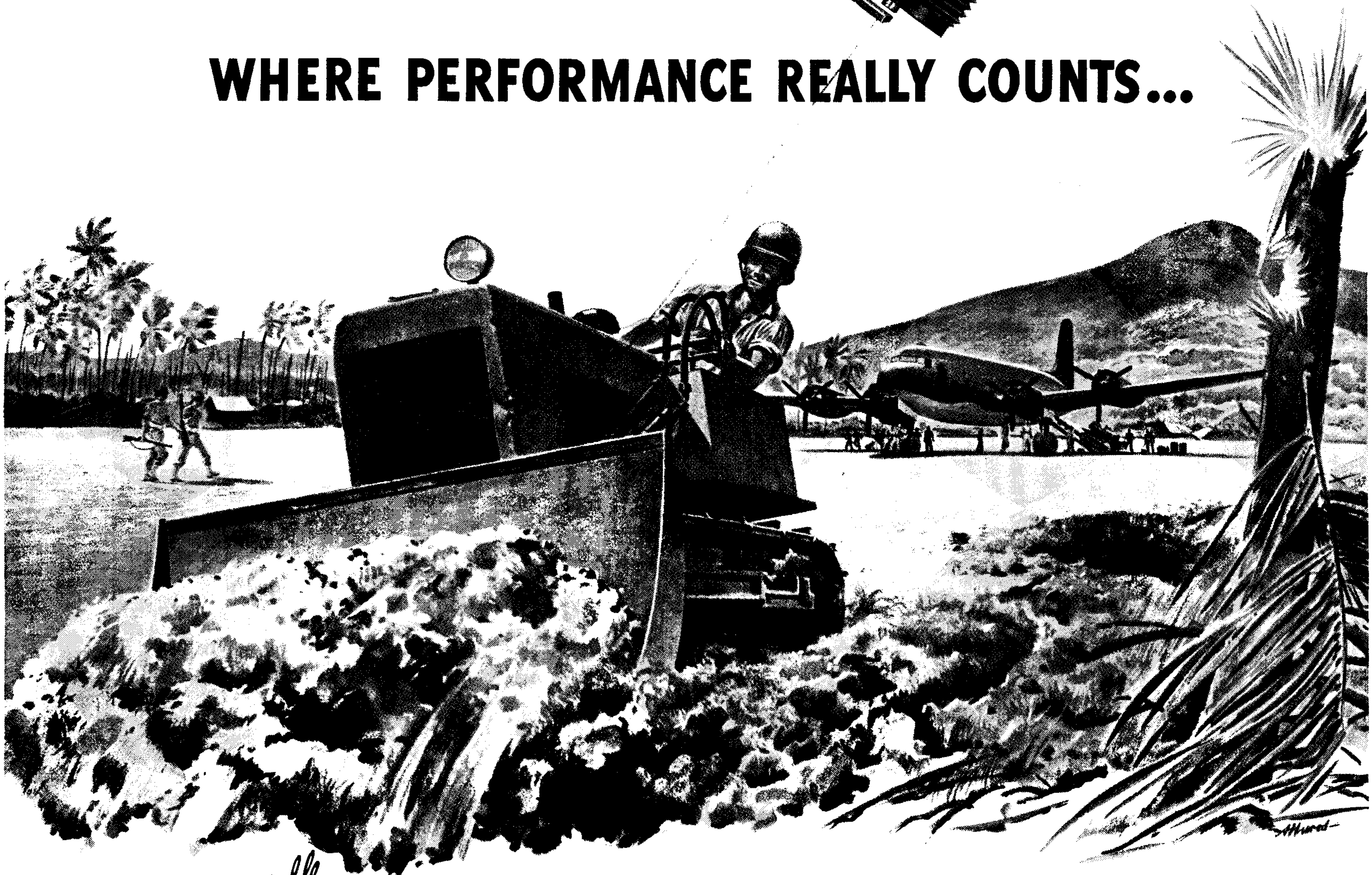

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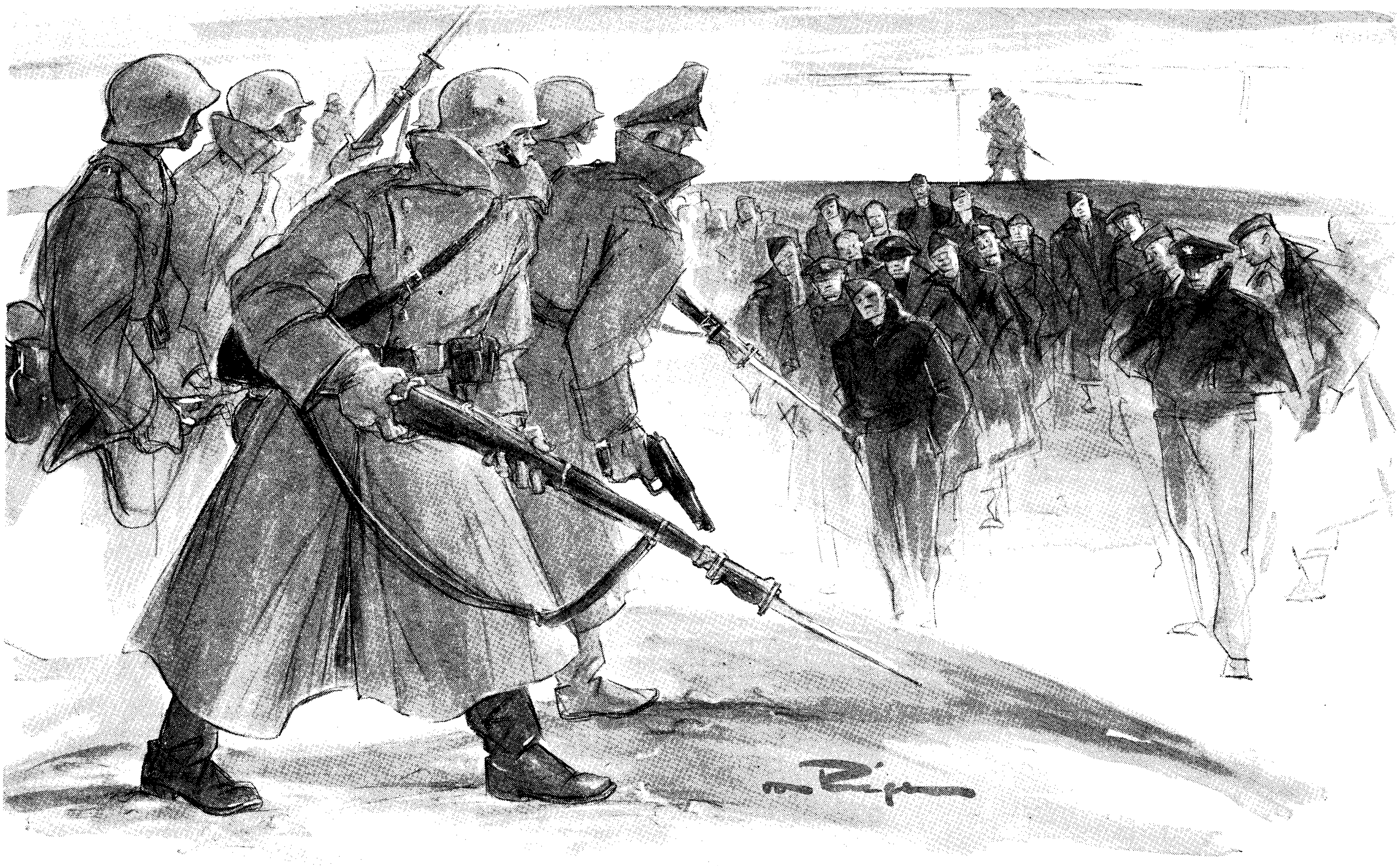


The guards were furious. They announced that anyone who moved would be shot, and began counting again

I RODE A GERMAN RAIDER

BY FRANK VICOVARI AS TOLD TO LUCIAN CARY

Ashore after the raider was sunk, Vicovari found that life in the German prison camp was a silent, undercover continuation of the war. Sometimes the Germans were envious of their prisoners. After Stalingrad they began to worry, and discipline relaxed

Conclusion

Mr. Vicovari, an American ambulance driver bound for Africa, was wounded and held for nearly eight months aboard the German raider which sank his ship. This is the last in a series of three articles.

THE church bells woke me on Christmas morning after my first night ashore in more than eight months. I remembered that I was in France, but not the France I had known. That existed only as the underground.

Presently a bit of daylight came through the small window of my cell. But as I had only a shirt and a pair of shorts, it was too cold to get up. I stayed on my straw mattress under my blankets. There weren't enough blankets.

The daylight went a little after four in the afternoon. It was dark from then until eight o'clock the next morning.

I was taken, after a week of this, to a camp about twenty miles away. It was a cold ride between frozen fields in a very damp, unheated car.

An officer came out when the car stopped at the barbed wire.

"Good Lord!" he said. "Why didn't they give you any clothes?"

I followed him into a small office. He got a fire going in the coal stove and sent a guard for clothes and gave me coffee and cigarettes. He acted so little like a member of the master race and so much like a man being kind to another human being in difficulty that at first I didn't understand my luck. Then I discovered he was not a German. He was an Austrian. I learned later that he and his fellow Austrians had to be watched by the Germans for fear their kindliness and good manners might have a bad effect on the prisoners' morale.

The friendly Austrian officer telephoned around the camp to see where I could be put and finally told me, with apologies, that the only place he could find was the jail. He sent for two guards and told them to start a fire in the jail and to use plenty of coal; to find a mattress and as many blankets as possible. Then he ordered supper for me.

Several other Austrian officers came in and were introduced to me as if I were a guest at a party. They spoke English and French, so I was quite at home. I was given the uniform of a French private. The guards helped me walk the few hundred yards to the jail, and two of the officers came along to drink a toast and to sit with me while I ate. It was New Year's Eve, and my supper was a feast. I had two fried eggs with dark French bread and a bottle of wine, a baked apple and coffee with rum. When I went to bed, I found they had given me eleven blankets. I was well fed and warm for the first time in many weeks.

When I awoke the guard brought me a package of Florida cigarettes with a Happy New Year message from the Austrian officer. Later, one of the other officers brought me a basin, soap, a toothbrush and shaving things. He apologized for the soap. It wasn't good soap but it was all they had. He asked me if I would like to go to the office and spend the day reading and listening to the radio. I said I would and he came back for me about noon and helped me walk from the jail to the office. The barbed wire was sheathed in ice so that all the points glittered. The ice made the barbed wire look like something out of fairyland.

My dinner was special because it was New Year's Day—roast beef and vegetables with wine and a dessert followed by coffee and rum. The cook who brought it slipped me a packet of cigarettes as he put the tray down.

Mistaken for a Poilu

I had arrived at the camp with nothing. When I left a week later to board a train for Paris, I was warmly dressed, my pockets were full of cigarettes, and I had a blanket and a knapsack. The ticket collector saw my French uniform and that I limped badly.

"Don't worry," he said in my ear. "We will have them yet."

When the train came in two Frenchwomen grabbed me and pulled me into their compartment. I was so surrounded by French people that my guards could not see me. The French all wanted to know if there was anything they could do for me. I gave them messages to send home, and in some way they actually managed it. The Scottish papers reported three days later that I was on my way to Germany. The French insisted on giving me cigarettes and chocolate and food. One man asked if I'd like a glass of wine and came back with a double brandy. One of the French girls asked me for a cigarette. As she returned the packet, I felt a piece of folded paper under it. When I got a chance to look at it, I saw that it wasn't something she had written—it was a fifty-franc note.

We reached Paris at dark. As I went through the station with my guards, French people shoved money in my pockets and hurried off before I could thank them. The ticket collector at the Metro was an enormous Frenchwoman. She was furious when she saw that I could hardly walk without being held up.

"Pigs!" she shouted. "Not even an ambulance for a wounded man!"

I was glad that my German guards didn't understand what she was saying. They might have been rough with her if they had known what she called them.

On the Metro, a young woman looked at me and whispered to the man with her. She came over to me just as we were pulling into a station and handed me a piece of paper. It was a 500-franc note. She got off at the station before I could thank her.

We had several hours to wait at the Gare du Nord. A Frenchman took me to a Re[illegible] Cross station where I was given soup and bread and coffee. Just as the train was pulling out for Germany, an officer in a German uniform stuck his head into my compartment. He spoke to me in French. When I said I was an American, he came in and introduced himself. He spoke excellent English. He told me that he had lectured at the Sorbonne in Paris and that he had expected to go to the University of Wisconsin to lecture when the war prevented. I told him he was lucky—that if he had gone to Wisconsin he would be interned by now.

"Better to be interned in the United States than fighting here," he said.

I was afraid that he had been given the job of getting me to talk, so I let him do the talking. He spoke of the famous flight of

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Hess to Scotland, on what was apparently a lone attempt to arrange a peace with the British. The German officer said that the trip had been carefully planned and that Hess went with the full permission of the German industrialists.

My guards wanted to stop at Hamburg, so they put me in a military jail for the night. When we arrived at the prison camp that was our destination an ambulance was waiting for me. I was taken to the camp hospital and found at once that some of my fellow prisoners were old friends.

One of these was Ferguson, the British fireman who had had a leg amputated aboard the German raider after the raider had shelled and sunk his freighter. Ferguson was engaged to an English girl, and when he got a chance to send her a letter through the Red Cross, he hardly dared tell her he had lost a leg. He finally did write, explaining that he couldn't expect her to marry a one-legged man. Ferguson showed me her reply. It was one of those grand letters. The girl said it wouldn't matter if he had lost both legs.

None of the Comforts of Home

The conditions in the camp where I found myself were pretty bad. The hospital had no running water and no toilet facilities. The barracks consisted of wooden buildings with leaky tar-paper roofs, divided into rooms sixteen feet wide and twenty feet long. Eighteen officers, or twenty-four privates, were put in each room. I was rated an officer when I left the hospital and was put in barracks. The room was so crowded that we had to spend most of our time in our bunks. The privates were worse off.

The camp was about halfway between Hamburg and Bremen in northwestern Germany, so the winter was cold. Each room had a small stove, though we weren't given enough coal to keep it going. The greatest hardship, aside from the food, was the muster, which came three times a day. The men had little clothing, but they were compelled to stand outdoors at muster indefinitely, sometimes for hours; and when they weren't standing at muster they were waiting in line for rations or coal or a bath. I was the only American in the camp at the beginning, but the British treated me as if I were one of them, sending me shorts and sweaters and socks from their own scanty supply.

Nearly all the British with missing arms or legs were victims of attacks by the German raider Atlantis, on which I had been a prisoner. Other German raiders fired a warning shot when attacking and gave their victims a chance to surrender to the overwhelming force of the heavily armed enemy. But Captain Rogge of the Atlantis was so afraid he might be fired on that he regularly let go with all the guns he had, without warning.

Captain Rogge and most of his crew got back to Germany before I did. According to the German papers, he was given the highest military decoration, the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross with oak leaves and diamonds, and made a rear admiral for his success in sinking British freighters. But we who had been aboard the Zamzam were interested to notice that her sinking was not included in the list of Captain Rogge's accomplishments. Apparently the Germans did not wish their own people to know that Captain Rogge had shelled and sunk a neutral ship without cause.

The Germans finally got round to issuing me a spoon, a mug, a towel and two blankets. Dishes were scarce and so were knives and forks. Most of us ate out of large fish tins and used a spoon instead of a knife and fork.

The commandant was a typical Prussian in his sixties, named Captain Prosch. He had a red face that turned purple when he was angry. He knew that the prisoners never called him anything except Sauerkraut. He understood that. But he was furious when the German children in the village called him Sauerkraut.

"I will not be laughed at," he would shout.

It did no good to complain to him when the German guards stole our food and cigarettes. He told us that no German ever lied and no German ever stole. But we dealt with the guards and knew that they were always looking for bribes. Even Sauerkraut had less faith in German honesty than he professed. The British announced that they had given the Victoria Cross to Lieutenant Commander Beattie of the Royal Navy for what he had done in the Commando raid on Saint-Nazaire. Beattie was a prisoner in our camp, and Sauerkraut had to announce the award at muster.

Later he said to Beattie, "Tell me. What really happened at Saint-Nazaire?"

Beattie smiled and said, "I'm sure you've read your own newspapers."

Of course, Sauerkraut had read the German newspapers, but he still wanted to know what really had happened.

The Gestapo usually waited for a bright sunny day to search the camp. The prisoners on muster were searched and sent to a field surrounded by barbed wire and made to sit there all day. Then the Gestapo went through the barracks, searching bunks and lockers and bags. There was supposed to be a prisoner present to watch this performance, but an excuse was usually found to keep him away. Pocketknives, lighters and any bits of wire were confiscated. These were considered weapons. After these searches those prisoners who had been careless usually missed cigarettes and chocolate and soap. It was amazing that the Gestapo took more than a year to find two hidden radios.

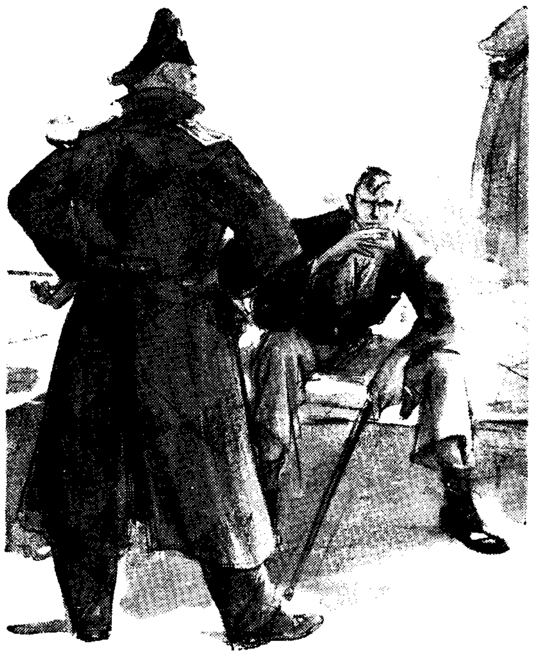
Improvised Moonshining

We made alcohol in stills improvised from a bucket and jam tins. The mash was mostly potato peelings, though anything that would ferment went in. The smells produced were noticeable even in a German prison camp. Some of the guards knew what was going on, but a bribe of a packet of cigarettes will usually keep a German guard from smelling anything.

The run of the still was so potent that it had to be cut with water. The final product wasn't good liquor by peacetime standards, but, to a prisoner, any liquor you can get high on is good liquor. There wasn't enough for any heavy drinking except maybe on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve. At these times, the German guards had orders to stay outside the barbed wire which enclosed us.

Under the eyes of the Gestapo, the prisoners succeeded in digging a tunnel that started underneath a barracks and came out on the other side of the barbed wire. A number of them left by way of the tunnel on a Saturday night. The other prisoners knew about it and were prepared to conceal the absences at Sunday-morning muster.

The Germans used a simple method of checking the prisoners at muster. About two thousand of us were lined up around a hollow square, in files of five men each. The guards who did the checking walked around inside the square, counting the number of



The lieutenant wanted me to broadcast over the radio and I didn't like the idea. "You wouldn't want your people to worry about you," he said. I recognized the threat

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files and multiplying by five to get the total number present.

The prisoners had an equally simple method of concealing absences. When the guard's head was turned, the men in the middle of the files already counted moved over one place, thus filling any files that hadn't been counted and were short a man.

On the Sunday morning after the break, the prisoners succeeded in filling the files as usual. The count had been completed to the satisfaction of the guards when a late-comer arrived. The German guards knew they had counted the man as present before he appeared. Something was wrong. So they began the count over again.

This time, being closely watched, the prisoners didn't quite succeed in filling all the files. The guards came out two men short. They counted once more and found they were four men short. The guards were furious. They announced that anyone who moved would be shot, and began the count a fourth time. In the end they got the right answer. Fourteen men were missing.

They kept us on muster all day while they searched the camp. They decided that the fourteen were not in the camp. Then they began to look for a tunnel. They ordered several guards to march around the outside of the barbed wire. One of the men fell into the exit of the tunnel and, crawling through, came out in the barracks. The men who had been in the building had to spend the next week digging up the tunnel and filling it in. Unfortunately, the fourteen who had escaped were all captured within the next three weeks.

Some men did escape from that camp and got home, but the story is one, like so many others, that cannot be told until the war is over and it will not matter if the Germans find out how they did it.

Real Help from the Red Cross

I had been in the camp about five months when the Red Cross began to function well. After that, we prisoners lived better than any Germans except the rich or the troops in the front lines. We had real coffee and so many cigarettes and so much chocolate that the Germans insisted we were getting these things as propaganda. They said everybody knew that the British and the Americans were starving in their own countries. If they sent luxuries to prisoners in Germany, it was only a gesture—an attempt to show that they had plenty. But when the supplies continued month after month, the Germans sadly concluded that perhaps people in the United States weren't starving.

Those of us who had been wounded and were therefore unfit for further military service were told in June that we would be sent home. Lieutenant Mohr, who had been Captain Rogge's aide aboard the Atlantis, came to see me. He told me that the American newspapers had accused the Germans of putting me in a concentration camp. He wanted me to do a broadcast over the radio, saying that I was in a regular prison camp. I said I didn't like the idea.

"You may or may not be going home," Mohr explained. "You wouldn't want your people to worry about you."

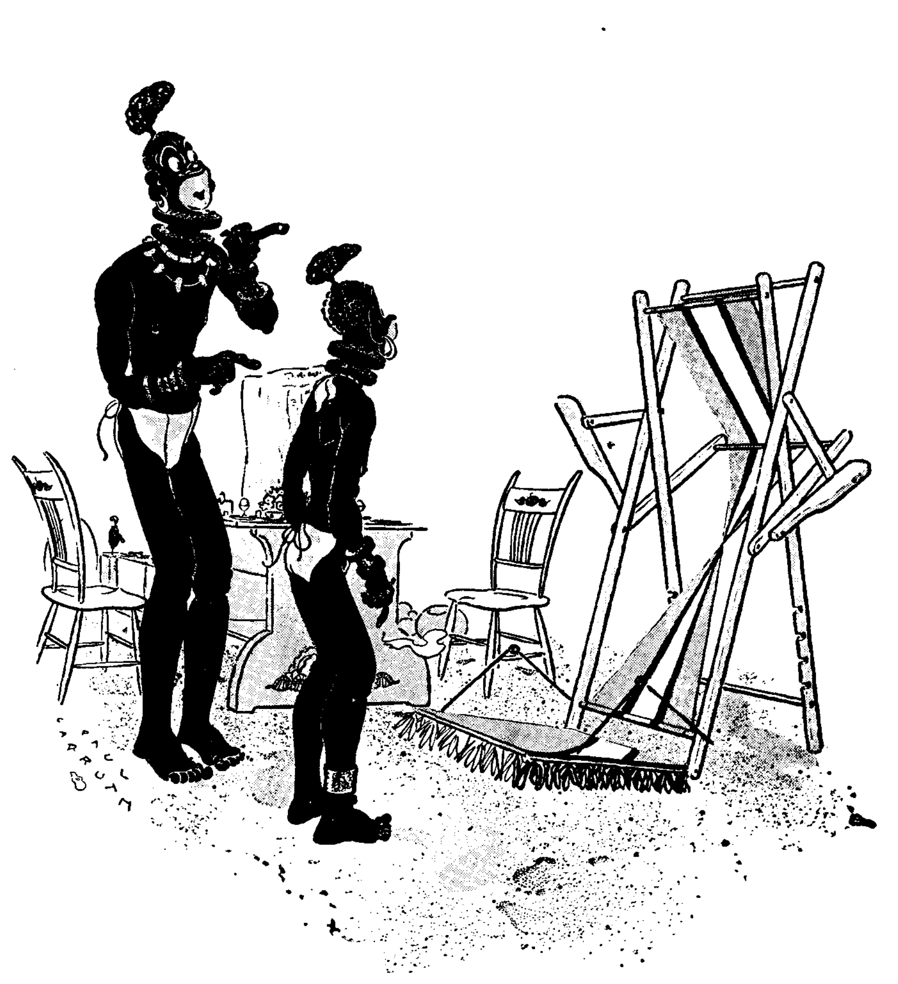
I recognized the threat. I said I was willing to broadcast, provided I said nothing that would make German propaganda. It developed that he wanted to give the impression that the German raider was still afloat. I happened to know, though Mohr did not, that the news of the raider's sinking was already on the way to Lisbon. I agreed to broadcast, and Mohr made arrangements for us to go to Berlin.

There was a heavy air raid on Bremen the night before we started, and the head of the Gestapo at camp, Lieutenant Shoof, went with us as far as Bremen. His family lived there and he was worried about them. Shoof had been in the shipping department of the United States Consulate at Bremen before the war. He was not the sort of man who should have been employed by the United States. I enjoyed his expression as we drove toward Bremen. The road was strewn with debris. Houses were still burning and men were at work putting out the fires.

I did a cruel thing on the train going to Berlin. I had with me a lunch made up from a Red Cross parcel, also a vacuum bottle of coffee and plenty of English cigarettes. About eleven o'clock I laid out my lunch on a small table. All the Germans began to sniff. They recognized the smell of real coffee, real tobacco and real food, and then they saw that the man who was enjoying these luxuries was a prisoner. It was almost too much for them to take.

I was surprised, as we walked toward a café in Berlin, at what fine displays there were in the shop windows. I saw well-made shoes and men's suits, dresses and hats for women, and many kinds of gadgets, all marked with prices that seemed most reasonable to me. Then I noticed that there was a small card at the bottom of each window saying that the decorations could not be disturbed. My German guard admitted that no one could buy any of these things. They were on display because empty shop windows would be even more demoralizing than windows full of unobtainable things.

Mohr planned to imitate a type of American broadcast by asking me questions as if he had just stopped me on the street. He went into a small room where a record was to be made. One military censor and two civilians listened. At the end, Mohr asked me if I had anything more to say.



"The white man loves a puzzle. This one here will keep him happy for hours at a time"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

"Thanks for the ride," I said.

The censors objected to that. They insisted that the record be made over. So we made it over to their satisfaction. I knew, when I heard it played, that no American who listened to it would doubt that the raider had been sunk. The Germans had paid no attention to the inflections of my voice.

The wounded did not leave when I got back to camp. It wasn't until October that the German promise was made good. I was shocked to discover that I was not included, in spite of the fact that I was scarcely able to get about without help. The men were so happy to be going home that they threw away all odds and ends they had accumulated. The room looked as if a big wind had been through it.

Two prisoners came in to help me clean up the place. A guard helped me get the locker straightened out. He was astonished at the amount of food and clothing. I spent the night alone. A German guard was posted to prevent anybody from stealing the brooms and pails.

While I was going to sleep, I heard the guard rummaging around in the hall, looking through lockers and tins. I knew that he was hunting for cigarette butts. I went to sleep but I awoke at a quarter to six in the morning. There was a noise outside my door. I decided to get up. When I went to the door I saw the guard on duty holding a flashlight and the NCO for the night stuffing a duffel bag with my things. The NCO was so startled that he dropped his keys. He explained that he thought the things had been left behind.

I discovered that the stuff he was taking was a second load. I said I was going to report him and the guard to the commandant. They pleaded that they would be shot if I did. More guards came to beg me not to make a report.

"All right," I said. "If you bring back the things you have taken, I'll forget about it."

The NCO was happy to agree, but unfortunately for him, he wasn't as successful at getting my stuff in as he had been at getting it out. He was caught with the bundle under his arm. With true German practicality, the court sentenced him to the Eastern front and, if he survived that, to seven months' imprisonment after the war. The Germans are severe with soldiers caught stealing. The Nazis have stolen all over Europe on a scale new to history, but that has been done by high officials and not by ordinary soldiers.

New Arrivals at Camp

The first American prisoners, survivors of ships torpedoed on the Murmansk run, arrived at our camp in the early autumn of 1942. The Germans made repeated attempts to stir up bad feeling between the Americans and the British, but they failed.

A marked change came over the camp after Stalingrad. Until Stalingrad, the Germans believed they were winning the war. Their dream of ruling the world while everybody else worked for them was coming true. After Stalingrad, the ordinary German knew that Germany could not win. Our guards lived in terror of being sent to the Eastern front, which they regarded as a death sentence. The severe discipline of the camp was relaxed. The prisoners began to ignore orders.

The Germans seem unable to maintain discipline except at the point of a gun. After Stalingrad, they began to think about a future in which it would be somebody else who would hold the gun.

A small group of Italian prisoners—not soldiers but civilians who had apparently been caught aiding the Allies—arrived in September, 1943. We held a meeting in camp to discuss how we should treat them. It was true they had been fighting against us until a few weeks before, but they were prisoners of the Germans, like the Americans and the British. So it was decided to welcome them and give them any help we could.

I talked with one Italian several times in his own language. On the third day, he decided that I was a friend and he opened up. He told me that he and his friends had learned from the newspapers printed by Badoglio after the Italian surrender how rotten with graft the Fascist regime had been.

The Germans don't like the Italians any better than the Italians like the Germans. The Germans were furious when they saw that we treated the Italians as if they belonged.

"But the Italians are your enemies," they protested. "How can you treat them as your friends?"

It was months later that I was told I was going home. I actually left the camp with one guard on February 11, 1944.

As the train left Bremen, I had a chance to see the terrific effect of the British and American air raids. The Germans no longer made any attempts to conceal the damage. There was too much of it. Most of the tall chimneys that had smoked when I had seen them on my trip to Berlin in June, 1942, were no longer smoking.

We had to change at Münster. A general air-raid warning had gone out, and a loudspeaker kept the crowd in the station restaurant informed on where the planes were and how many. We could get nothing but beer in the restaurant. Everyone carried his own food. Suddenly there was a rush for the doors. My guard and I waited until the crowd had gone and followed it into the air-raid shelter.

Getting a Taste of the Blitz

The reaction of the Germans in the shelter was one of submitting to the inevitable. Marches came over the loud-speaker to cheer them up. Occasionally the music was interrupted to give more news of the raid. I caught the phrase "one hundred and twenty-five planes with escort." The raid was over in forty-five minutes.

It was snowing as our train left the station. I could still see flashes of flak in the distance. A few miles out, there was a terrific blaze near the railway track, with men hard at work trying to put it out. The farther we went into the Ruhr Valley, the more ruins I saw. All the railway stations had been hit.

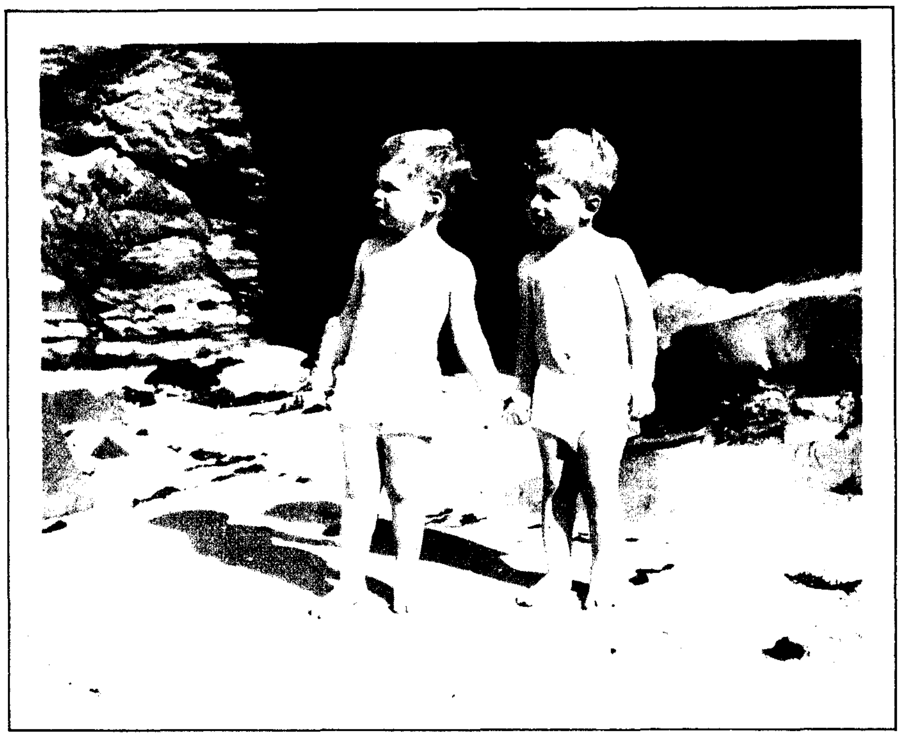
We got into Cologne the next morning. I had been through there twenty-five months before and had seen hardly a sign of bombing. Now it was different. The railway station had received several direct hits. There wasn't a whole pane of glass left. One tower of the cathedral near the station was still standing, but the rest was smashed. Farther on, Mannheim looked like one mass of ruins. The guard told me it was the m[illegible] bombed city in Germany.

After many delays, I reached Lisbon and freedom. I had spent almost three years—from the middle of April, 1941, until the latter part of February, 1944—with the Germans.

I wish I could explain the Germans. In my experience, they are either very efficient or very inefficient, extremely brutal or sloppily sentimental. They seem to have no middle ground, as civilized people do. But I don't know why. I am, however, certain that if Hitler had never been born, we should still have had to fight the Germans. And unless we are wiser when they are beaten than we have been in the past, we shall have to fight them again.

THE END

Short furloughs call for long memories. An Ansco shot helps!



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YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

Hell for Hirohito

Continued from page 15

Red Cloud, Nebraska, would be getting up.

I snapped out of the dream with a start as Sergeant Danks' voice came over the intercom: "Right gunner to tail gunner. Just spotted a light at about eight o'clock, high. Looked like it might have been a plane." From the tail, Staff Sergeant Harry "Killer" Klein of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, replied, "I can't spot anything, Dan, but I'll keep my eyes peeled."

Danks, whom we'd nicknamed Dangerous Dan, had his heart set on getting at least one Zero and he reminded Klein: "Okay. If you spot anything, remember to save a shot for me."

We were straining our eyes trying to penetrate the inky, cloud-shrouded darkness. Suddenly we broke into the clear. There were Dan's lights, all right—stars. They looked so big and bright I felt I could have touched them.

Klein, who's had ten years in the Regular Army, snorted: "Dangerous Dan and his damned lights. I'll sure be glad to get the war over, so we can get the civilians out of the Army."

In the compartment behind me, Navigator L. H. Alford of Purcell, Texas (called "Pappy" by the crew because at twenty-eight he was the oldest man aboard), was at work over his instruments. Over the earphones I heard: "Navigator to Pilot. We're over the Yellow Sea."

The weather began to break, and I warned the crew to be on the alert for anything. Through the broken clouds, a dull red glow appeared on the horizon. The bombardier, Second Lieutenant O. L. "Smitty" Smith of Hillsboro, Texas, spotted it and called the attention of the rest to it over the interphones: "Fire ahead. Big red glow. Probably the target."

Jerry Offerman's voice punctured the balloon with, "Hell! It's just the moon coming up!"

Then from the tail, Klein rasped, "What's the matter with you guys? What this crew needs is a course in astronomy."

A few minutes later we broke through clouds. Sixty miles ahead, a bright cherry-red glow was visible, leaping skyward and topped by a column of smoke which reflected the flames. We were one of the last ships to reach the target, and the show was really on. Enemy searchlights combed the sky with probing fingers of light, and we thought we could see gunbursts.

All began scrambling into flak vests and helmets. I remembered a tightening feeling in my diaphragm, and my throat was dry. I don't think it was fear in the sense of being afraid of the enemy as much as the fear that I might muff the job and fail to get the bombs on the target.

There was silence after that, except for essential business: "Engineer to gunners. All turrets fire test bursts." Behind me I could hear the muffled concussion of guns and the clatter of empty cartridges hitting the bottom of the turrets like corn in a popper. It was a good sound.

About forty miles from the target, Pappy came in: "Pilot from navigator. Coming in on the initial point." That meant to be ready to make the turn onto the bomb run. I banked onto the designated course and started a forty-mile beeline for the largest steel works in Japan. It was a straight line to the target, from which I could not swerve regardless of what happened if I hoped to get the bombs on the target.

A Scene of Holocaust

I looked ahead. I never saw such a sight. There must have been at least fifty searchlights and I don't know how many guns. Flak bursts made hundreds of angry red sores in the sky, and I could see the fiery trails of tracers crisscrossing like a tangle of red cables. There were so many of them zipping up from all angles to form a mesh so tight that I was sure a mosquito couldn't get through—much less our huge plane. I remember thinking: The damned thing looks like a movie bombing. But I was acutely conscious that I wasn't sitting in Radio City Music Hall.

Smitty called off the altitude from which he wanted to bomb. He was working with the navigator: "Air speed, two ten."

"Air speed, two ten, check."

"Drift, fifteen."

"Drift, fifteen, check."

The voices through the earphones were calm and businesslike.

The bombardier called, "Bombardier to pilot. Left a little, Bob. Left a little."

Out of the left window of the greenhouse, a million searchlights were groping toward us. Smitty wanted me to turn smack into them. It was harder than hell to ease the rudder controls to the left toward the lights, but I did it and heard Smitty: "That does it. Steady. Steady. I'll take it." And he took over control of the ship for the bomb run. What had been a red glow on the horizon a few minutes ago was now the yawning mouth of a blast furnace below us. Huge mushrooms of black smoke, laced with tracer trails and the red flares of bursting flak shells, rolled up toward the plane.

Just before we reached the target, it seemed that every light in Japan caught us. The inside of the cabin was lighted up like a Hollywood *première*. In the dazzling glare I could make out dirty black puffs of smoke from flak walking across the sky toward us. There was a burst close by that sounded as if someone had kicked a tin bucket. The waist gunners called in that we'd been hit in both wings. We hung in the lights, continuing the bomb run for what seemed like eternity. Actually it was six minutes, but they were the longest in my life. The copilot and I were yelling at the top of our voices, "Get rid of those damned bombs!"

I had my hands on the controls and was sweating like a Turk. I heard Smitty say, "Bombs . . ." I didn't wait to hear "away." All I could think of was the warning during the briefing: "Do a sharp bank to avoid the mountainhead." Smitty said later that all he could think of was to press the salvo key to be sure the bombs had gone and close the bomb-bay doors to give us more speed. I threw the B-29 into the sharpest dive she'd ever been in.

Someone in the back of the plane was shouting so loud it nearly blasted my earphones off. I kept her nose down for five thousand feet. Pappy told me later he thought I'd turned fighter pilot. I kept the throttles open until we were over the sea, then asked what the shouting was all about. I learned that Special Radio Operator Jack Selbie had stepped to the waist-gun blister for a view of the lights. When he went to sit down, he found a piece of flak had torn through the seat he'd been sitting on a few minutes earlier.

There had been silence before we hit the target, but everyone began talking at once as soon as we were out of the target area. I remember someone saying, "The only thing I'm interested in is the shortest way home."

Jerry sucked in a deep breath and said, "From here out, I wouldn't walk across the street to see the greatest fireworks display in the world." If you could have seen the guns and the lights you would understand what he meant.

We didn't slow the plane until we reached the coast of Korea. The navigator couldn't get his check points, so there we were, "big, fat, dumb and happy," but not sure of our position. The best we could do was to head west and hope.

An Uneventful Trip Home

Dawn broke at 2 A.M. and for a time we feared Jap fighter interception, but nothing happened. About 4 A.M. we were back over Free China, and Dangerous Dan was madder than hell because he hadn't had an opportunity to fire at Jap fighters. Personally, I was well satisfied to relax over K rations and coffee.

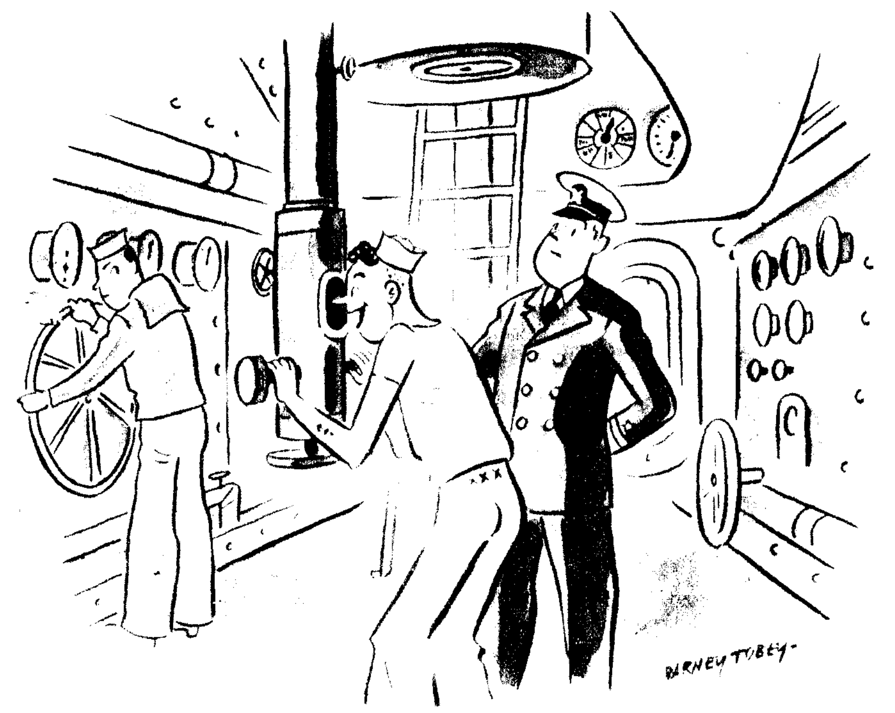
One by one I let the crew grab a bit of much needed sleep. Only Pappy remained awake continuously, altering the course every few minutes until he picked up the radio from our home base. It sure sounded good because, shortly before, our No. 1 engine had conked out. But, from there on, nothing worried us. I feathered No. 1 and came in to a perfect landing.

To my surprise, I found the plane surrounded by generals and colonels, and at first I thought we'd muffed landing instructions and were due to catch hell. I opened the cabin hatch and dropped to the ground timidly, facing the brass. Instead of a bawling out, I got the most cordial greeting from everyone. It turned out that we were the last plane in our group to return to base, thus making a perfect batting average: not a plane in our group lost.

That's the story, except to say this: The B-29 on that raid proved itself worthy of the name Superfortress. I think the entire crew and every man of the Twentieth Army Air Force feels the same way. Personally, I'm not afraid to face anything the enemy, the weather or anything else can put in its way, when I'm flying one of the big beauties.

Probably I can best express my feelings by telling you I'm ready any time to follow that red string anywhere it goes. As a matter of fact, I hope it won't be too long before it leads straight to Tokyo and, brother, I sure hope I'll fly that mission, too.

THE END



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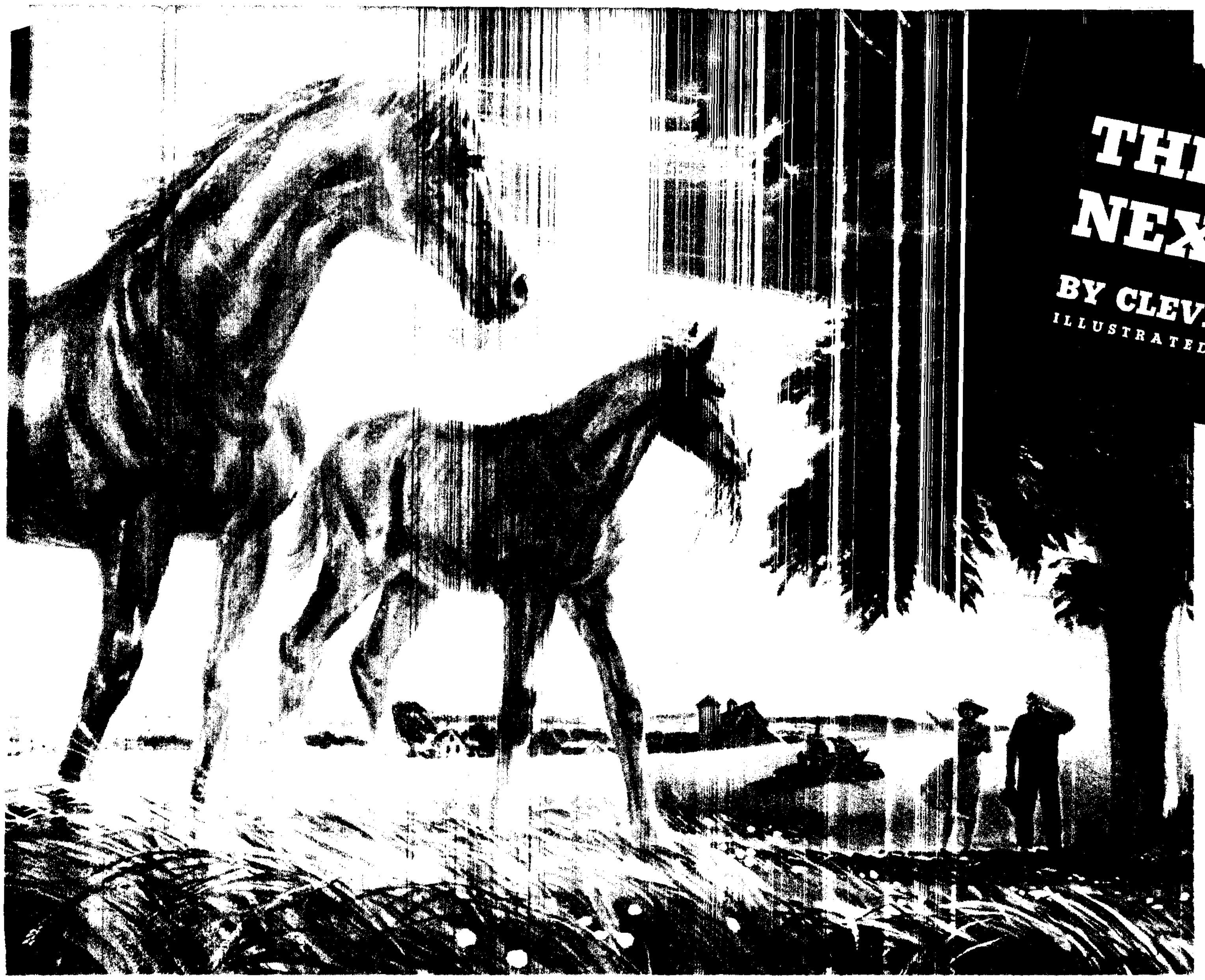

"How much?" Liz said. Charley was almost friendly. "The colt, Miss Cobley?" he asked. "Yes, the colt, Mr. Bunbow!" Liz replied. So they began to dicker in the shade of the elm

Any woman knows 1001 ways to get her man, most of them based on the old saw that sugar will catch flies. But here's one gal who did all right for herself with vinegar

MOST everybody thought Liz Cobley got stung on her horse trade, but the town's indignation at Charley Bunbow was tinged with admiration. You had to get up early to get ahead of Charley.

Liz had had her eye on the colt, you might say, since before it was born. She'd walk along the short cut through her own little pasture to Charley's farm every day or so during the last two weeks before the mare foaled, and go to the corral and watch the little bay.

She never told Charley she wanted the colt. She wasn't speaking to him unless she had to. She didn't like him and he felt the same way about her.

"A woman that can't get herself a man by the time she's thirty," he said of her once, "ain't no good."

When somebody told Liz what he said, she said, "He's a sample of the male sex. I think no further comment is necessary."

Well, Charley wasn't much of a bargain, but he wasn't such a bad guy as guys went. He chewed tobacco and he didn't take a bath very often, but he paid his bills and kept his farm spick and span. His wife, Mary Jenkins that was, up and died on him one day, and Liz said she died of loneliness.

People looked at her funny when she said that. They said: Heck, Charley was around all day, wasn't he, and farm-machinery salesmen came around a couple of times a year. Liz never bothered to explain herself.

Nor did she tell anybody why she went over to Charley's to look at the little bay mare every day or so. Some folks thought it was because she wanted to be a mother, and the next best thing was to look at a mother. Anyway, she was there when the mare foaled. She saw the hired hands ease the mare, and her eyes were like new washers when the colt staggered up on its rickety legs with its great blue eyes bugging with wonder and friendliness.

She went back about once a week, watching the colt gain confidence, watching it go through that stage of sudden frights at nothing and wild leaps to safety.

Then, for the first time in a year, she spoke to Charley. "How much?" she said.

She was hot and sweaty from footing it down to his lower forty where he was dragging a barrow with that big-wheeled cat he'd bought the year before, and her tone was pretty sharp. Charley shut off the motor and looked down at her.

Then he spit off to one side and got down. He was almost friendly. "The colt, Miss Cobley?"

"Yes, the colt, Mr. Bunbow!" Liz replied.

"Let's go over to that there elm," Charley said. "Sun's powerful hot."

So they began to dicker in the shade of the elm. Finally, they settled on twenty-eight dollars, and she was to come and get the colt a week from that day.

She trudged on back home, stopping to wet her whistle at the brook that was the boundary between her and Charley's farms and she found four pieces of baling wire, not very rusty, on the way. She hung them on a hook in the barn, and went in and took a bath.

So it came the day for her to go after the colt, and she took a soft rope she'd woven from the bits of string she'd picked up, and a little halter she'd made from old kid gloves and bits of brass she'd picked up down by the foundry. One of the hired hands told her the colt was in the lower pasture, and Charley came up to collect his twenty-eight dollars.

She went off to the pasture, and her eyes were bright and shiny as a terrier pup's. Pretty soon she could see the colt, curled up like a baby; sleeping, she thought, and her arms itched to cuddle its head.

She did cuddle its head, and she must have cried, though nobody saw that. Because the colt was dead. It was just one of those things. It had been playing that morning, the hired hand testified later in court, and it just lay down and went to sleep and never woke up.

Well, when she told Charley, and asked him for the twenty-eight dollars back, he just laughed at her. So she lawed him, and when it come to trial, Judge Wentworth decided for Charley. He didn't want to, he said, but according to the law Charley had a right to keep the twenty-eight dollars.

Some folks said that marked the end of Charley's cheating days. Not cheating, exactly, but sharp dealing.

Some folks said, too, that when Liz came out of the courtroom after settling with the clerk, that she wasn't quite the ramrod she'd been. But maybe that was imagination. Maybe that came later.

There was plenty of talk around town about it, because they didn't have a trial very often. Most everybody thought that Charley was in the right, all right, but most everybody was sorry that it had to be Liz.

She didn't ask for any sympathy, but the boys who stood around Runt's pool hall—Old Nat, Chuck Baker and the rest—agreed that the deal with Charley had taken something out of her.

Charley snorted about it when people began to look funny at him. "Worryin' about her!" he said. "She can lose twenty-eight dollars easier'n me."

This wasn't true, and everybody knew it, and it didn't help Charley's stock any.

IT WAS maybe two weeks after the trial that Liz told Hobe Chitworth that she couldn't keep him as a hired hand any more. She didn't say why, but Hobe had his own ideas about it. When she paid him off, counting out a dime and a quarter and a limp dollar bill at a time, he grinned and told her he'd hire out to Charley and slip over now and then to help out with the chores.

Well, word of this got around, and when she sold her carriage horse people began to feel a little hard toward Charley.

She let her other hired hand go, and started doing all the work herself with her plow and harrow and her mule that was too old to be mulish.

Hobe would go over to her place three, four times a week and help her with the chores, and she would feed him before he went home to Susan and the twins. He said that Liz's rations kept getting slimmer and slimmer. And everybody laid that to Charley, too.

So Charley called on her one evening about sundown. He told Hobe that he had a bellyful of people saying he'd cheated Liz on that colt, and he was going to have it out with her. After he stabled his team, he saddled Ribbon—the little mare—and rode over to Liz's.

Liz came out the door before he was quite to her front steps, and she looked at his boots. She didn't say a thing, but Charley had to look down, too. Well, he'd come straight from the barn, and he hadn't cleaned his boots. A man couldn't work around a farm without showing it.

Still, he didn't put a foot on her shiny, scrubbed steps. He stood in the flagstone walk, and when Liz stared at his hat he took it off, twisting it in his big, dirty hands.

"Now, see here, Miss Cobley," he began, but broke off when she looked back at [illegible]'s boots. He didn't say anything more, but the brown on his face got paler, and in a minute he turned and stomped back to the mare and rode away.

After this, he started to go around with his chin out, and when he'd see Liz out in the fields with her mule he'd spit and mutter. He told Hobe Chitworth that she was persecuting him, and that nobody should mention her name around the farm.

Well, nobody did mention her name around the farm, but the pool-hall gang got hold of it, and every time Charley was in town he'd overhear remarks. He knew he was meant to hear, and he boiled inside, but since nobody mentioned her to him direct he had no call to whip anybody.

It was beginning to get Charley where he lived, and he called on Liz again. He changed his boots this time, and he washed before he went over.

She called out from her front room, before he reached her steps. "Don't track up my porch with your dirty feet."

Charley felt like jumping up and down on his hat. "I got my clean boots on!" he yelled.

"Then come on inside," she said in a friendlier tone.

Charley was in the house before he remembered about his hat. He snatched it off, then stood there twisting it. Liz kind of grinned as his face got red, but she took his hat and asked him to take a seat.

She had baked fresh gingerbread and Charley thought he'd never smelled anything so good. But he didn't say so; he sat in a rocker and tried to figure out how to begin.

Then he knew he was going to have to spit before he could say anything. He shifted his chaw to the other cheek and looked around. But there wasn't any place to spit, and he got up and went to the front door. Liz didn't say a word.

Charley just couldn't bring himself to spit in her neat front yard, and by the time he found a place he was in the road right where he'd hitched Ribbon. He spat out chaw and all, and jumped on Ribbon, leaving his hat behind. He cussed all the way home, and vowed he'd never set foot in her yard or

this time . . . let's keep our Merchant Marine

Once again it has taken a war to prove to America that a strong Merchant Marine is a vital national need.

We learned this lesson once before, but it didn't stick. In 1917-18, we feverishly built ships to meet a pressing wartime supply problem. When peace came, we allowed hundreds of those ships to rust into uselessness at their piers.

By 1935, we had let our Merchant Marine sink from a strong first to a poor fourth among world powers. Approximately two-thirds of our own commerce was being carried on foreign vessels.

The aggressor nations knew this. They knew we had neither the ships to import many of the strategic materials upon which American industry depended, nor to carry our vast potential war production to distant fighting fronts. *This weakness was an open invitation to war.* And the Axis nearly caught us flat-footed when they struck.

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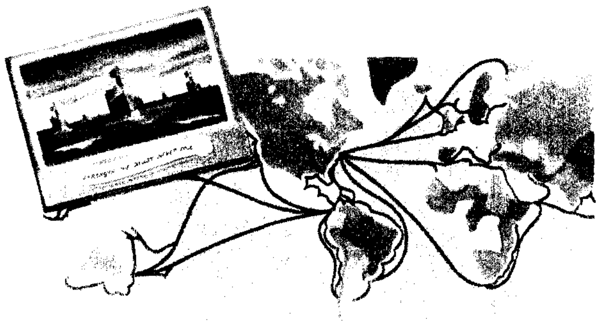

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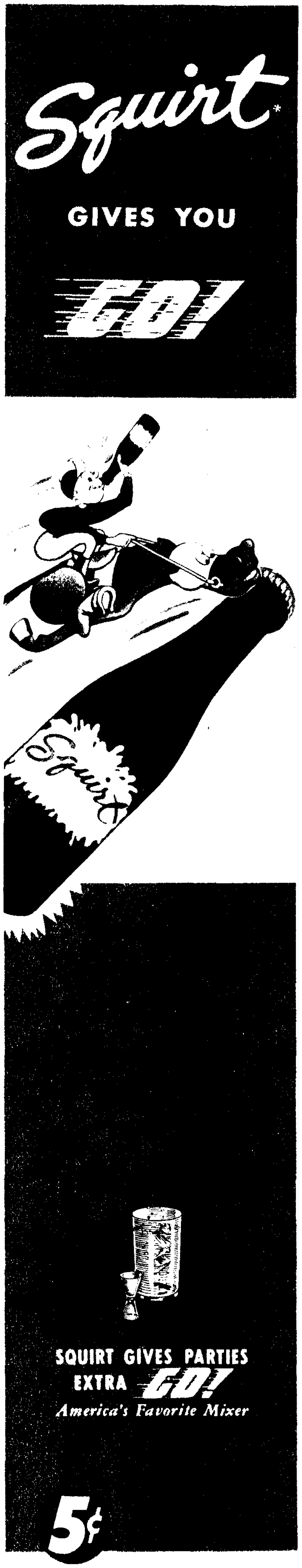

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speak to her again if he lived to be a hundred.

And he didn't speak to her the day she stopped him when he was passing by in his buckboard. She asked him to pick up her order at the general store, and he just nodded that he would. He couldn't say no, he was afraid to, her not having a horse any more. If he refused and it got around, people would really get their dander up.

And anyway, he was stocking up that day, and had to go to the store. When Gus Hatch finally got his order made up, it took both of them three trips apiece to carry it out to the buckboard: flour, sugar, dried beans, feed, and so on.

"Say," Charley said, like he'd almost forgot, "Liz asked me to pick up her order. Don't know if I got room. How big is it?"

Gus got it, and the men sitting around the cold stove watched. It was just one pitiful little box, and the looks that traveled from it to the big heap on the buckboard made Charley want to whip everybody in the place.

The trouble, he thought as he drove along ahead of his plume of dust, was that you couldn't put your finger on anything. He wasn't to blame for Liz's change, and nobody actually said he was. But still, it *seemed* like he was, and when you tried to run it down and put a finger on, why, you just got crazy mad. You didn't find any reason at all.

He had Liz's little box, with its quarter of a pound of sugar, and two pounds of flour, and little odds and ends, on the seat beside him. He looked at it now and then, and he started to feel sorry for her. Even if he wasn't to blame, it was a hard thing that she couldn't fare any better than she did.

WHEN he stopped at her gate, he saw her out by the well, standing with humped shoulders and her arms dangling like she was tired to death, almost. He jumped out and went over to the well. He pulled up the bucket and toted it in for her.

Then he brought in her groceries, and she thanked him. He didn't bring up the colt, though it was a good time. He went home and sent two of the hired hands over to weed her corn, which was in bad shape.

She sent him a pan of fresh gingerbread as thanks, and Charley had it with his supper. He ate almost the whole panful, and then he stared for a long time at nothing.

So when the early harvest started to come around, he thought he'd better have the boys get in Liz's acre of wheat, and he told Hobe to take a crew over. He told Hobe to tell Liz, too, that he'd thresh it for her on shares if she wanted. She sent him a blueberry pie and word that it was all right with her if he threshed her wheat.

It was that night that Charley started to notice a difference in the way folks looked at him and talked to him. He put on a clean shirt, and polished his boots, and pulled on his good pants and went to town. He needed some chewing tobacco. The gang at the pool hall laughed and joked with him just like the old days, so he clean forgot the chewing tobacco but he went home grinning to himself and finished up the blueberry pie.

When his cream separator broke down, Charley's first thought was to ask Liz for the loan of hers, and he sent Hobe over to see. While Hobe was gone, Charley shook his head, thinking here he was thinking of Liz as a neighbor again, and didn't it beat all.

Hobe got back and said, "She won't loan you hers, Charley, but she's got an old one she'll sell you if you'll come and get it yourself."

"Tarnation!" Charley said. "Why me?"

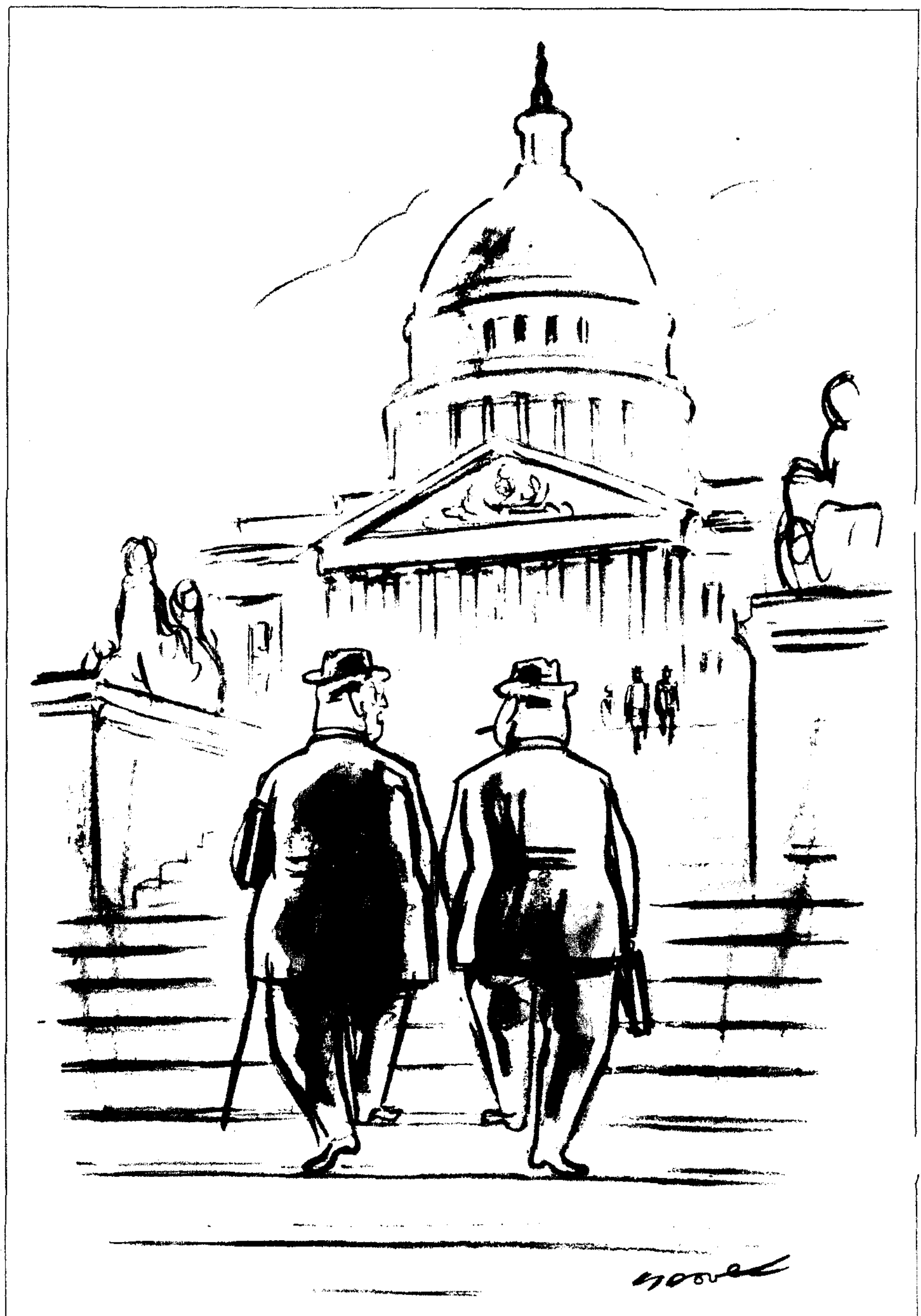
Hobe shrugged. "That's all she said."

Even though it was the shank of the afternoon, Charley washed and put on his good clothes. The hired hands looked at him funny as he hitched up the buckboard, but nobody said anything.

Liz showed him the separator, and it seemed all right. He looked it over carefully. "Well," he said finally, "how much?"

"Let's go in the house and discuss it, Mr. Bunbow," Liz said. "I have some tea and icebox cookies."

So they had tea and icebox cookies, and Charley wasn't in any hurry to dicker. It was nice and lazy here, and Liz hadn't looked at him funny even once. He felt fine.



"I don't know if I should follow my honest convictions, vote for the bill and be considered a rubber stamp or if I should vote against it and be praised for my independence and integrity"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

But pretty soon they got down to it. "My price," Liz told him, "is twenty-eight dollars."

A kind of heavy silence fell, and Charley got to thinking he didn't like the sound of that twenty-eight dollars. But he took the money out of his pocketbook and handed it over. Then he loaded up the separator and took it home.

He had twelve gallons of milk in it when he started it, and it broke down with an awful noise. He let the milk run out on the ground, and looked it over. Then he started to cuss. It had been broken once before, and Liz had tied it together with string and wire so it looked all right.

He cussed a while, and then he started to laugh. She had stung him back. Still, though, Charley was no fool. Here was real and honest proof that she had cheated him. This proof would stand up in court.

So he saddled Ribbon and rode over, lighting the way with a lantern. She met him at the door and, before he could say a word, she handed him his twenty-eight dollars.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Bunbow," she said, and she sounded sorry, all right. "I just remembered I had tied that separator so that I could weld the shaft. It wasn't deliberate on my part."

Charley started to take the money, but let his hand drop. "Shucks, Liz," he said. "Far as that goes, I didn't know that there colt was dead, neither. So you just keep that money. That makes us even, 'cept for the court costs."

She shrugged that away. "The entertainment was worth that much. Had your supper, Charley? I've plenty."

"Thank you right kindly, Liz."

It was home-cured ham, baked in a brandy sauce, with yams and peas and beans and roasting ears, and a gooseberry pie that had a crust like humming birds. Not even when he was a kid at home could Charley remember such cooking.

It crossed his mind that Hobe could take care of things and there wasn't any call to hurry back, so they sat in her front room and talked. He told her how he would help her with the harvest, and they had a real pleasant hour together.

WELL, the pool-hall gang had plenty to gas about the next couple of weeks. First, Charley got a new mail-order suit, and Liz got Kate Corey to make her a big white veil and a white marrying dress. And then Charley came in and set up drinks and invited the whole town to the wedding. Liz baked all the pies and Charley set out a hogshead of cider, and the women cried when Parson Kittredge tied the knot.

Then it was along in the last week in December, with the stove-watchers spitting to hear it sizzle, that Old Nat said to Chuck Baker, "Sure learned one thing this year. Never get into a horse trade with no woman."

Everybody pondered on this for a while. Then Gus called across the counter, "Woman ain't no good in a horse trade. Look at Miz Liz."

"That's what I mean," Nat said. "She got a dead colt. She got a hunnerd an' forty acres. She got herself a man, an' he's gonna be the next congressman, I bet four dollars, an' he's still like he was sparkin' her. And she got all that for twenty-eight dollars."

Chuck grinned. "And she got that back."

THE END

One Hand for Beginners

Continued from page 25

made up his mind he was going to go on playing, and so he'd practice for hours, throwing at a target, so as to get used to not having that port flipper as a balance, and swinging a bat with one hand, and picking up grounders without a glove.

When I left the farm to go away to college, Johnny Avery was doing all right. He was picking up tenners for pitching for semipro teams around Council Bluffs. I met him quite a few years later. In spite of his record, the major-league scouts couldn't figure him for the big time with only one arm. He told me he was going to get himself a farm and work it, on account of he really was a farmer at heart.

Spikes asked, "Has he got enough class for this league?"

Conlin snorted and I had to laugh, too. Spikes is an old-timer and has the old-timer's prejudices about the differences between major- and minor-league ball. You see, Avery wasn't a youngster any more.

I said, "Are you kidding? What makes you think *anybody's* going to have any class this year? There's a war on."

Spikes rang up another bull's-eye to the gaboon and shouted into the next room, "Hey, Marge! Send a wire to Johnny Avery, Dumfries, Iowa, to come on. We'll pay all expenses. . . ."

SO I made it my business to be around when he turned up a month or so later, shortly before the New Yorks were to go to Atlantic City to begin their spring training. In fact, I barged right into Spikes' office while the conference was going on.

Spikes looked up with a mite of irritation and said, "Who asked *you* in here?"

I said, "You should have, because it was my idea. And, anyway, Johnny's an old pal of mine."

We gave each other the glad hello and Johnny introduced me to his wife, a nice little city-bred gal from Council Bluffs with large green eyes and excitement all over her face at being in the big town. You could see that she was just thrilled to death. Her name was Ellen. But, at the same time, I got the feeling that right close behind those big eyes were some kind of tears that didn't want much of a nudge to start leaking.

I soon found out. Ed Conlin was there as well as Gordon Shelton, the owner of the New Yorks. Spikes, who didn't dislike me, but just had the old-line baseball manager's constitutional distaste for having anyone from the press around when there was any business going on, grumbled:

"Well, as long as you're here, see if you can talk some sense into this monkey's head. He ain't impressed with the idea of playin' for the New Yorks."

Johnny Avery got all embarrassed and red and flustered. He was the same, big towheaded kid I had always known, except his face was tanned and kind of leathery and had those seams and worry lines that pitchers get from squinting at the catcher's signals and wondering whether the batter is going to park the next one in the alley outside the ball yard. He looked prosperous and his empty left sleeve was neatly pressed and ended up in his coat pocket.

He said, "Aw gee, Mr. McNerny, I didn't mean it that way at all. Shucks, you know that . . ." He turned to me. "Sam, Mr. McNerny told me it was your idea, sending for me, and I want you to know I'm mighty grateful to you for thinking of me, but . . ."

When he hesitated, I said, "Well?"

"But I just can't do it."

Just like that. The cold turndown.

"That's too bad," I said. "Why not? The farm?"

He jumped right at that. "Uh-huh. We got it going nicely now, right where it's gonna pay, and . . ."

Something that she couldn't keep in burst right out of Ellen. "Oh, Avery, you know my brother could look after it. He did two years ago. And with the money you would make you could buy that machinery you want . . ."

I GOT it. The little gal was just crazy to have Avery accept. That was natural. She loved him and was proud of him. He'd be in the big league, name in the papers, cheering crowds, traveling— She'd be Mrs. Big-League Pitcher.

I asked, "Did Spikes make you a good offer, Johnny?"

"Gee, sure. Mr. McNerny was mighty generous, but . . ."

"But what?"

"But I just can't. I don't belong up in the big leagues, Sam . . ."

Ed Conlin put in, "If you're not leading the league by July, I'm a monkey's uncle. . . ."

"There's a lot of difference in the kinda ball I been playin', and the New York kind," Avery protested. "I was a pretty good pitcher back in Iowa, but I'd be just a big bust up here."

Gordon Shelton—who was another guy who liked to win pennants, especially when it was his club—said, "Oh, nonsense. None of the clubs will have much class this year. We're just trying to keep baseball going. Can't you persuade him, Mrs. Avery?"

Avery spoke up right quick. "No, sir. Thank you, sir. I've made up my mind. I can't do it. I got what I wanted out of baseball. I saved up enough to get my farm. I'd rather have them remember my record back in Iowa, than . . ."

He stopped, and his eyes wandered just the slightest touch. Nobody saw it except me because they were all looking at Ellen Avery to see whether she would play up to Shelton's suggestion.

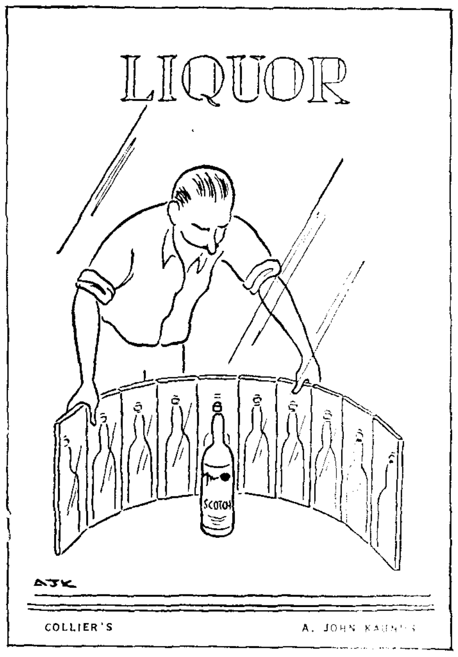
That gal was a good scout. She fought back those tears and she fought back everything she wanted. She said, "I wouldn't try to persuade my husband to do anything he didn't want to do."

Spikes shot for the gaboon and missed it which was a sign he was mad and said, "You got everything *you* wanted out of baseball, and you don't give a damn about giving baseball what it needs out of you. . . ."

But it wasn't like that. I knew it wasn't. There was an uncomfortable silence and Johnny Avery got red in the face and shifted his feet, and Ellen turned her head away because those tears suddenly got muscle and just came.

I knew what it was about, because I'd seen where Johnny's eyes had shifted to that moment before. It was to his empty sleeve. After all those years. But I got it. He'd played in that league around Iowa for most of his life. Everybody knew him there and was used to him. They were home folks. He was afraid of getting out on the mound in New York, or Chicago, or Pittsburgh, with that one arm, in front of all those strangers. He figured they would come to see him not only because he might be pitching winning ball, but because he was a freak.

There was some more footless arguing back and forth, but it didn't get anywhere, and Johnny and Ellen got up to take their



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leave. I said to them, "Wait for me outside I'll be right with you. We want to be together tonight."

After the door closed behind them Spikes said to me, "That sure was a great idea of yours, Sam. And two hundred and fifty dollars for expenses. Ballplayers are all alike, a lot of ungrateful rats. You give 'em . . ."

I said, "Nuts . . ." which cut him short. I'd had an idea, and his conversation wasn't helping it develop any. It was one of those crazy long shots that just pop into your head out of nowhere and go "Bong!"

I asked, "Will you let me have your home phone number, Spikes?"

"Home phone number? What for?"

"I might want to call you up later tonight."

Shelton said, "Oh, give it to him, Spikes. What's the difference?"

Spikes cooled off enough to ring up a bull's-eye and growled, "Pelham 342."

I wrote it down and said, "Thanks. If anything turns up I'll call you later," and went out, picked up Johnny and Ellen Avery and took them downstairs and up Broadway to the broker who chisels my theater tickets for me.

On the way up I told them, "Mary will be tickled to death you're in town. I've told her all about you. I'll get a couple of duckets for a show and Ellen and Mary can go together and we'll meet them at Sardi's later."

"Why, where are we going?" Johnny asked innocently.

"Out to Long Island." And then I explained to him about some of the hospitals out there where the kids back from overseas were holed up and how some of the guys in our racket had a regular night when we went out and fooled around with them.

I said, "It's my night . . . How about coming along? We just sit around and shoot the bull with 'em for a while. They'll get a big kick out of talking to a real ballplayer."

What was he going to do—say no?

An hour later we were both in a station wagon behind a pair of very appetizing little numbers in Red Cross uniforms, being driven out to Renfrew Field Hospital at Glenville, Long Island.

WE WENT into Ward Nine with the gray lady who was on duty, a nice, motherly sort of soul. Johnny Avery stuck right close by me. You know a lot of those kids are pretty badly banged up. Some of those beds have those contraptions over them to keep a leg or an arm up in the air. It was his first experience with that kind of thing. It'll kind of cool off most anybody the first time.

When we walked in, the kids in the beds gave us the once-over, with that "Who are these mugs?" kind of look they have until they come to know you. You get used to that too.

We stopped off at a bed, and the gray lady introduced us. She said, "This is Corporal Dowson. He was at Anzio and has just come back. This is Mr. White and Mr. Avery who have come to see you. They do something in sports . . ."

I said, "Hello, Dowson, how are you?"

The kid wasn't having any. He lay on his cot, with the sheet pulled up to his chin, not even his hands showing, and in his eyes was "that look." He was hurt inside as well as out.

He sort of mumbled "Okay," and then turned his eyes away. Ordinarily, I would have said, "Well, see you later," and walked on because when the kids don't feel like being visited with, you learn to leave 'em alone. But there was Avery, who was getting jittery, and I was afraid the rebuff might throw him. So I took a chance and said:

"This is Johnny Avery. He's a pitcher and a good one. He pitched Des Moines into the Little Three championship two years ago, and won eighteen games."

Dowson's eyes came back slowly and he looked Johnny Avery over. He looked him all over. He didn't miss anything. Then he said, "No kiddin'."

Johnny said, "Oh, I don't know. I hadda lotta luck that year. We had a good hitting club that'd go out and make runs for a pitcher. It ain't hard to win when they hit behind you. . . ."

"Johnny wouldn't tell you he won the deciding game against Cedar Rapids by belting a homer with two on," I added.

"No kiddin'," said Dowson and kept staring at Johnny. Something else was taking the place of "that look," in his eyes.

A voice asked, "You say you was a pitcher?"

It was a tough-looking guy in a wheel chair who had rolled up. That's the way it goes in a ward. If there's something that interests them they'll be all around you suddenly, in wheel chairs, and the kids that can walk, with crutches, or without. We had a half a dozen all of a sudden and I introduced Johnny and we started to fan baseball. The kids in the neighboring beds were sitting up and joining in too. Johnny forgot about being embarrassed or nervous and got to answering their questions.

The guy in the wheel chair asked, "How do ya hold the ball for a fadeaway?"

Johnny said, "Well . . . if I had a ball . . ."

The word was passed down the ward, "Anybody got a ball?" All the kids had fallen kind of silent and were looking at Johnny in a funny kind of way, and there was some whispering going on. Somebody produced a baseball, an autographed one that some previous visiting athlete had left. You could feel the little stir that ran through them when the ball was handed to him.

And then I got it. They didn't believe it. I mean about Johnny being a pro-ball pitcher. It was a kind of a test.

Sure, they believed it when he got the ball. The apple practically disappeared in his big paw, and the way his fingers took the seams and his knuckles shaped themselves for the various throws—it all said "pitcher" . . .

I PASSED the word quietly to an orderly to see if he could find a bat around somewhere. Then I said, "Do you guys really want to see something? Then watch this."

I motioned to Johnny to get halfway down the ward, a distance of about fifteen yards, and then took up the ball and got into position. The gray lady let out a little squeal and said, "My goodness, you aren't going to play baseball in here, are you?"

"This's easy," I replied. "Nobody's going to get hurt."

Johnny knew what was coming. He should have. Gee whiz, hadn't we done that a hundred times in an afternoon back on the farm when we were kids and he was practicing to handle grounders with his bare hand.

I wound up and skidded that ball at Johnny across the waxed floor as hard as I could. He came in, stooped a little and picked it off the floor. The pull-away, by means of which he killed the speed of the ball by moving his hand in the same direction in which the ball was traveling, brought his arm up into perfect throwing position. From sheer force of habit he poised, and even got that ballplayer's look on his face before he lets go the peg to a base.

I yelled, "Home, Johnny!" and he faked a throw, but held on to the ball and they all laughed.

Dowson, who had raised his head off the pillow to watch the show, said, "Hot diggety!"

A guy on crutches grinned and said, "How about that now!"

NOBODY needed to tell them of the hours of practice Johnny must have put in to perfect himself at fielding a ground ball or hot liner, with one gloveless hand.

When Johnny got back to our gang—there were about fifteen of us now, including the gray lady—the bat was leaning up against Dowson's bed. Instinctively, Johnny reached for it and hefted it the way any ballplayer will when he sees a bat.

All those pairs of eyes were fairly burning into him, watching, weighing, studying every move. Johnny's sleeve fell back from his wrist as he feathered the bat and his forearm looked like brown leather over steel. Boy, there was power there. He handled the bat like a matchstick as he fell into a batter's stance with the willow cocked at an easy angle, shoulder-high.

You could just *feel* them thinking, "So that's how he does it . . . Probably stands out from the plate further . . . Bet he can bunt like a streak. . . ."

So I gave them the big one. I said, "Johnny's just spent a couple of hours with McNerny. Spikes wants to sign him up to pitch for the New Yorks this year."

"Hey! No foolin'!"

"Spikes McNerny!"

"Boy! Pitch for the New Yorks!"

"How about that!"

It was a sensation. If I'd said he was going to run for president, it wouldn't have gone over so big.

Dowson, his eyes shining, said, "The New Yorks! Hot diggety!" In his excitement, he sat up, leaning on his right elbow so that the covers slipped down from his shoulders. "You're going to do it, aren't you, sir?"

He was looking at Johnny Avery with a kind of hungry fascinated eagerness in his eyes. They were all looking at Johnny now, not saying anything, and waiting for his answer.

Johnny had that sort of deprecating expression on his face, the same that he had had in McNerny's office and he opened his mouth to say what he had to say and then closed it again.

For he had seen what I had seen. Dowson didn't have any left arm. There was just a thick, flat bandage there that came flush with his left shoulder. I could tell by Johnny's face the struggle that was cutting him to pieces inside.

So there was just that awful, long silence, through which the comfortable, motherly voice of the gray lady fell like a ton of feathers:

"How nice. Is that something important?"

She didn't get it. She didn't know what it was all about. How would she? But everybody else knew. And by now, Johnny did, too, because it was written in his eyes and his seamed, leathery face.

All of a sudden he had got it. It had come to him what it was all about and how much his decision meant to those kids with their crutches and bandages and wheel chairs and apparatus all around him, and all the thousands more that he didn't even know.

He saw that in a way he had become their faith for the future, and their standard-bearer, all those who had had parts of their fine bodies torn away from them. He was feeling how much it meant to them to have him reach the highest pinnacle of his chosen profession, to stand out there on the mound, one-armed, self-reliant, no favors asked, and face the sluggers of the major league.

If that were true and possible and real, then all things were possible, and no man was handicapped beyond the limit of his own moxie and patience to lick it.

I didn't wonder what Johnny was going to do any more. I just waited for him to do it.

I could have kissed the big ape when his puss finally split in a grin and he said to Dowson, "You can bet your . . ." he stopped and blushed in deference to ladies present, and made it, "You're damn' tootin' I am. And if I don't win twenty games you can sell me for lean pork."

He may hear bigger cheers when he gets into the World Series, but he'll never as long as he lives hear anything that can touch his heart more than the one that went up from those kids. . . .

SO THAT April, I didn't go up to the ball yard for the opening game. Instead I went out to Renfrew Hospital, and sat with the kids in Ward Nine, and listened to it on the radio.

They were all there, including Dowson, who was up out of bed, when the broadcaster switched us to the field so we could hear the announcer call out, "Batreeeeez for today: For Boston: Emmerich pitching, Hannigan catching. For Noo York: Avery pitching, Bastiano catching. . . ."

The tough kid in the wheel chair, who had lost a foot said, "Damn, boy, les' go. Give 'em the ol' fadeaway. . . ."

The announcer began to babble, "Johnny Avery takes his windup, Carmichal is facing him, waving that big black bat, here comes the pitch and it's a—*strike* . . ." We could hear the umpire faintly through the mike bawling, "Steeeee-rike!"

All the guys laughed and some of them imitated the umps and hollered. "Steeeee-rike!" A kid on crutches said, "Sock it to 'em, Johnny, ol' boy."

The announcer took it up again: "Now Avery has the ball again and is looking to Bastiano for the signal. He's got it. He winds up. The pitch and . . ." We could hear the click of wood on ball. "Carmichal swings . . . it's a hit . . . no . . . no . . . NO . . . Avery makes a barehanded stop of the hot grounder—a magnificent stop, boy, what a stop . . . throws . . . Carmichal is out by a foot . . . lissen to that crowd. . . ."

The thunder of applause sounded like surf in the radio box.

Corporal Dowson did a little dance step in his hospital slippers and said, "Hot diggety! He's sumpn', ain't he?"

In Corporal Dowson's right hand, the one that remained to him, there was a small rubber ball. All the time I had been there, and all the rest of the game, his fingers pressed, and squeezed and kneaded it, to give them that extra strength and skill to enable them to do whatever it was Dowson wanted to do when his time should come to go forth and follow in the footsteps of Johnny Avery.

THE END

YOUR HONOR, I'LL EXPLAIN

LOCALE	CHARGE	EXPLANATION
Danville, Ill.	**Driving with last year's plates**	"I tried hard, but I couldn't get them off."
Troy, N. Y.	**Arson**	He couldn't sleep nights, so he set fires.
New York	**Smoking in subway**	A stranger offered him a cigarette, and he didn't want to be impolite.
Cleveland	**Speeding**	He was passing a cemetery and was so scared he didn't know he was going fast.
New York	**Banditry**	He needed money to buy a tombstone for the grave of his deceased mother.
Cleveland	**Reckless driving**	She ran her car into her husband in order to sober him.

—W. E. Farbstein

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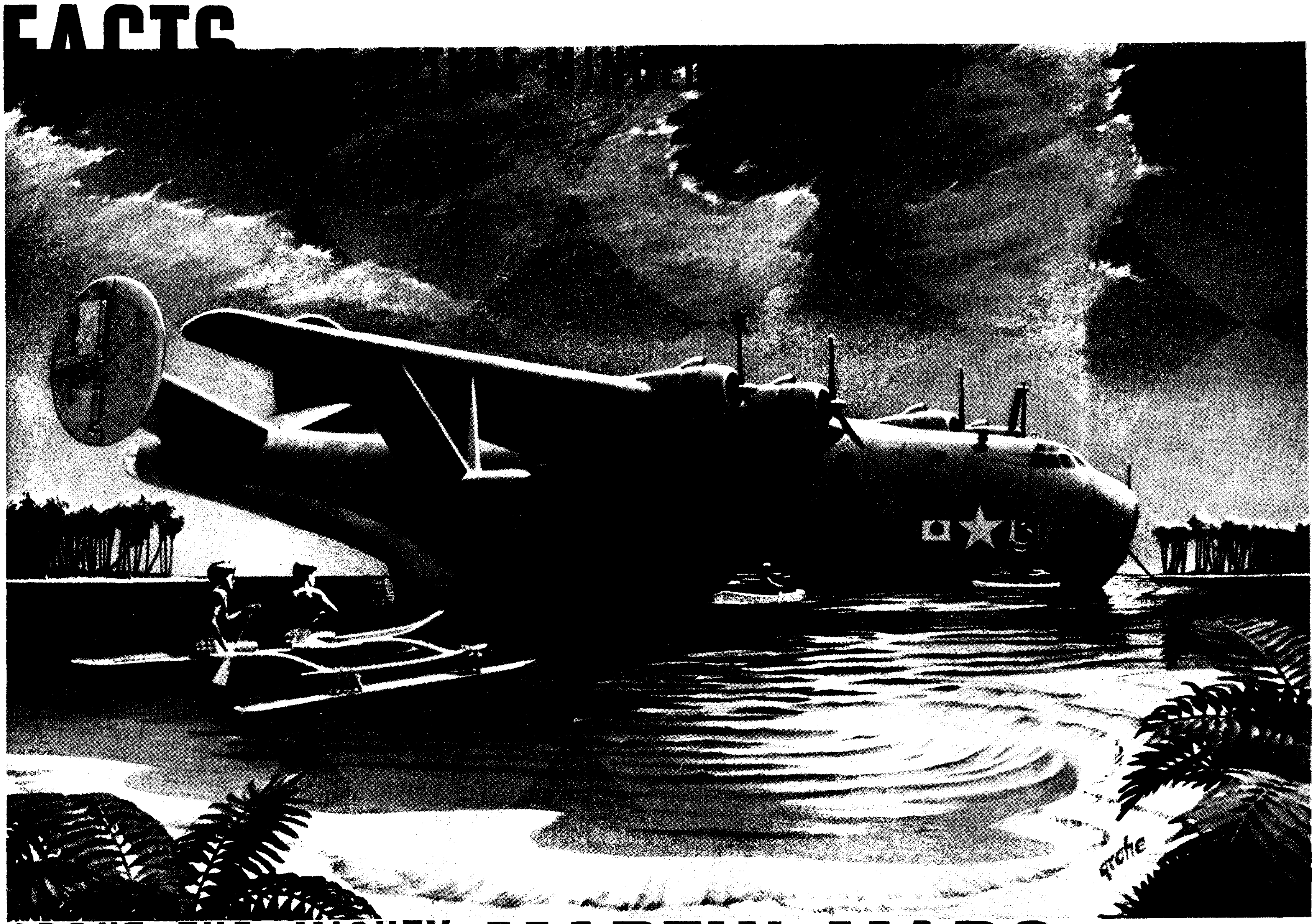

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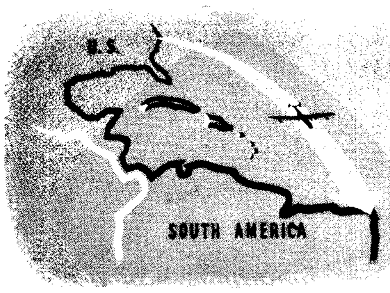
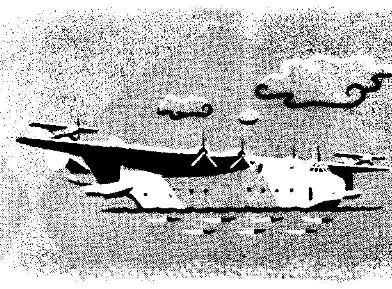
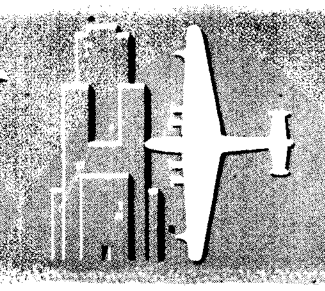


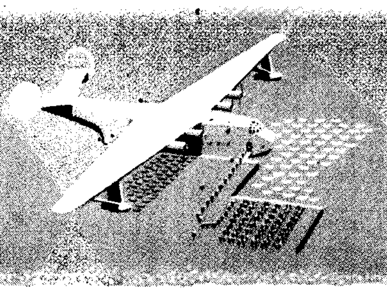
4375 Miles, Non-Stop from Maryland to Natal, Brazil, were flown by the Mars. She carried 16 persons, 13,000 lbs. of mail, broke many records. When fully fueled, the Mars carries more than a tank-car of fuel for her four 2200 h.p. engines.



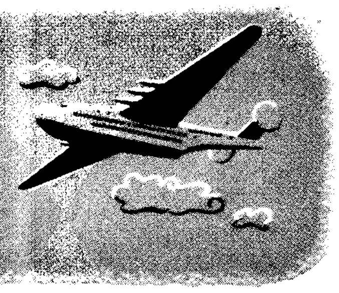
From an Actual Photo of the Mars showing a standard sport plane on each wing, this gives some idea of her size. Mars' wings are so thick that members of the crew can enter them to service or repair engines while in flight.



If Stood on One Wing, the other wingtip would tower 200 feet into the air . . . higher than a 20-story building. Three million rivets were used in the Mars. She contains 7½ miles of wiring, 1.9 miles of piping, uses 24 interplane telephones.



150 Soldiers, Fully Equipped, could be easily transported by the Martin Mars. Her content of 16,665 cubic feet is equivalent to the content of a 14 to 16 room mansion. When fully loaded, before flight, she draws 5 feet of water.



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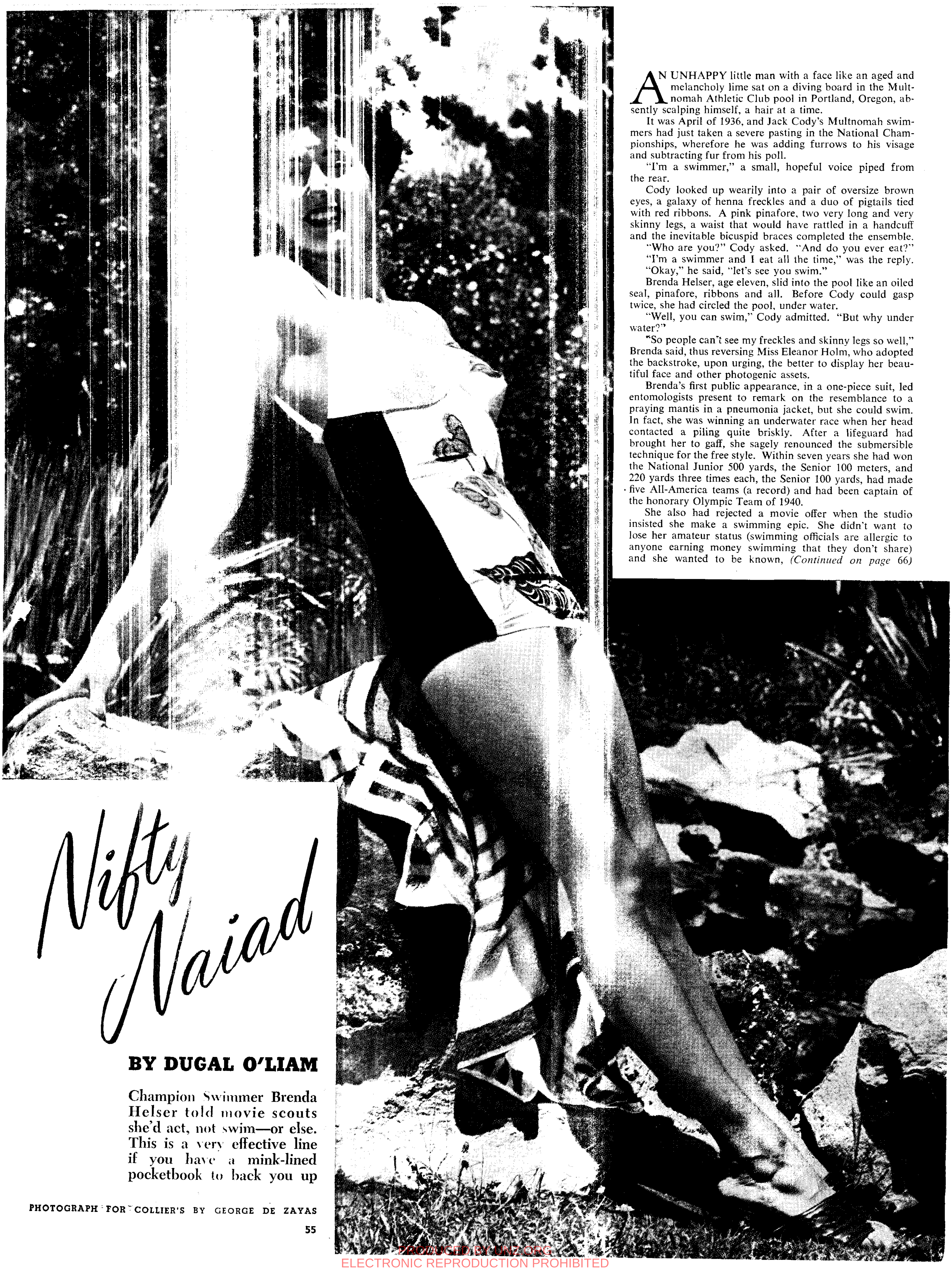


Nifty Naiad

BY DUGAL O'LIAM

Champion Swimmer Brenda Helser told movie scouts she'd act, not swim—or else. This is a very effective line if you have a mink-lined pocketbook to back you up

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

AN UNHAPPY little man with a face like an aged and melancholy lime sat on a diving board in the Multnomah Athletic Club pool in Portland, Oregon, absently scalping himself, a hair at a time.

It was April of 1936, and Jack Cody's Multnomah swimmers had just taken a severe pasting in the National Championships, wherefore he was adding furrows to his visage and subtracting fur from his poll.

"I'm a swimmer," a small, hopeful voice piped from the rear.

Cody looked up wearily into a pair of oversize brown eyes, a galaxy of henna freckles and a duo of pigtails tied with red ribbons. A pink pinafore, two very long and very skinny legs, a waist that would have rattled in a handcuff and the inevitable bicuspid braces completed the ensemble.

"Who are you?" Cody asked. "And do you ever eat?"

"I'm a swimmer and I eat all the time," was the reply.

"Okay," he said, "let's see you swim."

Brenda Helser, age eleven, slid into the pool like an oiled seal, pinafore, ribbons and all. Before Cody could gasp twice, she had circled the pool, under water.

"Well, you can swim," Cody admitted. "But why under water?"

"So people can't see my freckles and skinny legs so well," Brenda said, thus reversing Miss Eleanor Holm, who adopted the backstroke, upon urging, the better to display her beautiful face and other photogenic assets.

Brenda's first public appearance, in a one-piece suit, led entomologists present to remark on the resemblance to a praying mantis in a pneumonia jacket, but she could swim. In fact, she was winning an underwater race when her head contacted a piling quite briskly. After a lifeguard had brought her to gaff, she sagely renounced the submersible technique for the free style. Within seven years she had won the National Junior 500 yards, the Senior 100 meters, and 220 yards three times each, the Senior 100 yards, had made five All-America teams (a record) and had been captain of the honorary Olympic Team of 1940.

She also had rejected a movie offer when the studio insisted she make a swimming epic. She didn't want to lose her amateur status (swimming officials are allergic to anyone earning money swimming that they don't share) and she wanted to be known, *(Continued on page 66)*

The Strange Case of Paul McNutt

Continued from page 26

by racing from delegation to delegation on the floor, Mr. McNutt gained a hearing, and withdrew in a fervent speech that begged respect for the wish of the "Chief."

Now indeed the star of Paul McNutt climbed to high place in the Washington firmament. If, as widely believed, his Presidential candidacy had irritated and displeased, there was no sign of it after the Chicago performance. In December he was given charge of Health Defense and Welfare, in addition to his other duties, and did a masterly job of liquidation with respect to certain activities that had mushroomed into a public scandal.

In April, 1942—crowning honor of all—the President placed the tall Indianian at the head of the newly formed War Manpower Commission. Vested with full power and held to equally full responsibility, Mr. McNutt was "to formulate plans and programs and establish basic national policies to assure the most effective mobilization and maximum utilization of the nation's manpower," and to "estimate the requirements of manpower for industry, review all other estimates of needs for military, agricultural and civilian manpower and direct the several departments and agencies of the government as to the proper allocation of available manpower."

If words meant anything, Paul McNutt was to be the Big Boss over the country's factories and fields, filling the gaps left by the nation's call to arms, and seeing to it that the claims of the Armed Forces, industry and agriculture were kept in proper balance. That this was the President's intent soon stood proved. When the Army and the Navy began to show a lack of regard for the needs of other claimants, he ended the independent status of the Selective Service System and made it an integral part of the War Manpower Commission.

Ban on the Labor Draft

It was at this point that advocates of a National War Service law began to make themselves heard. If soldiers could be drafted for the firing line, why not workers for the production line? An orderly assignment to jobs instead of the hit-or-miss and pell-mell. Appearing before a Congressional committee, Mr. McNutt made frank admission that the universal draft of manpower might well prove "inevitable." On the instant organized labor shouted its protest, the White House let its disapproval become known, and thumbs were turned down both in the House and Senate.

As a result, the WMC announced the adoption of a "voluntary system," and started off with a list of "nondeferrable activities and occupations"—a sensible list, for it included all persons engaged in luxury trades and manufactures, personal service, etc., etc.

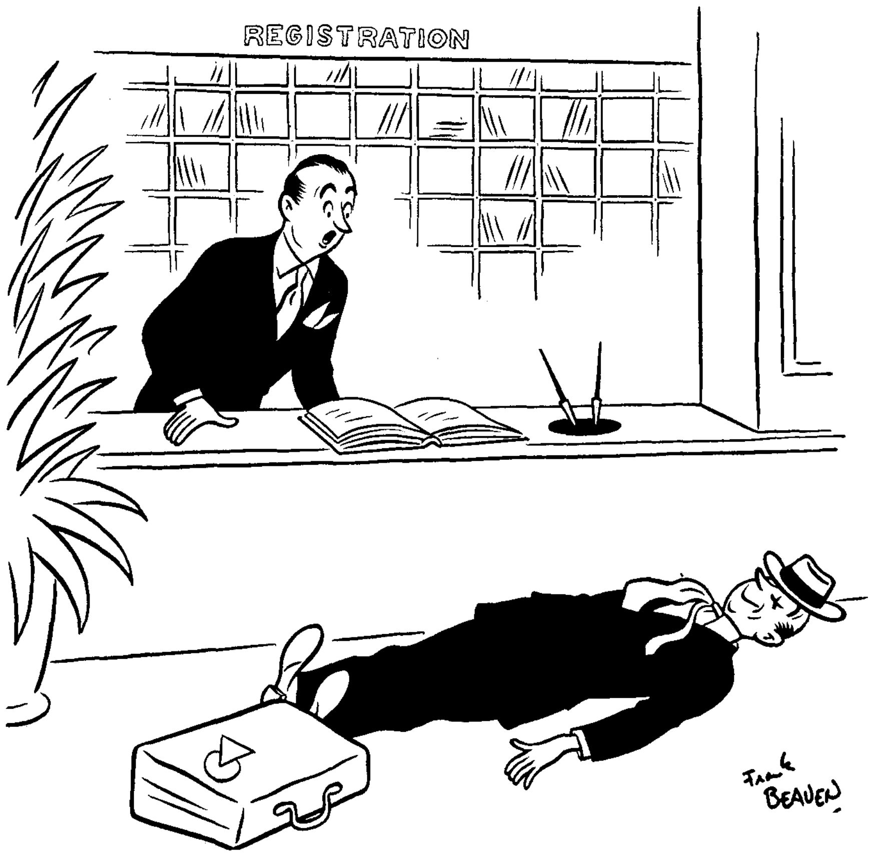
Not content with draining these pools, Mr. McNutt turned to other sources, using persuasion. Millions of women were induced to take employment in field and factory, and other millions, considered ineligible in peacetime, were lured into slacks and overalls. A success, for in spite of the millions taken from industry and agriculture by the Armed Forces, production doubled and trebled.

Incredibly enough, it was at this proud moment that Paul McNutt's star began a downward shoot. Suddenly word spread that the White House had a spectacular triple play in mind. Harold Ickes was to be made head of a combined War Manpower Commission and Department of Labor; Paul McNutt was to be switched over to Interior, and Miss Perkins to the chairmanship of the Social Security Board. The rumor died out in a week or two, but only after it had upset everybody and everything.

On January 25, 1943, however, while Mr. McNutt was still breathing hard, the President transferred farm placement from WMC to the Department of Agriculture—without warning and without explanation. A body blow, for with farm workers the business of Claude Wickard, Paul McNutt was stripped of control over the delicate balance between the manpower needs of industry and agriculture. As if it were not crippling enough, Congress followed by severe cuts in the appropriations for the United States Employment Service, overriding Mr. McNutt's anguished pleas that it was the very heart of his "voluntary system."

In April, the President loosed another executive order that hit unhappy Paul in a second vital spot. The problem of "congested production areas," meaning those sections of the country with a shortage of manpower, was taken away from WMC and placed under a committee headed by the Director of the Budget. Just why was never explained. And then, in May, the Office of War Mobilization burst into being with Jimmy Byrnes at its head. Here was an over-all body vested with supreme authority, and yet WMC was not only left out but was also denied representation. Secretary Stimson, Secretary Knox, Donald Nelson, Harry Hopkins and others had seats at the council table, but not Paul McNutt.

Following this, the Fair Employment Practices setup was lifted out of WMC by executive order and made an independent agency with a $10,000-a-year director. Mr. McNutt, at least, soon had the satisfaction of being able to mutter "I told you so." By argument and persuasion he had done much to end the discrimination against minority groups, and, even though slowly, the prejudices of industry and organized labor were being beaten down. Fair Employment Practices, as an independent body, aroused angry resistance by arbitrary orders, and soon undid all the WMC had accomplished.



"Why, yes, we have a choice of several nice rooms. Would you like—oh, goodness!"

COLLIER'S

FRANK BEAVEN

Worse was still to come. By the spring of 1943, it stood clear that the increased needs of the Armed Forces would compel the drafting of fathers. Both Secretary Stimson and Secretary Knox expressed themselves to that effect, and Paul McNutt backed them up. There was no question, he said, that fathers would have to be drafted, and it was only common honesty to let them know it. Congress, dissenting with a loud roar, ignored Messrs. Stimson and Knox and proceeded to make Mr. McNutt the whipping boy.

A bill, hastily enacted into law by the House and Senate, laid down these three commands: The drafting of fathers was to be delayed until the last possible second; the WMC lists of nondeferrable occupations and activities were nullified, and the order was given that no more should be issued; thirdly and brutally, the President was told that he could delegate draft authority *only* to the Director of the Selective Service System.

Paul McNutt, leaving no doubt as to his position, fought the bill from start to finish. In repeated appearances before Congressional committees, he said that its passage would sabotage the sound administration of the over-all manpower program and tear apart the co-operative relations established for the recruitment of men for the Armed Forces, industry, agriculture and the whole civilian economy. Why upset a combination that was working harmoniously and effectively? He might as well have saved his breath.

The President was in Cairo at the time, and the bill was flown to him. Nobody in Washington, not even Congress, thought that he would sign it, for only one short year before he had placed the Selective Service System in WMC, stating explicitly that that was where it belonged. Nevertheless, back came the bill with Franklin D. Roosevelt's signature duly attached.

At once the rumor swept Washington that Paul McNutt would resign, but the chairman of WMC sat close-lipped although a bright red about the gills, when the correspondents swarmed in. The President, returning from Cairo, admitted that the bill had "harmful features," but he assured a press conference that the damage would be repaired in large measure. This, he explained, was to be done by having Director Hershey consult with Chairman McNutt.

All this in December, 1943. Now came the New Year, and on January 11th the President reported to Congress on the state of the Union. Suddenly Senators and Representatives sat bolt upright, for, tucked away in the middle of the address, was a ringing declaration in favor of a National War Service act. Quote: "I am convinced of its necessity." End quote.

Not only was this news in itself, but for the added reason that Paul McNutt had just announced a tour in support of his "voluntary system." Six dates were scheduled, and advance copies of his speeches were sent out to the press under release dates.

No question that Mr. McNutt was caught with his trousers down, and once again the newspapers were filled with reports of his resignation. Certainly the stage was all set for it. Not only was Congress openly hostile to any universal draft of manpower, but so were organized labor, industry and agriculture. As in December, however, the "good soldier" made it plain that he would stick to his post.

Even so, he did refuse to distend his gullet by any sword-swallowing, making this statement to a Congressional committee: "It is little less than tragic to displace voluntary co-operation with military and bureaucratic processes. I would have welcomed something of this kind eighteen months ago, but the job has been done on a voluntary basis. Why undo it?"

Congress, plainly approving his views, sat tight. The President, evidently unwilling to buck the line, switched to an end run and issued this statement on February 26th: "Selective Service has not delivered the quantity of men who were expected. . . . This means today we are still short approximately 200,000 trained men. . . . The Army will not reach its planned January strength until some time in April, or even later if Selective Service continues to fall behind on its quotas. The nation's manpower pool has been dangerously depleted by liberal deferments, and I am convinced that in this respect we have been overly lenient, particularly with regard to the younger men. Almost 5,000,000 men have been deferred for occupational reasons. . . . Agriculture and industry should release the younger men who are physically qualified for military service. The present situation is so grave that I feel the time has come to review all occupational deferments with a view to speedily making available the personnel required by the Armed Forces."

Of the many boots received by Paul McNutt, this was the lustiest. The crippling of his Employment Service, the taking away of Selective Service, the lack of a voice in OWM, the President's blast for National War Service as opposed to McNutt's voluntary plan—all of these had bruised and maimed, but stripping him of power over occupational deferment drew blood. Still standing before the country as solely responsible for the allocation of manpower, his last authority was now pinched away.

Only Half of the Picture

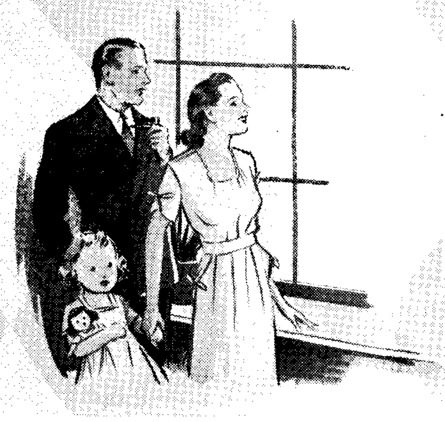
On the heels of the President's statement, the Production Executive Committee of the WPB pushed forward. Although supposedly part of Donald Nelson's organization, it was dominated by the Army, the Navy and the Maritime Commission, and these three worked as a unit. Stressing the remarks about liberal deferments and overleniency, the combination brushed industry and agriculture to one side and considered only their own asserted needs.

Bloody but unbowed, Mr. McNutt stayed in the ring and kept on punching. Granted that needs of the Armed Forces came first, possessing an undisputed priority, was no thought at all to be given to production? What about oil, synthetic rubber, railroads, communications, food and coal? Didn't the Committee have the eyes to see that all claimants for manpower had to be brought into the picture, else chaos would ensue? That there had to be an orderly and unified approach to the problem?

Strong arguments, and backed in detail by Donald Nelson. As a result, late March found Mr. McNutt back in the driver's seat. At least, there was an announcement that all claimants would be permitted to file a statement of needs, and that WMC would exercise the responsibility of making allocations and preserving necessary balances. Also, soon thereafter, a press release told of the creation of a WMC Inter-Agency Committee on Occupational Deferments, with Mr. McNutt as chairman ex officio.

A short-lived truce, for April brought a new outburst. With what amounted to panic, the Armed Forces cried their immediate need of men. All under 26 must be drafted without regard to occupation, and all over 26 unless in provedly essential occupations. Induction calls had to be filled even at "the expense of production." The needs of other manpower claimants could be met by drain-

Dear Mr. and Mrs. H. O. or H. P.*

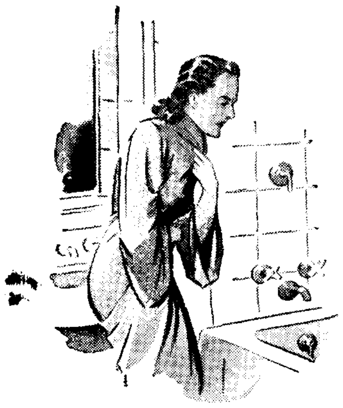


How would YOU answer these important questions?

Check YES or NO

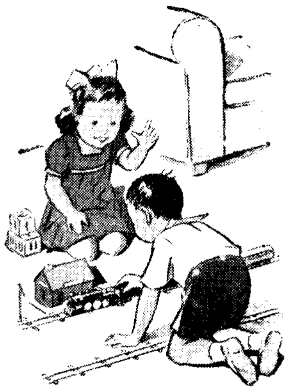
	Yes	No
Do you think your fuel bill is too high?	☐	☐
Have you roasted in the living room, in order to maintain a livable temperature in the rest of the house?	☐	☐
Do you realize the impossibility of maintaining a comfortable temperature all over a house, whether big or little, with one little thermostat on the wall in one room?	☐	☐

Have you found your kitchen too hot when cooking or washing dishes?	☐	☐
Does your furnace or boiler supply heat when your thermostat demands it and then during the "off period" does your house feel chilly before the heat comes on again? .	☐	☐



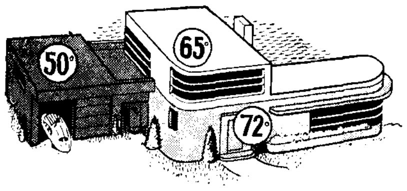
Do your radiators get too hot, then too cold, or do your registers send out hot blasts and then cool down, causing a chill to set in?	☐	☐
Is your bathroom too cold for comfort?	☐	☐
Is the sunny side of your house warmer than the other sides, and is the windward side always colder?	☐	☐

* HOME OWNER or HOME PLANNER



	Yes	No
Are your rooms hotter at the ceiling than at the floor?	☐	☐
Are your floors drafty and too cold for the children to play on?	☐	☐
Wouldn't you like to maintain selected temperatures in various rooms of the house?	☐	☐

(For example, 72 degrees in your living room, 65 degrees in your bedrooms, 50 degrees in your built-in garage or storage rooms.)



Don't you want to save the fuel now being used to heat an unoccupied bedroom, or make it available for the living room? . . .	☐	☐

If you are a typical homeowner, your answer to all of these questions is YES. Now consider this question:

Is there anything that goes into a home that contributes more to the comfort, health and happiness of the family than an adequate, properly controlled heating system?	☐	☐

We believe your answer to this one will be a great, big NO. And, if so, you are ready for the BIG ANSWER to all of these heating problems. It is the remarkable heating control system recently developed by Minneapolis-Honeywell engineers for postwar homes. This unique control system is called MODUFLOW.

Moduflow operates on an entirely different principle from ordinary "on and off" control systems. It furnishes a continuous flow of heat at just the proper temperature required by outside weather conditions. It eliminates the drafts, cool periods and over-heating caused by intermittent heat supply.

Every home, however modest, can enjoy the comfort and economy of a MODUFLOW control system. Before you remodel, or build your new postwar home, you owe it to yourself to get all the facts about MODUFLOW. Mail the coupon today for your free copy of the interesting booklet "Heating and Air Conditioning the Postwar Home".

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Heating
THE POSTWAR HOME

FREE

ing the 4F pool. Now came the chaos that had been prophesied. From every section of the country rose the protests of farmers and manufacturers.

Before WMC and WPB could rally to meet the new attack the clamor died away into embarrassed gurgles. Instead of screams for more men, the order went out to draft boards from Selective Service to "put a brake" on all inductions. Thousands of men, many of whom had given up their jobs, straggled forlornly back to homes and families.

A Slight Mathematical Error!

In the silence that followed, the Army admitted that it was up to 7,700,000, a figure that had not been anticipated until July. So sorry, but a mistake in addition! As for the Navy, it had neglected to count some 30,000 officer personnel, and between forty and fifty thousand 17-year-olds in training.

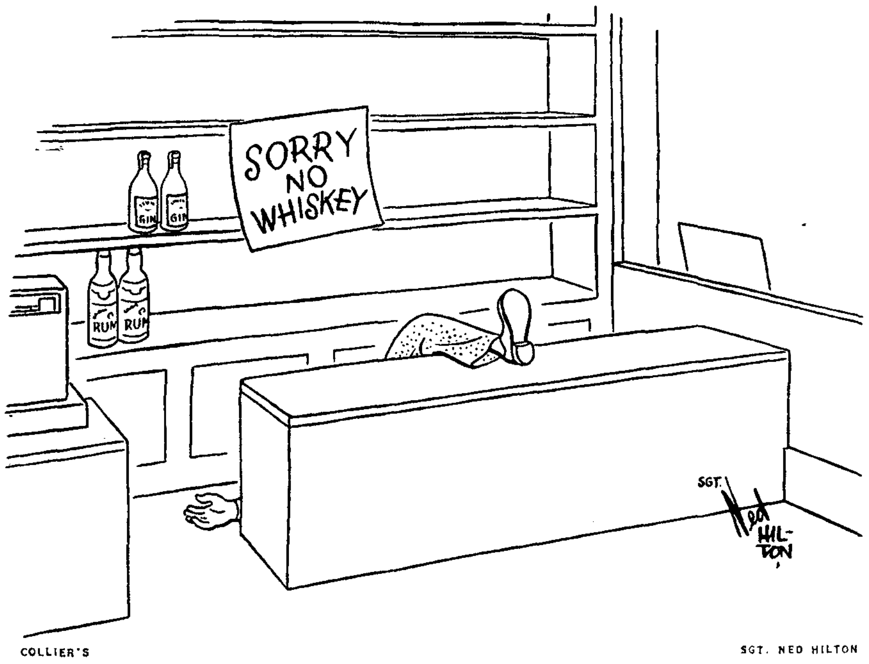
On April 11th, a WMC press release disclosed that the Inter-Agency Committee on Occupational Deferments had reached agreement on a "list of critical activities and programs." Along with the Army, Navy and Maritime Commission, these agencies were set down as entitled to equal consideration: the Rubber Administration, the Office of Defense Transportation, the Petroleum Administration, War Shipping Administration, Board of War Communications, the War Food Administration, Co-ordinator of Fisheries, and certain programs of the WPB. By way of gently emphasizing his victory, the release also stated that Mr. McNutt was insisting on deferments for coal miners in specified areas, and for such premedical and predental students as were within twenty-four months of completing their courses.

Pressing his advantage, he followed up on June 11th by announcing a program of priority job referrals and employment ceilings. In plain, a ukase designed to hold male workers in essential jobs once so placed; to recruit workers for such jobs from less essential activities; to shift workers from areas which may have available labor to areas which need more manpower.

And that, at the present writing, is the way things stand. Interesting, but not very explanatory. Why Paul McNutt has been made to run the gantlet still remains a puzzle. And why he has taken punishment without visible sign of resentment is an even greater mystery. He himself keeps a tight mouth and, in public at least, carries on as beamingly as though he had never known a kick or cuff.

Friends, however, are less reticent, and, since all agree, it may be the answer. Here is what they say: "Never think that Paul hasn't minded. He's as sensitive as proud, and if you took his heart out, you'd find that every hobnail has left its mark. But he's all hopped up by the conviction that he has been called to the colors by the Commander in Chief. Just as a soldier doesn't quit when the going gets tough, so does Paul look on resignation at this time as a form of desertion. More than that, he feels that he knows how to do the manpower job and hugs the hope that the necessary authority will be handed back to him. And maybe he's right. Anything can happen here in Washington, and generally does."

THE END



COLLIER'S SGT. NED HILTON

Any Week

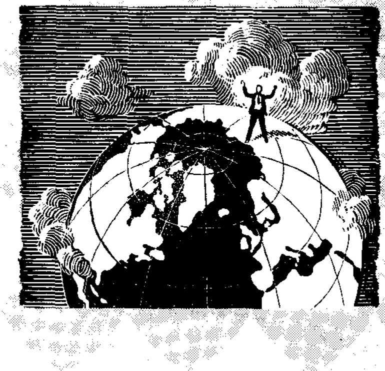
Continued from page 4

but that the secretary forgot to take his name. Mr. Gover has acted upon our suggestion that the name of his party—United Protestant Party—be changed. It is now the United Protestants Party, which will include Methodists and Presbyterians. The platform promises "an up-to-date money system that will abolish wars and taxes and cut the working day to four hours. Also a home for every ex-serviceman in any state he chooses, and all government bonds redeemed in cash money." Mr. Gover warns that "persons who do not vote at both the primary and general elections will not be entitled to any of our gift awards this year." We wired Mr. Gover asking him whether we had been nominated for Vice-President. He replied: "Don't remember."

OUR mail this week has been very inferior. Mostly from dissatisfied customers. A few political tips, though. Several servicemen advise those parties who want the vote of our fighting men to nominate either Bob Hope, Lana Turner or Humphrey Bogart. But they're confident that both parties will go further and do worse.

"IN DENVER," says Mr. F. V. Taylor, "the sirens announced the arrival of D-Day. The wailing woke a seven-year-old boy who demanded an explanation. He was told it meant that the Allies were invading France. The lad thought it over, sighed deeply, lay back, said, 'Oh! Is that all? Uncle Joe will take care of it.' And he went peacefully back to sleep."

BUT Captain Robert (Roaring Robert) Rohrer of Los Angeles, California, is organizing an outfit which proposes to sue all successful office seekers who don't keep their campaign promises. He would also make all members of Congress responsible for what they say on the floor. Several people have told him that all this will necessitate federal legislation, constitutional amendments and such, and that he might find office holders opposed to such innovations. "In that case," says Captain Rohrer, "we shall personally horsewhip such dastardly public servants." Anyone joining the captain's movement (as yet unnamed) will receive a card and one horsewhip for his two dollars initiation fee. . . . W. D.



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is not our policy

We want you to know now what we are planning for post-war! Famous for over 35 years as the makers of America's finest cedar chests, we are getting set to make a startlingly new and boldly conceived line of other furniture items. Designs are now on paper.

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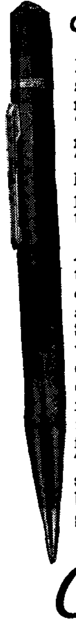
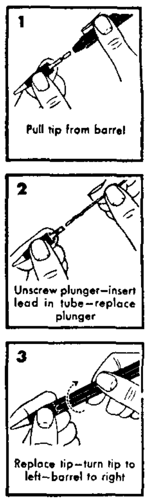


Breech loading construction makes easy refilling simple as "1-2-3" as shown at right! Exclusive Grip-Tite Tip construction holds leads firmly . . . prevents wobbling or turning.

Take good care of your *AUTOPOINT* Pencil—they're harder to get today because we're busy at war work for Uncle Sam. When Victory's won there'll be plenty of *AUTOPOINT* Pencils—with the famous features that make them *the* mechanical pencils for trouble-free writing. The pencil that makes such a perfect gift for business men or for organization use.


1
Pull tip from barrel
2
Unscrew plunger—insert lead in tube—replace plunger
3
Replace tip—turn tip to left—barrel to right

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Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna

Artist's Muddle

Continued from page 17

night. He seemed very happy, but she didn't.

After she had gone, Steve started suffering from uneasiness. Her attitude had been strange, the attitude of a girl who could be giving the quick brush to a suitor. It was not improbable that the paper he had stowed so carefully in his wallet was inscribed with phony numbers. His uneasiness wasn't allayed when he got back to town the next night and telephoned her. No one answered.

Monday evening he called her again. Expecting nothing, he was promptly connected with the young artist.

"This is Steve, your dream boy," he said. "The one who got you the steak. Remember?"

"How could I ever forget that steak?" Annie said. "What's cooking, Steve? Steaks?"

"Well, by an odd coincidence I'm hungry again. Shall we dine?"

"Gee, I wish I could, but there's a dissection at the medical center I have to attend."

"You jest," Steve said. "A dissection can always wait. Leave us go out and spend my money."

"I'm sorry," Annie replied, "I just can't. Tonight I'm trying my hand at it. This is a big occasion."

Steve laughed heartily. "Okay, have your joke and the other date. I'm broad-minded. How about tomorrow night?"

"Tomorrow night would be lovely."

STEVE was still laughing when he hung up. He stopped laughing and gave a small leap. Lighting a cigarette, he paused to consider. Joke, was it? Maybe she wasn't kidding. Holy smoke, she *might* be going to a dissection. Life was full of pitfalls and snares. There was something funny about this whole business. Suppose he had fallen in love with Jacqueline the Ripper? If he had fallen in love . . . And he had.

The next night he took Annie to dinner. She was lovely to look at and full of japes. Undoubtedly the dissection thing had been a gag. He was not the man to doubt anyone who danced so well and was a dead ringer for an angel. Just to prove the strength of his convictions, he took her out the next night.

Then there was a one-night interim. Annie said she had an operation to watch. Steve laughed. The way he was doing, those other guys would soon be out of the running.

Their third date brought both love and tragedy. They dined well and thereafter entered a convenient night club. It was dark, noisy and crowded, and they were wonderfully alone with about four hundred other people. Instead of dancing, Steve sat at the table and told Annie how wonderful she was.

Annie grew quite pale. "Steve," she said, "do you realize where this is leading?"

"Certainly," Steve said. "You get a blood test and fill out the license and have three days to think it over. It's the same old story."

"I can't give you anything but a definite maybe," Annie said.

They left the romantic clip joint eventually, and she asked Steve to stop at her apartment for a midnight snack. He went willingly, not having been farther than the lobby previously. The apartment was a large, two-bedroom affair, and one bedroom had been converted into a studio for Annie. She led him into the studio to wait while she got busy in the kitchen. Steve sat down comfortably and rose almost at once.

"Annie!" he yelled.

She came in immediately, white but composed. He gazed around incredulously. The place was littered with pictures he refused to believe.

"I thought this would happen," Annie said quietly. "That's why I wanted to get it over with."

"Is—is *this* what you do?"

Annie nodded compassionately. "I do the illustrations for medical books. I've been working out here for a year under Doctor Max Schost. Have you heard of him?"

Steve shook his head.

"I do a lot of eye and brain operation pictures for him," Annie said. "That's why I had to go to that dissection the other night. It's extremely important work, Steve."

He walked over and examined several of the pictures at closer range. Then he returned to her, his face an unattractive shade of green. He balanced himself against a desk.

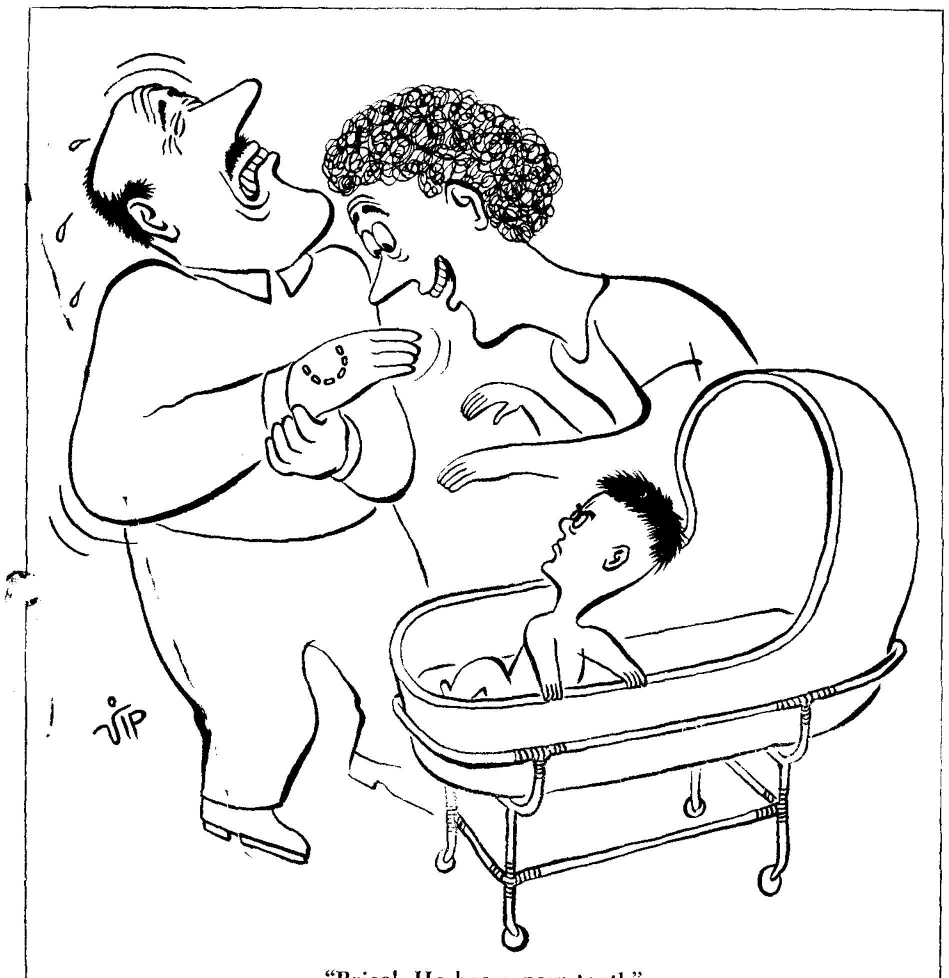
"Lovely," he said. "Beautiful coloring in that—that . . . never mind."

"I don't suppose you want anything to eat now."

Steve smiled feebly. "Do you happen to have an ordinary water glass, darling?"

"Yes, of course."

"Just fill it with brandy for me, please. I



COLLIER'S "Brice! He has a new tooth" VIRGIL PARTCH

Fairville Prepares for Post-War Flying

AFTER VICTORY you can land in your peacetime Piper Cub at Fairville and countless other towns which are building landing facilities today. These communities are looking ahead to the coming air age—providing flying facilities for their sons and daughters upon their return from the Service—guaranteeing themselves a prosperous future.

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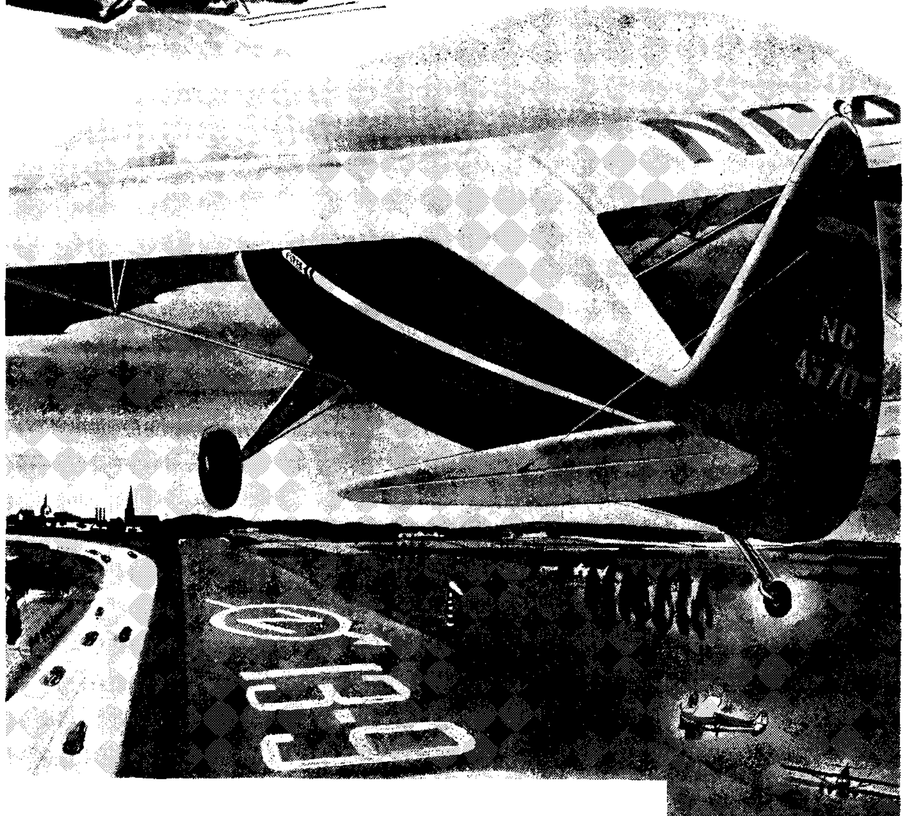

IS YOUR TOWN READY TO FLY? For the convenience of your citizens and to enjoy increased business, more community activity, connection with main airlines and many other benefits, your town should plan inexpensive landing facilities now! A new booklet, "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age", gives the why, where and how of building them. For your free copy, write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department R74W, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

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PIPER *Cub*

Points the Way to Wings for All Americans

think I'll rest here for a moment, it you don't mind."

"I haven't brandy," Annie asked. "How about whisky?"

Steve noticed a picture on the desk. He started violently. "What's that?" he said.

"The liver from a chronic alcoholic. You'll notice that—"

"Cancel my order for a drink," Steve said hastily. "Would you mind pointing to the nearest exit?"

He drew rein in the living room and mopped his forehead. His loved one had followed him with a sober face. They stared at each other for a moment in silence.

"I'm sorry I had to ask you up to see my etchings," Annie said, "but it was the only decent thing to do. I've had this trouble before. Unless they're doctors, they just can't take it."

"Listen," Steve said. "I love you. I want you to be the head of our family. If Boris Karloff was your uncle, or if your hobby was saving old hand grenades, I wouldn't care a bit. Even if you chewed cut plug I'd adore you. But those *rigor mortis* cartoons are too much."

"Check," Annie said. "I know how you feel, and I don't blame you. But those pictures happen to be my work. I guess the solution is for me to marry a doctor."

"The solution is to marry me and start painting what-do-you-call-'ems—bunches of flowers and grapes and stuff."

"Still lifes?"

"Anything you want, honey. Live lifes, still lifes, Washington crossing the Delaware. I'll buy you a house to paint, to begin with."

Annie smiled sadly. "Suppose you were getting married, Steve, and in return you had to give up your rivet gun in the factory, would you do it?"

"I'm not in the factory," Steve said, "and I never pack a rivet gun. I'm a test pilot."

"All right, would you give up flying?"

"That's not the point."

"It is with me," Annie said.

"Well, I suppose that does it," Steve said bitterly. "No rose-covered cottage, no new car together after the war, no little ones running in to ask Papa how he ever figured out his income tax. A few odds and ends with Latin names have spoiled our chances."

Annie stuck out her hand. "Let's part friends, Steve. I've enjoyed every minute with you, and I'll never forget that steak. Some day Mother will make you proud of her."

"It's been a pleasure to do business with you," Steve said. "I'll look forward to seeing your stuff every month in the medical journal."

THEY parted thus, and Steve went his way and Annie went to the operating amphitheater.

Inside of forty-eight hours the party of the first part was lonely. Try as he would, he could neither forget Annie nor her pictures. He gave up girls and dancing and took to piling up more hours in the air. Often he meditated on whether it was possible to have Annie and those illustrations, too. He wondered if a night-school course in embalming or preparation for a medical degree would help.

As a matter of curiosity, he borrowed a few professional books from the airplane plant physician and looked at the pictures. They made him dizzy. The situation seemed hopeless. He resolved to work hard all his life, make an enormous amount of money, and leave his whole fortune to a college for witch doctors. He would be a man dedicated to revenge.

In the midst of this, Peter Camden arrived, browned by tropical suns, loaded down with war sketches, and very pleased by what had happened in the Pacific. He burst in upon Steve one evening and was astounded by his brother's lackluster eyes and air of patient resignation. As he started to tell his tales, Steve raised a restraining hand.

"You are talking to a man," he said, "who has no more future than Tojo. Spare me your elaborate lies. I want to sit here and contemplate the ashes of my dreams."

"Hang-over, sonny?"

Steve shook his head. "I never drank much, but a girl I know cured me of drinking altogether. She also broke my heart."

"He's just perfected a cure for which there is no known disease!"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON

"Suh," Peter said, "the Virginia Camdens break hearts, but they do not have their own broken. Only carpetbaggers suffer from broken hearts."

"Is that a piece of airplane luggage you see in my hand?" Steve asked dully.

"Okay. Tell Uncle Pete the whole sordid story. What has this particular dame got the others haven't?"

"Pictures," Steve shuddered. "Very realistic pictures in lovely colors."

"You mean she's a rich collector and didn't feel you were a rare enough item?"

"No," *Steve said, "she draws 'em herself.* Pictures for medical books. The kind where you reach over and tap the guy on the shoulder and say, 'Pardon me, chum, but your duodenum is showing.'"

"Bless my heart," Peter said, and seemed impressed. "Why, nobody falls in love with girls like that. She probably has clumpy hair and wears thick glasses. You must set your sights a little higher, Stephen."

"She's a pin-up girl, you dope."

"Nevertheless, it's ridiculous. No one comes home to a little woman who is doing a water color of the articulation of the atlas with the epistropheus. I wouldn't object if she did landscapes, but—"

"Hey," Steve said, "wait a minute! I've got an idea!"

Hastily he told Peter the whole story, up to the point where the latter came in. His eyes were bright again, and his face cheerful. He had plans. Peter was going over and call upon the Rosa Bonheur of the skeletons.

"Wonderful," Peter said. "So what do I tell our Annie? That my brother is a good guy and she ought to break herself of peering into other people's thoraxes and—"

"No, *no, you don't get it" Steve told him.* "She thinks you are the greatest painter in the world. Your word would be law with her. All you have to do is go over and tell her that those landscapes she does in her spare time are the greatest things you ever saw—that she's crazy if she doesn't give up the medical work and concentrate where her true talent lies. She'll accept your judgment. The rest is easy. She gives up those post-mortem posters and starts painting little lambsie divies. Steve again appears on the scene. Romance. Organ music. Orange blossoms. Do I make myself clear?"

Rodney deSarro

COLLIER'S "I got his style figured out—he's an offensive fighter" RODNEY DE SARRO

"Fairly," Peter said. "When do I go, and what do I do if you faint when you see her medical work?"

"You go right now," Steve said. "It's not too late, and she'll probably be home. I don't go. I just sent you over because I remembered she admired you so much. You do the rest."

Peter was tired and wanted to go to bed. He thought tomorrow would be soon enough. Steve pointed out to him that the fate of two people was in his hands. There was not a moment to be lost. Some wolfish surgeon might pick Annie off any instant. He wrestled Peter into a hat and coat and shoved him out the door with the proper address.

An hour passed—two hours. Steve paced the floor and perspired a little. He thought wistfully of having a drink, but then he remembered that picture of Annie's and gave up the idea. The minutes dragged on. He fervently hoped his brother hadn't been stunned by the array of art and been unabl to open his mouth.

Finally Peter returned. His face was gloomy and his eyes were downcast. Steve's heart parachuted to his feet. "Tell me," he said. "I can take it."

"Look, Steve," Peter said. "You've got to realize what it means to be an artist. You never have, I know, but now's the time. A man has to have integrity. He's got to be honest. If he isn't, he's nothing. And there is a bond between artists. They talk a different language, and they have to be frank with each other."

"Go on," Steve said. "I've got all night."

"What could I do?" Peter said. "She's a brother craftsman. You can't lie to that kind of people no matter how much it hurts. Steve, I told her the truth. Her landscapes stink. I've seen better stuff done with crayons on the sidewalk in London. But her medical is terrific. I can't have the wasting of a talent like that on my conscience."

"I see," Steve said quietly, after a considerable silence. "Well, good night, all."

"Will you forgive me, sonny?" Peter asked.

"Who else?" Steve said. "Only I wish to propound one question: Was Benedict nold a member of our family? If he was, *you're a direct descendant.*"

"I THINK I'll go to bed," Peter said.

Steve sat quietly for fifteen minutes after he left, contemplating the broken shards of the future. There was no way out now. To say it was all over was a masterpiece of understatement. He could only wonder if attending a veterinary college would do any good.

The doorbell rang. He rose and opened the door. Annie stood smiling at him.

"Oh, hello," Steve said glumly, too low for surprise. "What's new at the morgue?"

"Your brother came to see me," Annie said. "It was sweet of you to send him."

"So I hear."

Annie's face was serious. "He told me the truth about my work, Steve. He's a fine, sincere man."

"That he is," Steve said. "He's going home in a trunk, but he doesn't know it yet."

"That was tough news about my landscapes," Annie said, "but I'm glad to know now. You know, I always hoped I could do something really fine in art. The rest of my work—even the medical part—was just preparation. I suppose I was kidding myself. It's all over."

"You can say that again," Steve said.

"There's something you can say again for me."

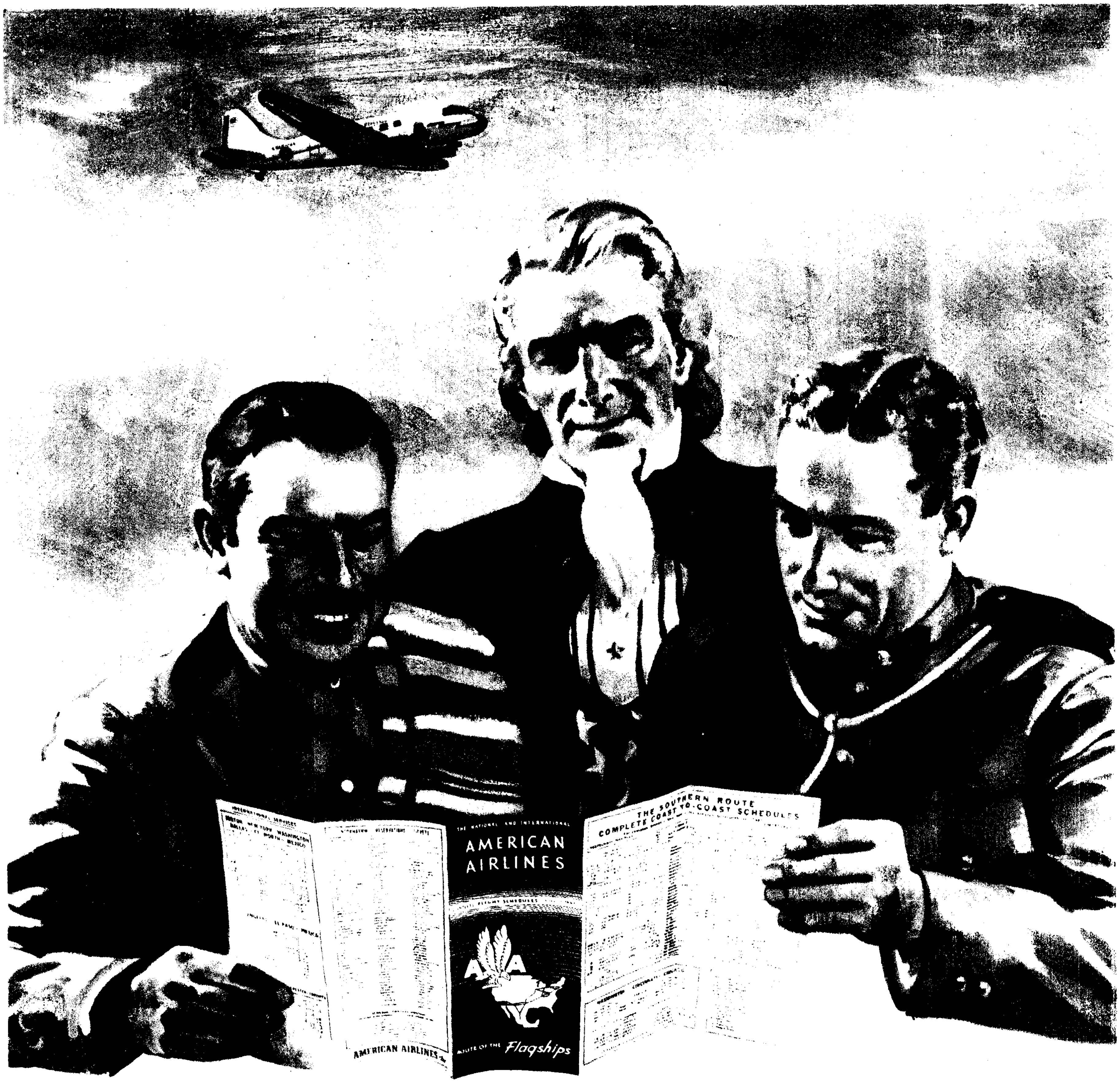
"What?"

"That you want me to marry you," Annie said. "There's no sense to my going on working with as little future as I have. After talking with Peter, you're my future now."

Having temporarily run out of words due to circumstances beyond his control, Steve kissed Annie with amazing speed. Then he led her inside.

"You may consider it a deal," he said, when he had recovered his breath. "Now, if you'll just step this way—into this bedroom . . . No, no, don't be alarmed, my dear. My brother Peter is in there. I want him to be the first to know, and I want to thank him before I hit him."

THE END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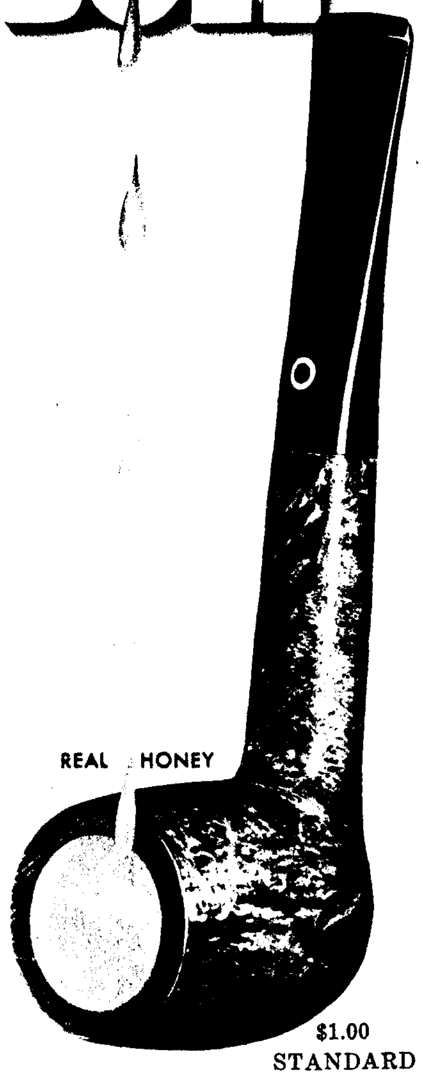

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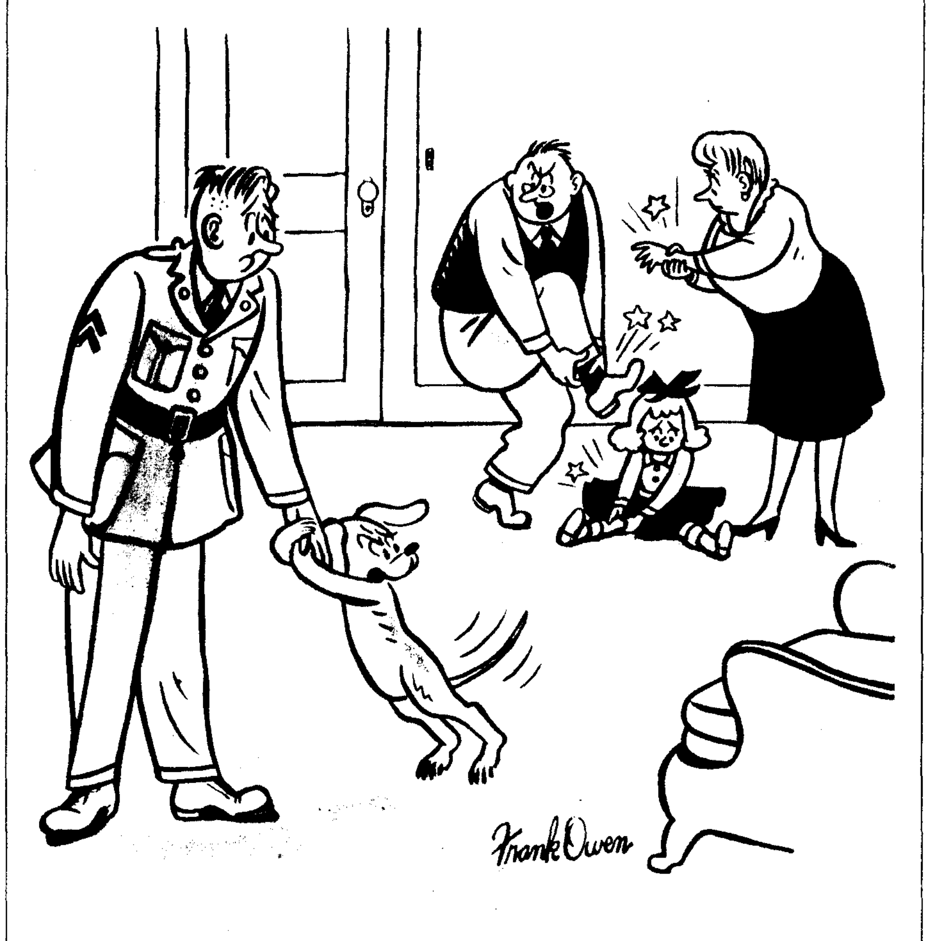

COLLIER'S "You'd think he could be a one-man dog without biting the rest of the family to prove it!" FRANK OWEN

On the Victory Tide

Continued from page 19

Undoubtedly no greater migration of dogs from England or any other country had ever occurred. The pets of individual soldiers and the mascots of units had been smuggled aboard, while many veteran dockside pooches had just wandered along past guards whose vigilance was tempered by a sense of humor. In addition, most of the naval crews had animals.

Ours had two—one a spunky ink-black terrier bitch named of course Sparks—made friends with the soldiers and their chow too readily for the gobs' liking. They muttered among themselves the necessity of keeping a sharp lookout when the far shore was reached "else them G.I.s will swipe her." Sparks nearly swiped herself, in fact, when the time came. She was first into the landing barge. The soldiers genially passed her back.

Each convoy had its private escort of destroyers or frigates or corvettes hovering on flanks and ends. But the biggest authentic kick for the G.I.s came when the heavy components of the American task force raced at full majestic speed past our slower line—battlewagons, cruisers and numerous "cans" or destroyers.

They had an earlier date over there—to bombard before H-Hour. The United States Navy alone would throw nearly seven thousand tons of big shells with surgical precision on enemy strong points in the next several days. There was the Augusta, flagship of Admiral Kirk, sluicing up a wake that set us bobbing. I had last seen her in Shanghai. Now she was down in the good books as the vessel on which the Atlantic Charter was written.

You made out the dreadnoughts—the Nevada of Pearl Harbor fame, the Arkansas, the Texas; also the cruisers Quincy. Tuscaloosa and Vincennes. Britain's mighty Rodney, Nelson, Warspite and Ramillies passed us, too, as did a veritable swarm of her cruisers. A couple of poodle-thin and elongated Frenchmen went proudly by, also a formidable Dutch monitor. It was like being on a many-tracked subway where all the expresses thunder past the locals.

"I reckon," observed Alabama, "we could step from one ship to another and walk to France." Then after a minute he went on absently, "Or back to England."

No American traffic cop could have stood upon a float in the Channel that afternoon and kept his sanity, for these thousands of ships were broken into scores of convoys, each of which was individual in appearance, character, size, purpose and speed. Here, I think, was the foremost technical miracle of the invasion: the matchless timing and scheduling of the Navy's D-Day job which was to take the Army over and put it ashore and protect it while so doing.

The convoys had issued from many ports. From better than 35-knot warships, their speeds ranged all the way down to 5-knot and even 2-knot work-horse units. Often their courses differed somewhat, especially toward the end, when each was making for its respective beach. Yet all had to arrive on the far shore according to a close, rigid, vital schedule, spot-spaced to the four horizons.

A Matter of Cosmic Mathematics

The intricacy of their movements at varied rates on multiform routes could be compared only with cosmic mathematics. It was as if Professor Jeans were demonstrating the "island galaxy" theory of the universe on the Channel, as on the inverted ceiling of a titanic planetarium.

Hundreds of color-keyed buoys had been set, marking the sea wastes as clearly as the principal New York streets. Each skipper knew from his secret orders the "roads" to be taken, the "corners" to be turned and the exact times to be consumed on each leg. The weather was not favorable, but even if it had grown really thick and nasty, it would have been difficult to stray or get out of step. Off Normandy in the most dangerous waters, all the convoys funneled into narrow, flagged alleys.

For the final run close inshore and to the beach for the assault craft, we later would find aisles prepared, demined and precisely marked by the heroes who had gone in first. At the very end, on the beaches themselves and facing seaward down the center of each water path, were huge, brightly colored

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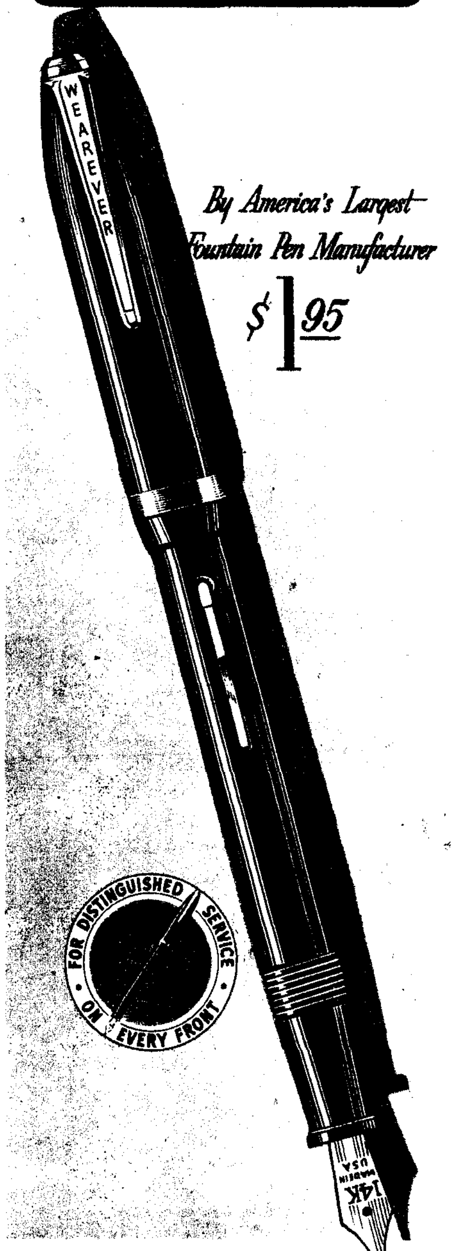
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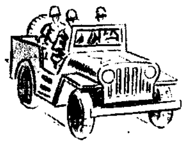

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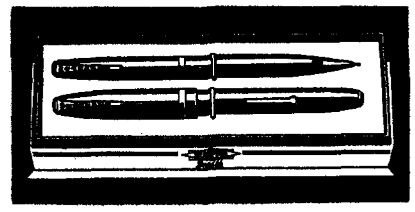


squares with shielded lights at night, so that all each coxswain or skipper had to do was set his prow for the signal designated in his orders—and hustle in.

Lastly, the entire way from the breakwaters of England to the sands of Normandy had been thoroughly covered by the mine sweepers in advance, and would be reswept and guarded against drifting mines every thirty minutes day and night for as long as need be.

The enormous scope of the planning and preparation involved in all this could not be told in a single article or in a thick book. It began in the camps and factories, on the highways and railways of the United States. It continued in England with the marshaling of ships, men and supplies. There had to be calculations of tides, study of currents, of depths, wind and drifts; the weighing of imponderables; orders, maps and other data to be printed for each skipper and the key members of his staff; computations of the whole timetable as well as of the space of each ship with relation to priority landings of men and materials; then stowage in such fashion that, on the beaches, cargo might be got off in the order of its importance to the fighting.

Fat Friends in the Sky

But the entire Fleet—save the men-of-war which were much too fast and too dignified for such nonsense—shared one comic feature that both amused and interested the soldiers. Each vessel had one barrage balloon, or more, attached to it, swaying like a host of Dumbos in a Thanksgiving parade. Often when a division was so far off it was hull down, you could count the number of ships below the horizon by the balloons wallowing above it.

These funny balloons, which had the soldiers' trigger fingers restless all day, provided one dramatic interlude. About midnight, they were hauled down on all ships and kept down for nearly three hours. Word sped around: "That's to let the paratroops and the airborne go by."

One by one, we passed the storied headlands of England's foreshore, well remembered by those who in peacetime have sailed along here in liners Southampton bound. As yet—and this was the subject of most speculation and gratification among the G.I.s—the Luftwaffe had not shown up, although by now, German reconnaissance must surely have warned them of this immense movement; not that we didn't hear planes.

The allied sky fleets were up there, and so large and tightly packed were the formations that sometimes they drew across and wholly covered the gaps in the clouds like silver tarpaulins. But while the soldiers comfortably glanced aloft, the sailors kept their eyes seaward, for there was a sharp division of opinion between them as to likely hazards. The soldiers worried about the Luftwaffe; the sailors about E- and U-boats, especially the former, those swift, deadly, low-in-the-water motor torpedo boats. The sailors looked as thankfully at our vigilant destroyers and other escorts as the soldiers did at our planes.

In the dusk of June 5th, the date that the world at large did not yet know was its last day of waiting, we turned away from England and headed south.

Normandy, whence William the Conqueror had come nine centuries ago on the last comparable invasion, and where he now lies buried in Caen, was ahead. Behind us, England blurred into darkness. Many of us would never see her again.

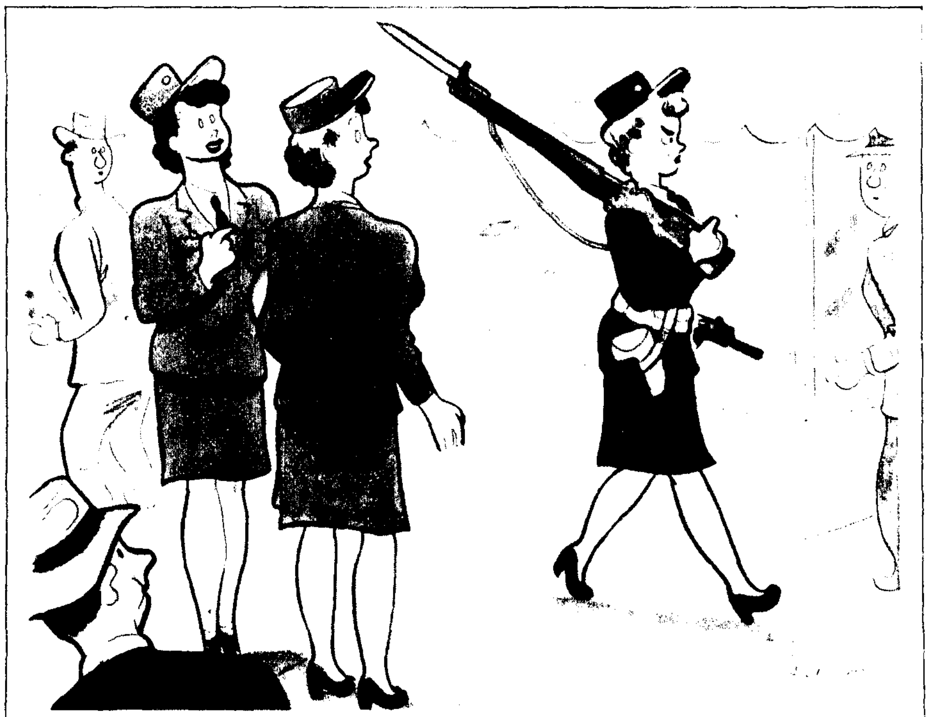
Grim alertness settled over the fleets. Once in the night, flares were dropped up the line, and there were a few minutes of explosions and firing while the tracer red-eyes climbed fiercely skyward. But it soon died away. The Luftwaffe had made its single and weak pass at an undertaking that was simply too enormous for rebuttal.

It was cold and rough toward morning, but sometimes the full moon shone through and made a scene of rarest enchantment as it fell upon the myriad wakes trailed behind the dark ships and turned them into incandescent lace. Few of your sons and brothers and sweethearts slept that night. Most of them lined the rails or sat on the tops of vehicles and just stared silently and soberly ahead where lay the beach. There was much about this voyage and its aftermath that most of us would later want to forget, but would always remember.

However, there were three impressions I should not want to and certainly shall never forget. The deckload of young men looking—looking quietly into the darkness and not talking; the soldier humming almost inaudibly to himself his version of *Sur le Pont d'Avignon*—a song currently the rage in England. He was saying *Sur la Plage de Normandie* and smiling a little. Lastly, I shall remember the never-failing, always poignant sign of the wonder and beauty and freedom of the human soul which makes it possible in such a crowd at such a time for each man to contrive to be alone; withdrawn unchallenged in the dignity and privacy of his own thoughts.

Soon we saw the horizon decorated with jagged flashes and when their slower rumbles came, we knew the big naval guns were firing. Flames spurted along the line of water and sky like the corona you see leaping from the sun in photographs of eclipses. Our teeth were jarred, and the tarpaulins on hatches and stacks bulged and collapsed in the disturbed air. The red of morning over the Continent leered through a lid of clouds like a bloodshot eye, as if Europe were awakening from a hang-over after a five-year night of evil debauch. The Greatest Armada had arrived, filling the Bay of the Seine, bringing terrible medicine.

THE END



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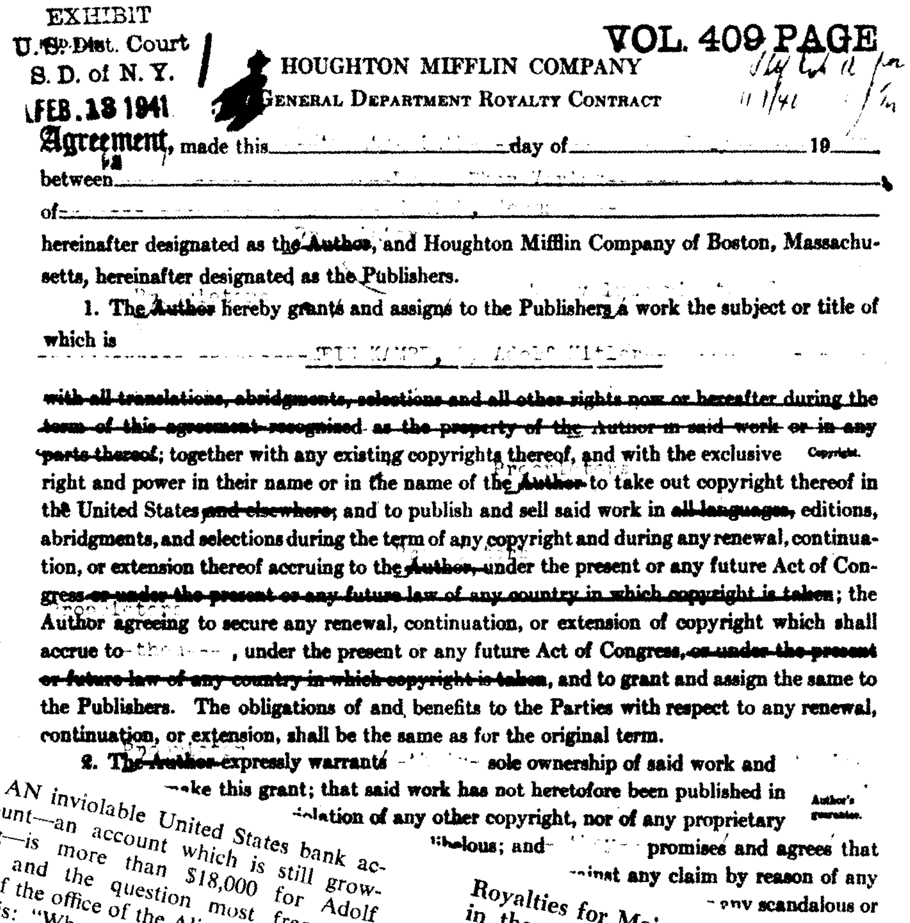
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VOL. 409 PAGE

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Royalties for Mein Kampf are held in the publisher's name (see contract above); whether Adolf gets them after the war depends on you

EURO

There are thousands of dollars lying in wait for Composer Franz Lehar (right)—his share for the recent revival of The Merry Widow

IN AN inviolable United States bank account—an account which is still growing—is more than $18,000 for Adolf Hitler; and the question most frequently asked of the office of the Alien Property Custodian is: "What are we going to do with it—give it to him some fine day?" The Custodian's office does not know and has no opinion on the subject. All it does is see that the account is kept straight, and what ultimately happens to der Fuehrer's funds will be up to Congress sooner or later, depending on how long it takes to turn Invasion into Victory.

In another code-numbered account is still another large amount for Franz Lehar, the Viennese-Parisian whose operetta, The Merry Widow, recently concluded a million-dollar revival in New York. From one little transaction alone, supervised by the United States government, is $1,000 waiting for the heirs of Maurice Ravel, French composer of the popular Bolero; the estate of Claude Debussy is on the books for $25,000, mostly on account of a wispy little concert piece, Clair de Lune. Every week or so, another $50 or $100 goes into the pot for Richard Strauss, who once was the Nazis' director of music.

The estate of Italy's Giacomo Puccini has about $36,000 in the federal till, and deposits are coming in all the time. Yvette Guilbert, who got $16,000 for appearing at the opening four weeks of Hammerstein's fabled Victoria Theater, might sometime have enjoyed the $3.40 which has piled up to her account, representing royalties on a book called Pastorelles. But the great Guilbert died in France last February, so the three bucks-forty may some time be delivered to her estate.

Not taken over, but reported on and being watched, is money for Sacha Guitry (famous actor-producer son of the great Lucien), who is said to have been marked for death by the French underground. Also reported on and kept track of are growing funds for the estate of Paderewski, whose compositions earned him great sums in his lifetime and still sell in quantity. Being watched is a pretty stack of cabbage for Sophia Kossak, Polish author of the best seller, Blessed Are the Meek; and another for Denmark's Baroness Blixen (Isak Dinesen), author of Winter's Tales.

Amounts like Hitler's, Debussy's and Puccini's are being collected and held by the Alien Property Custodian. They are peanuts to a government bureau which is in charge of billions, but they carry with them countless stories of music, movies, radio, literature and show business. Under the immense Patents Administration Division, the Custodian has assigned to a small Copyright Section the task of collecting under prewar contracts the royalties due for music, movies, books and plays to creators, publishers and heirs who are in Germany or Japan or enemy-occupied territory. Equally important to this Copyright Section is the protection of American interests in foreign works; thus, the interests in The Merry Widow of the Henry W. Savage estate and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are carefully preserved.

Reports are made to the Custodian on all foreign royalties. All enemy funds have been seized. The Custodian has taken over the interests of many French nationals, and many others will be, when it is decided that they can thus be best protected. Funds being watched, in case seizure should be decided upon, are those like Paderewski's and Guitry's. No distinction is made between Franz Eher, the Munich publisher of Mein Kampf, and the most violent anti-Nazi left alive in France.

In the Hands of the Enemy

A special problem is P. G. Wodehouse, whose American royalties on the Jeeves and other stories have been immense. Among the sums due him is $50.43 for some obscure revival of Rosalie. Although he fell into disfavor after a broadcast from Germany, Wodehouse is no enemy alien, but a Briton, and he is a prisoner of war living in Germany.

In the first World War, there was no such systematic accumulation and watching of funds. Then copyrights on artistic work were thrown in with patents and seized by the Alien Property Custodian. No accurate check on their value was made, and very many of them were sold for $1 each; American agents neglected to report on others and pocketed the profits. On still others, royalties were collected and were paid after the war, with interest less administration expenses, to one-time enemies.

Today, James F. Markham, Massachusetts lawyer and former deputy who succeeded Leo T. Crowley as Alien Property Custodian, is concerned not only with enemies but also with friends—friends in France, Italy, Norway, the Low Countries, parts of China—wherever invaders have established themselves.

He is equally concerned about seeing to it that any American agent for a foreign deal gets his cut, if the percentage is due him under a contract. His Copyright Section must be one of the smallest of all Washington sub-bureaus, being run by a section chief and a staff of five. On this staff are two experts—George Middleton, veteran playwright and former president of the powerful Dramatists Guild, and Howard E. Reinheimer, noted theatrical lawyer.

They have taken over, in a manner of speaking—"vested" is the proper word—contract supervision of 862 books, 21 plays, 802 movies, one German chart (of weather over Greenland), one map, 47 photographs, and 118,221 individual pieces of music—plus the countless items lumped in catalogues of great music-publishing houses like Ricordi and Durand et Cie. The office has collected approximately $500,000 of which $350,000 represents interests in Germany and Austria, and the balance of which is being held for individuals and firms in occupied territory. French royalties are taking a marked upturn and are expected to total $500,000 by the year's end.

Just what is to be done with this money from show business and literature has not been decided, nor is it up to the Custodian to say. Should we really pay Hitler—or his heirs—the Mein Kampf royalties after the war? When the time comes, it will be you, really, who have the say; for alien properties will be a subject for legislation.

Royalties for Japan, occupied China and the Pacific outposts are tiny, for we have used practically no music or literature from such territories. Movies—yes, once in a while. Among the 802 films administered by the Custodian are 53 Jap jobs which Hollywood occasionally finds useful for background shots. A recent anti-Jap success, The Rising Sun, made use of several authentic clips. The Hitler Gang, another hit, contained many shots from some of the Custodian's 450 German films, including real pictures of Hitler. Pictures like these can be duplicated by Hollywood for a fee of $2.50 or $3 a foot, and the money is tucked away.

The purpose of the Copyright Section is dual. First, it collects and banks royalties due foreign nationals under contracts which were in existence at the outbreak of the war. Under such terms are revived such hits as The Merry Widow and the perennial Blossom Time. Second, the Copyright Section issues licenses for new works or works not previously covered by American contracts. Many of these are scientific treatises, but you may be interested to know that, after some delay, you will at last be able to hear Lili Marlene. This is the Nazi soldiers' favorite love song, which our soldiers abroad stole from a propaganda broadcast and made into a hit of their own.

For months, publishers have been eager to bring out Lili Marlene here, with American lyrics, but were not permitted to do so until the Custodian's office determined if the song were copyrighted and, if so, who owned it. Thanks to our invasion of Italy, an Italian version of Marlene found its way to Washington, and on this sheet was the necessary information as to German as well as Italian copyright. Three music publishers have been permitted to bring out the number—and more may do so if they wish, for all grants on new properties are issued on a non-exclusive basis. If the public likes Lili Marlene as well as Yank and Hun soldiers do, the man named Schultze who wrote it might get quite a hunk of American money after the war.

When new contracts are drawn, they are made along standard lines—and this points to the usefulness of Middleton and Reinheimer. From experience, they know what an author or a composer should get and how to protect him, and how to make the bureau function without upsetting normal business practices. Recently, in order to help a scrap-metal drive, they even revamped some old contracts.

Metal for the Scrap Drive

It seems that many publishers, in dealing for book rights, accept the provision that their interests remain valid as long as they keep the plates for printing the volumes. Tons of metal were tied up in foreign books which, if need arose, could be reprinted by the offset method; so the Custodian's office simply revamped contracts with a clause protecting publishers' future rights even though the plates were destroyed. The scrap drive was the winner—and we are throwing everything at the enemy, including the book.

Assembling the foreign record now in files in Washington's Willard Building was a matter of infinite detail and it is by no means finished. When the Copyright Section was set up, an initial 1,800 "exploiters"—a nasty-sounding legal term for publishers, ASCAP, agents, theatrical producers, motion-picture firms, phonograph-record and transcription establishments, and broadcasting companies—were sent a four-page questionnaire. As government questionnaires go, it is uniquely understandable, even though it demands all the answers. It requires that copies of all contracts and important correspondence be submitted; that money paid, due or deposited since January 1, 1939, must be reported.

As royalties accumulate, they must be paid at stated periods. In most cases, money is not held directly in the name of the creator, although a recognizable exception is Georges Simenon, author of the Inspector Maigret detective yarns. The money for Mein Kampf is not in an account for der Fuehrer, but for his publisher, who made the original American deal with Houghton Mifflin Company. Whatever pay-off arrangement Hitler has with his own publisher is not our concern—and probably not the publisher's either.

New "exploiters" constantly turn up and are rigorously followed, even though they may owe someone merely the price of a necktie. Each royalty check is made out to "Alien Property Custodian, Account No. ——," and the money is deposited to this coded number. Each account represents foreign interest in a copyright—say, Lehar's end for composing The Merry Widow (many thousands for Broadway's recent engagement).

This task—keeping thousands of separate bank accounts—is complex enough, but it is only part of the problem. Most of the moneys involved concern show business, with music being the heaviest royalty-earner, and show business has more "angles" than any other form of industry. By the end of the year, for instance, the Custodian's royalties on Blossom Time will amount to $25,000—and one of the composers isn't even figured in. Sigmund Romberg lives in this country, and there are no strings on the money he gets. The $25,000 represents 3 per cent of the gross, and this 3 per cent is whacked up among seven foreign individuals who at one time or another have acquired an interest in the show. Only two of the seven are the Blossom Time librettists, A. M. Willner and H. Reichert—if they are alive.

A big hit on Broadway is Helen Goes to Troy, a version of Offenbach's La Belle Helene. This operetta is in the public domain; nevertheless, there is a small foreign interest in the show, which is being taken care of by Washington. It stems obscurely from the time when, many years ago, the late Max Reinhardt put on a version of Helene in Germany—a version which, incidentally, had Jarmila Novotna in the title role, just as she is now on Broadway.

Hollywood is a big source of royalties. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer recently paid $5,000 just to maintain its rights in Old Heidelberg, just in case it wants to film the show again. Paramount pays a yearly fee for Sardou's Madame Sans-Gêne—also just in case. The Custodian got from a film company $1,000 for the privilege of using Ravel's Bolero in a musical picture. Such fees are not set by the Custodian, but by the American agents who have the works for sale under contract.

Dividends from Opera

Heavy earners among the imports or part-imports include Rosalinda (Die Fledermaus), The Chocolate Soldier (which rival producers have announced for another revival on Broadway), La Tosca (in which both the Puccini and the Sardou estates share), La Bohème, Thais, Mignon, Der Rosenkavalier and Salome. Madame Butterfly would be a bigger hit if it weren't for its Japanese setting. Between 1941 and June, 1943, there were in this country 125 full opera performances of Puccini's hit trio, Tosca, Butterfly and Bohème, and the number probably has doubled by this time. La Bohème alone has earned $20,000 in royalties.

Sometimes the Custodian holds funds even when those who have some share in them are in this country. Part of the proceeds from Jules Romains' monumental tomes, Men of Good Will, are banked because the contract for printing them here is with a French publisher. Romains himself has been in and out of this country and has arranged to get paid, but his original publisher's share is banked. There is the case of an American soldier whose late father was an important German publisher. The young man says he can prove he's his father's heir and wants whatever money is due. There are refugee widows and children of composers and authors, now here, who need and want funds. A department for hearing such claims is being set up, and it is expected that deserving ones will be paid.

Among the Custodian's accounts is one for the late Oswald Spengler, representing royalties on The Decline of the West. Spengler figured this war to be the end of the white man and the rise of the colored race. He included the Russians in the colored group. ★★★

Richard Strauss, outstanding composer and once the Nazis' music director, has a comfortable nest egg piling up

EUROPEAN

PIX BRITISH PRESS COMBINE

P. G. Wodehouse (in cap and gown), creator of Jeeves, is a special problem because, though in disfavor, he is a Briton rather than an enemy alien. Money for collaborationist Sacha Guitry (left) is watched carefully, but the French underground has him marked and may get him first

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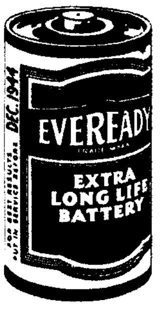

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Nifty Naiad

Continued from page 55

eventually, as an actress, not as a goldfish.

"Fifty years from now," she says, pardonably vague about titles, "I'd like to be called Dame Brenda Helser."

The movies, by this time, had good reason for eying her. She had grown to a ravishing five feet seven, weighed 130 pounds. Her freckles were gone, and she had developed a case of curvature of the chassis that was practically sensational.

According to the record, she was born in Letterman Military Hospital in San Francisco and immediately christened Brenda Marie Mersereau Helser. Her father was an Army officer, her mother an heiress and her early years were occupied chiefly in keeping the conventional silver spoon from dropping from her slightly buck teeth.

From the time she was knee-high to a Martini, she was expected to do things. Her great-grandmother had been an opera star, her parents were famous horse people, her cousin Brenda Frazier became Café Society's most effulgent ornament, and her brother Todd was one of America's youngest equestrian champions.

As if this weren't plenty, her grandfather Mersereau distinguished himself and increased her burden by inventing a vacuum-pack coffee tin which still hisses through kitchens from Kamchatka to Cape Town.

When Colonel Benjamin Helm Pope, U.S.A.R., entered her life by wedding Grandmother Mersereau, widowed two years before, he took over the reclamation of his new granddaughter with military gusto.

"Do three things well—ride or swim, act and cook—and beauty will take care of itself," he told her prophetically.

In spite of her background, Brenda absolutely refused to meet a horse on a friendly basis, so she took up swimming.

"I was a natural swimmer," she explains, with dubious modesty. She says she'd no sooner braved her first lake than she knew she was a champion, which is why she went to Cody. She wanted the world to know it, too.

She won her first national title, the Junior 500 yards, at thirteen, setting a record that still stands. In 1940, at fifteen, she beat Dorothy Leonard for the Senior 100-meters title and launched a still uninterrupted reign as queen of that event. "Coach (Cody) set a time for me to swim it in," she says blandly, of her triumph, "and I hit it on the nose. It was simple."

That same year she met Esther Williams, now a gilded Hollywood starlet, in the 100-yards championship, and that wasn't so simple, because she was licked, but good.

"Esther was wonderful that day," she says. "I couldn't have beaten her with an outboard motor lashed to my spine."

She's strictly magnanimous about eclipsing Esther's records later. "Esther turned pro before she reached her peak," she says.

On the Road to Hollywood

She was seventeen, and a Stanford freshman, when she took up the second item on Colonel Pope's prospectus. Her burgeoning beauty, plus a good speaking voice, vouchsafed her the Katherine Hepburn role in a campus production of The Warrior's Husband. Thereafter, her course angled definitely Hollywoodward.

Even then convinced of her destiny as another Duse, she was willing to let Hollywood bumble along as best it could without her, rather than be a swimming freak.

A first movie test came when a swimming friend took her to see Ivan Kahn of the Twentieth Century-Fox talent unit. Kahn was in conference, or New York, or somewhere out of reach, so Brenda pounced upon Tom Moore, dramatic coach.

Moore took one look and shook his head. "Too big," he said, "but mighty pretty."

You can't give a Mersereau Helser an opening like that and get away with it. Brenda saw that Moore's office was filled with pictures of jumping horses, polo horses, hunting horses and just plain pelters. In each, Moore was either straddling an equine spinal column, offering a lump of sugar or nuzzling his Gaelic pan against a fiddle-shaped muzzle.

"I started talking all the horse talk I'd learned from my family and I talked rather fast," she says, in a masterpiece of understatement.

An hour later, while other appointments clamored outside his door, Moore purred, "Class—lovely voice—nice and tall—we'll make a test—"

Nice Work If You Can Get It

They made a silent test, and Moore said she was photogenic as a cocker pup and began talking about a swimming epic to match the Sonja Henie skating super-dupers. Brenda announced that she would make no pictures that wouldn't aid her in becoming Dame Brenda Helser. This is one of the things you can do to Hollywood if you already own your own convertible and mink coat when you arrive there.

Moore said he'd show Kahn the test and get in touch, but a year passed and nothing happened. Last April, Brenda won the national 100 meters in Oakland for the third time, setting a new record for glamor as well as speed. Photographers followed her around with their lenses hanging out, and the San Francisco journals were full of a black silk bathing suit which was, in turn, full of Brenda.

Ivan Kahn was fortuitously in San Francisco at the time, saw the papers and told his secretary to find the occupant of that bathing suit or perish, then went to the Geary Theater. From a photographer's ad in the program, there peered out at him the most provocative pair of brown eyes he'd seen in probably seventy-two hours, and the secretary made a note of that, too.

The following day, Kahn was at a hotel to keep a 5 P.M. appointment with the bathing-suit number and the brown eyes, when something slightly terrific headed straight for him.

"I'm Brenda Hel—" it began.

"Sorry," he said, "but I was looking for the girl who won the swimming race last Saturday."

"I'm the girl," Brenda told him.

Kahn blinked twice, then said, "That's wonderful— Now there's another girl—saw her portrait in a photog's ad in a Geary Theater program—"

"I'm that girl, too," cooed Brenda.

"Please," begged Kahn, "you can't be *all* the beautiful girls in the world—or can you?"

Brenda mentioned the earlier test.

"Do you mean to say Moore tested you and then let you get away?" Kahn moaned.

"You saw that test, Chief," the secretary interrupted gamely.

"Impossible!" Kahn shucked off his spectacles and examined them critically, then added, "Young lady, when we get to Hollywood tomorrow, remind me to have my eyes checked."

The secretary hustled up an extra Hollywood reservation, and Kahn telephoned ahead for a test setup, complete with sound and a handsome male guinea pig to jump through hoops opposite Brenda.

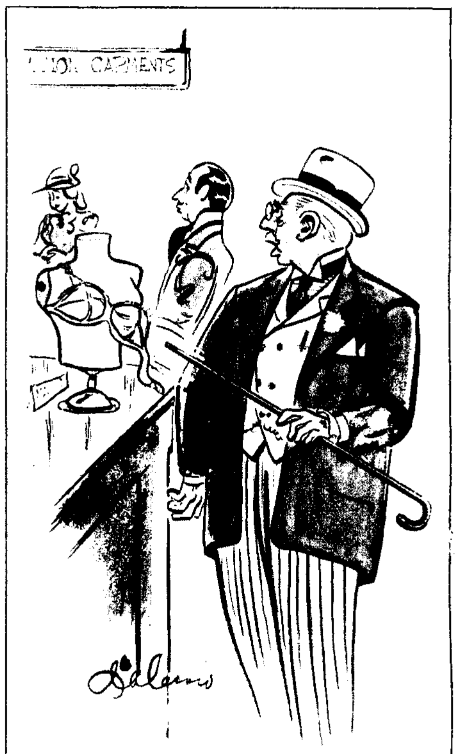
"You understand, I won't swim," Brenda said, cautiously fingering her mad money before she got on the train.

"Darling," Kahn said, "you don't even have to breathe. Just look."

Three days later, Brenda was on her way to becoming Dame Brenda Helser.

The moral of this story is that an ambitious girl really should have a mortgage throttling the old homestead when she bucks Hollywood, but an ancestral mansion and a rugged patrimony is no handicap, either.

THE END



". . . er, ah . . . AHEM!"
COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Collier's
I RODE ON THE VICTORY TIDE by W. B. Courtney

The Girl on the Cover

OUR cover girl this week is Aina Constant and she wears the uniform of a Wren officer—technically, that of a Third Officer of the Women's Royal Naval Service. Twenty-two years ago, London, England, was indeed fortunate to have been Miss Constant's birthplace. Much of her time in the years intervening was spent traveling, both abroad and in the United States. She gave up a career as a café *chanteuse* for a fling at the stage, and got a part in an ill-fated musical entitled Dancing in the Streets, which, belying its title, expired quietly and unlamented in Boston without even reaching New York. Immediately thereafter, however, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed her, and she will shortly make her debut in The Canterville Ghost with Charles Laughton. ★★★

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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Danger in Paradise

Continued from page 13

It was something nice to think about.

Except that for the first time in months I was feeling a bit sensitive. We were at war, but I wasn't. I was a big, husky guy, and the Armed Services wouldn't have me. I'd gotten bunged up in my college days. Football and lacrosse. Bum knee cartilage. Torn ligaments. I still wore a contraption on that knee, a brace made of woven rubber and two little steel bars. Wearing it, I was as good as the next man, but the Army and Navy still said no.

And Iris had been touring in areas where everybody was in uniform; where every man was doing something. Even the F.B.I. man she'd met on the plane coming home. He wasn't in uniform, but he was playing a big role in the war effort. My contribution was limited to hard work in my off hours. I was doing what I could, but it didn't make me feel like any part of a hero.

I lifted my eyes to the poster on the opposite wall. "Barn Dance for Employees and Clients," it said. Iris would be there, but I knew I wouldn't have much chance to be alone with her. She was too famous; too popular.

Yes, Iris was home again. But in those brief moments of despondency, she seemed farther away than ever.

MY EVENING with Iris got off on the left foot.

She came back to the studio at seven o'clock on the nose, but she wasn't alone. Al Brenner was with her. She shoved him into my office and made a gesture over his shoulder. The gesture said she was sorry, but there was nothing she could do about it. I was sorry, too, and there was nothing I could do about it, either.

I had met Brenner several times and I liked him. I liked him fine. But not tonight.

Iris came in behind him and started speaking while he and I were shaking hands. She said, "Al is taking dinner with us, Jimmy."

I said, "That's swell. It's a break I hadn't counted on." I didn't say whether I thought it was a good break or a bad break.

Al was a jovial soul, pink-faced with shrewd, humorous eyes. He said a lot of nice things about me and about Iris. He said he'd bet she hadn't had a real fancy meal in five months. He decided to take us to one of his best night clubs, and he promised us something extra special in the way of food, service and entertainment. Evidently he had the idea that that was what I was interested in.

He had a big car and a driver waiting outside. It was parked halfway down the block, and Brenner said he'd go get it, the driver looking as though he might be asleep. I started to walk with him, but Iris grabbed my arm.

The minute he was out of earshot, she said, "I don't like it any better than you do. But he insisted on coming."

"That's just ducky," I said. "It's precisely what I wanted."

She said, "Don't be that way, Jimmy. After dinner I'm going to beg off. I'll say I'm tired. I'll let the pair of you take me home. I'll say goodby to both of you at the door. Then you can walk around the block and phone me from the corner drugstore. You can come back."

I began to perk up. I said, "So it won't be a complete washout, after all."

"I promise."

"I warn you. I'll either propose marriage again or make propositions."

"Grand. Just like old times."

The first part of the evening was bearable, chiefly because I knew that the last part of it was going to be me and Iris and nobody else. Besides, I couldn't help warming up to Brenner. He and I played in different leagues, but he was regular.

He took us to a spot which I couldn't have afforded except on payday. It was one of those class places which was so simple that you didn't catch on for an hour or so that it was magnificent.

All through dinner, Al Brenner was trying to sell Iris the idea of working in this very club. Plenty of dough, a long contract, a tremendous publicity campaign and trimmings. He did a flawless selling job, but Iris wasn't in the market. She was making more money than she could spend, she was solid in the radio world, and she wanted lots of spare time for her war activities. Some day, perhaps, but not now. Al grinned at me. He said, "She's stubborn, Jimmy."

Then he got off the subject. He had pressed it as far as he could and knew when to back away. He was smart. I figured I'd never be that smart; the minute I got within seventeen miles of Iris, I'd start my personal campaign all over. I couldn't help it. Common sense and love have nothing to do with each other.

The first show was going on at 9:30. Iris said she'd rather not wait for it. She described how tired she was, and she put on such a good act she almost made me believe it. Al said he understood, and we'd walk her home, her apartment being on the East Side, not far from where we were.

DO YOU KNOW ABBREVIATIONS?—No. 5

Test yourself on the following list and see how you rate. All the abbreviations given are of the common, everyday variety, and you probably have run into most of them innumerable times in newspapers, magazines and books. If you guess 15 of them correctly, you may consider yourself fair; 18 or above qualifies you as above the average; and everything over 20 is superior.

1. cc.
2. H.M.S.
3. excl.
4. bbl.
5. Y.W.H.A.
6. mtge.
7. misc.
8. P.I.
9. I.C.C.
10. Teut.
11. Uru.
12. D.V.M.
13. ctr.
14. V.F.W.
15. do.
16. U.S.M.A.
17. cyl.
18. D.A.
19. colloq.
20. lex.
21. Jno.
22. c.p.o.
23. S.P.C.A.
24. D.C.
25. gm.

(Answers on page 76)

—Charles Prout

When we got to Iris' apartment house we stood just inside the plate-glass front doors, and I started to say good night. So did Iris. Then she made a fatal mistake; she remembered her manners. She smiled brightly—much too brightly—and asked whether we'd care to come upstairs for a nightcap.

SHE shouldn't have done it. She was taking an unnecessary chance. And what was more, Al Brenner shouldn't have taken her seriously. But he did. He said there wasn't anything he'd like better. I got a kick out of how unhappy Iris looked. And I did the best I could. I said I'd have a drink, too. So all three of us shoved into the elevator and I pressed the button with the number 9 on it.

Iris produced a key and opened the door. She switched on an inside light and then another. Al Brenner had seen the apartment plenty of times before and so had I, but we both exclaimed over how nice it was.

The dropped living room was huge. It was furnished more for comfort than for show, but it was still beautiful. Iris led the way down the two steps from the foyer and we followed. We commented on how neat-as-a-pin everything looked, and she gave all the credit to Coralie Jackson, the young colored maid who had been with her a couple of years. Coralie lived in Harlem and went home nights.

We walked over to the wood-burning fireplace which, at the moment, wasn't burning any wood. I dropped onto a couch and Al Brenner took my favorite easy chair under the reading lamp. He was beaming expansively and apparently preparing himself not to hurry away.

Iris remarked that she'd toss up some drinks and asked what we wanted. She had taken off her coat and was holding it and her bag in her left hand. She was holding her hat in her right. Her soft brown hair was slightly disarranged, and it looked lovely. She looked like somebody a man might want to marry. A man named Jimmy Drake.

She turned around as though to go to the kitchen for the drinks. Then she stopped and frowned. She said, "That's funny. I thought I heard a noise in the bedroom."

Al and I both started to get up. But we didn't finish the job. Because the bedroom door opened. And out of the darkness stepped a man.

The stranger looked like a kid. He looked like nineteen years old. He was slender and he moved with effortless grace. He had sparse brown hair. His complexion was almost colorless. He had gray eyes which looked like the eyes of a dead fish. In his left hand he was carrying a little black bag.

In his right hand he carried a gun.

He walked toward us along the little balcony. He said, "Sit down. Stay where you are—all of you."

His voice was scarcely more than a whisper. It wasn't a pleasant voice. It was as colorless as his complexion and as dead as his eyes. He said, "You came home fifteen minutes too early. That's bad."

I'D NEVER had a gun turned in my direction before. It wasn't a pleasant sensation. I sat stiffly on the couch and wondered what to do. I knew that if I were acting in a movie I'd leap to my feet and hurl myself on the intruder, saving Iris and thereby becoming a hero. But I wasn't in the movies. Instinct informed me that if I leaped and our strange friend fired that gun, he wouldn't miss. I figured that the best thing I could do was nothing. I did it.

Iris didn't move. She was still holding her coat and hat and bag. Except that her cheeks were white, you'd never have suspected that she was as frightened as I was.

The only person in the room who seemed to have any idea of how to handle the situation was Al Brenner. The pudgy little man was gazing at our armed friend. His placid eyes weren't quite as placid as they had been, but if he was afraid, he didn't show it.

Brenner spoke. He spoke in an ordinary conversational tone. He said, "Hello, Claude."

Iris and I flashed glances at each other. The kid's fishy eyes rested on the moonlike face of the man in the easy chair. He stared at him a long time. And then he spat on the rug. It was a nasty, frightening thing to do.

For a few seconds the tableau held. Then the kid who was named Claude spoke to Iris without looking at her. He said, "You [illegible]is Randall?"

"Yes."

He turned to me. "You?"

"James Norman Drake."

He looked at Al Brenner. He called Brenner's name and decorated it with some filthy adjectives. He said, "You'll spill to the cops, won't you?"

Brenner still didn't show fear. He said, "It all depends."

"You would. You done it before. I know better than to make a deal with you. They'd find out you caught me doing a burglary. That's something I don't want they should know."

At that point I asked a silly question. I said, "Is this a burglary?"

Claude's lips cracked into the faintest imitation of a smile. "It's a hell of a lot

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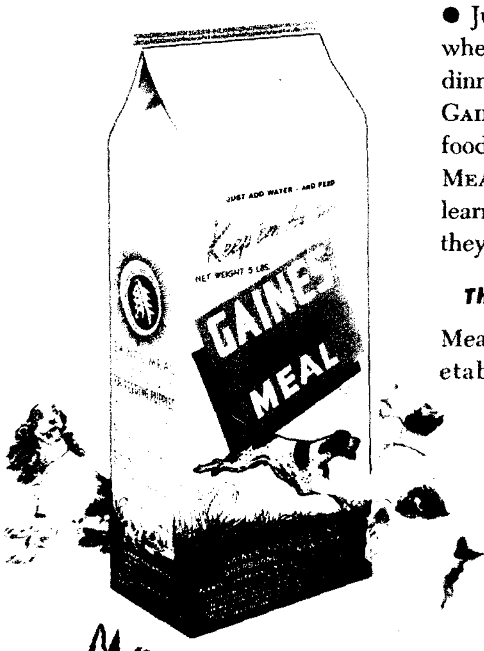

● Just imagine his joy—his eagerness—when your dog hears you call him to dinner, and he knows he's going to get GAINES, the nation's most popular dog food! This is the dog food—GAINES DOG MEAL—made by people who years ago learned what dogs really love, and what they *need* to nourish them *completely.*

The Complete Meal for All Dogs!

Meat meal, cereals, milk nutrients, vegetables, minerals and vitamins—in GAINES your dog gets *everything*—to put spark in his eyes, to put glow on his coat, to put wag in his tail . . . to nourish every inch of him, from the tip of his ears to his toenails!

This is the dog food—GAINES DOG MEAL—that, for over 14 years, has been the trusted stand-by of big kennels whose *business* is dogs—of prize-dog breeders whose *hobby* is dogs—and of veterinarians whose whole lifetime is spent in keeping dogs happy and well.

And now this dog food—GAINES DOG MEAL—is available to *you.* Next time you are buying dog food, be sure to speak for GAINES—the food famous kennelmen speak for—the food veterinarians speak for—and that countless lucky *dogs* speak for . . . the largest-selling dog food in the U. S. A.!

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A GRAND SURPRISE

awaits you. GAINES costs so little to feed! And no ration points are needed.

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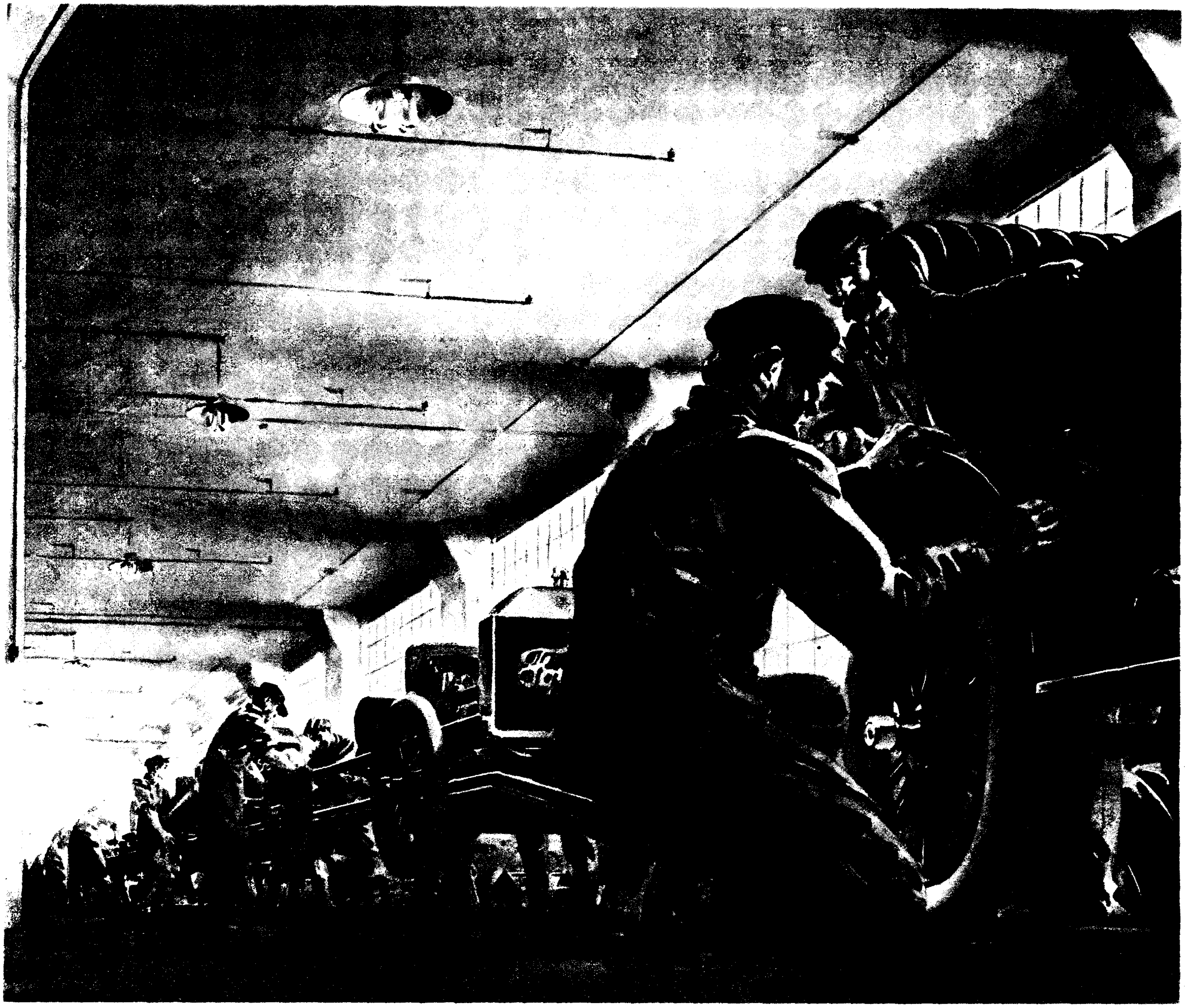
SPEAK FOR GAINES

THE COMPLETE MEAL FOR DOGS



There and then . . . the assembly line was born

EARLY in 1913, Henry Ford had his technicians try a new production idea which had come to him as he observed a watch factory in operation. The idea was this: instead of having a single group of men make the entire assembly on each flywheel magneto, the unit was to be moved from one worker to another. The experiment resulted in a 50% saving in time!

"Why not apply this idea to the whole chassis?" Mr. Ford next suggested. "We'll test it during the summer." So now, along elevated greased rails, each chassis was being pushed by hand as workers added the various parts in sequence. *There and then, the assembly line was born!*

A chain-driven line was soon after put into operation. Under the new system, the 14 hours formerly required for a single chassis assembly were cut to 1 hour and 33 minutes.

Before 1913 was over, more than 100,000 Ford cars had been built. All records for the mass production of automobiles had been broken.

Remarkable as this achievement was, it meant more than just a saving in production time. It meant more than creating new methods for industry everywhere. To Mr. Ford and his associates, this was another step in their endeavor to make life easier for millions.

From the first, the assembly line technique of production eased working conditions. Along with other modern advances, it helped to increase the life span of workers. At Ford, it soon made possible the inauguration of the 8-hour day. And with unskilled labor in many places earning as little as $1 a day, Ford basic pay was raised to $5.

The assembly line also brought price reductions on Ford cars. This placed the pleasure and convenience of the motor car within the reach of more people than ever. This policy of sharing production savings with the buying public has remained fundamental with Ford.

Today, in the creation of equipment vital to victory, Ford men continue their search for new ideas . . . for better ways of doing things. What they are learning now is bound to be reflected in the improved Ford transportation of tomorrow.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

more. Remember that: This ain't just a burglary. Remember it."

Brenner spoke again. "Maybe I wouldn't tell the cops," he said. "This time it's different."

"I know better. I ain't taking no chances."

It happened then. Suddenly and terribly. One of those swift, incredible things which defy sane thinking.

There was a noise. It came from the gun Claude was holding. There was a tiny spurt of flame at the end of the barrel.

Al Brenner made a peculiar sound. He put both hands over his stomach. His lips moved as though they were dry and he was trying to moisten them with his tongue. His head drooped. His pudgy body began to bend at the waist. It kept on bending until he was completely off balance.

Then he pitched forward and sprawled out on the floor. I had never before seen a dead man. But I knew that Al Brenner was dead.

SEEING a man murdered in cold blood isn't pretty. You know what has happened long before you have time to realize it. I sat there like a dope. I was more horrified than afraid.

Iris said, "Oh!" in a voice I'd never heard before. She dropped to her knees beside the body of Al Brenner.

Claude spoke again. His voice was still no more than a whisper. He said, "You two better do what I say or you'll get the same thing."

He wasn't kidding. It doesn't take a lot of argument to convince you under circumstances like that. I started to get up and Claude turned the barrel of the gun in my direction. He said, "Don't you do it." I didn't do it. I still sat there stiffly, on the couch, trying to piece things together and getting nowhere.

Iris did things to the body of Al Brenner. She felt for the pulse that wasn't there. She moved his head and then one arm and one leg. The way you make a sick person comfortable in bed. She knew it wouldn't make any difference to him, but I could tell she felt it didn't seem decent to let him lie there that way. She got up then and stood with her back against the mantel. Her cheeks were without color and her eyes were bright. She didn't show any signs of fright or of hysteria. She said, "You didn't have to do that," and Claude said, "That's what you think."

I could see that he was alert and listening. He listened for a long time. But nothing happened. No neighbors, no cops, no nothing.

Claude said, "When the cops come, you won't remember what I look like, see. Maybe I'm a big guy. Maybe I'm dark-complected. Maybe you never got a good look at me. But you don't describe me right. It wouldn't be healthy."

We didn't answer.

"I'm going. I want plenty of time to get away." He started toward the door. He said, "Don't be in no hurry about telephoning. Not if you want to keep on living."

He put the gun in the side pocket of his overcoat. He opened the door with his right hand and closed it behind him. I didn't hear any elevator, so I took it for granted that he walked down the emergency stairway.

There wasn't anything I could do about Brenner, but Claude had scared me plenty. I was worried about Iris. If we gave an accurate description to the police, she was in danger. I suppose I was afraid for myself, too; but I didn't seem very important then.

I stood up and put my arms around Iris. Her body was rigid. Her hands were like ice. I said, "Steady, kid," but I didn't need to say it. She was steady enough. I said, "I'd better phone the police," and she said, "Yes, phone them, Jimmy."

I stepped into the pantry and took a bottle of Scotch off the shelf. I poured her a huge shot. She bolted it straight. I gave myself the same treatment. Then I lifted the telephone off its cradle and asked for police. A bored voice answered. I said, "I want to report a murder."

The voice seemed less bored. It said, "Where?" and I gave the address and apartment number. I told our names and that we had been witnesses.

The voice was not at all bored now. "Sit steady," it said. "We'll be right over. Don't touch nothing—especially the body."

The connection was broken. I replaced the telephone. Iris was still standing. She had herself under control, but she looked as though she'd crack any minute. She said, "What did he mean: It wasn't any ordinary burglary?"

I said it was all double-talk to me. I said we might look around. Actually, I didn't care whether we did or not, but I knew that anything would be better than just standing there staring at what was left of Al Brenner.

We walked into the bedroom, and I snapped on the lights. It was a nice, big bedroom. It had two windows and was strictly feminine, without being frilly. One suitcase was on the floor at the foot of the bed, apparently untouched. The other was on the bed, open. I said, "Did you open that?" and she said, "Yes."

She was staring at it. Then she moved forward and started sifting through it. She picked up a little yellow box, opened it, frowned and shook her head. She said, "That's odd."

"What's odd?"

"My jewelry. It's all here. All the genuine stuff. There are two pieces missing. But they're costume items. One is that little penguin you gave me."

That didn't make sense. Fifteen dollars was what the penguin had cost. It was cute, but that was all you could say for it. I had given it to Iris because we both liked penguins and had done a lot of kidding about them. And even that piece wasn't perfect. One of the feet had been broken off months before. I said, "You're sure about the real stuff? It's all there?"

"Everything."

"How much real stuff have you got in that case?"

"Probably five thousand dollars' worth." She stared at me in bewilderment. "It'd seem more reasonable if he hadn't opened the jewel case at all. But to open it and pass up the genuine stones . . ."

I saw a newly puzzled expression come over her. She started plowing through the suitcase again. It was full of neatly folded dresses and dainty lingerie and stockings and other strictly female things. I watched her without saying anything. Finally she stopped searching and turned to me, looking more bewildered than ever. She said, "There's something else missing, Jimmy."

"What?"

"The other box of cigars. The ones I brought in from Cuba. Remember I told you Benigno gave me a box of El Corsario Invincibles to bring to a friend of his in New York? Pedro Hernandez, his name is. Remember I bought a duplicate box for you . . . the one I gave you at the office this afternoon? I left the second box here: right on top of everything. It's gone."

FROM downstairs came the wail of a police-car siren. I put my arm around Iris' waist and led her through the bedroom door to the dinette. We both avoided looking at the body of Al Brenner. I said, "What do we tell the police?"

"Everything."

"You know what Claude threatened. That worries me. Not about myself. About you."

"We've got to do it, Jimmy."

I sighed. "I suppose we do." I looked briefly at Brenner. "Yes, we'll have to."

The buzzer sounded and I opened the door. Two radio-patrol cops barged in. They glanced around the room and gazed with interest at the body by the fireplace. One of them said, "Guy from Homicide will be up any minute. We'll hold on until he gets here. The feller that did it, he's had plenty chance for a getaway?"

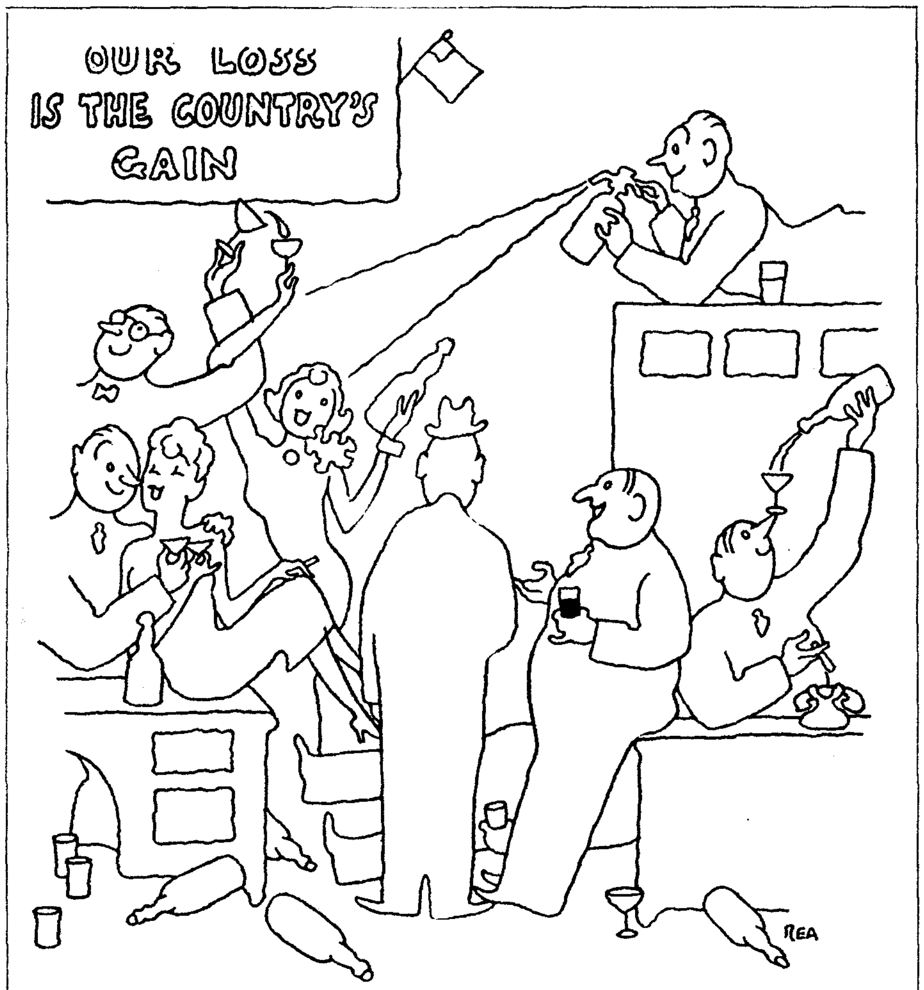
"I suppose so. Ten minutes. Maybe fifteen," I said.

The policeman shrugged. "We better wait for Homicide," he said. "There ain't no use chasing somebody we don't know which way he went."

They didn't have long to wait. Within a few seconds the buzzer sounded again. One of the patrolmen opened the door. He said, "'Lo, Lieutenant. Howdy. Ernie."

Two men in plain clothes came into the room. The one addressed as Lieutenant was short, compact and wiry. He had black hair and eyes and an olive complexion. The other was big and calm and had a red face. The stocky, dynamic one took something out of his pocket and showed it to us. It was a police badge.

"Max Gold," he said crisply. "Lieutenant. Homicide Squad. You Drake? And Miss Randall? What happened?"



OUR LOSS IS THE COUNTRY'S GAIN
REA

"It started out as a going-away party for a man named Higgins—but it's lasted through at least ten other guys by now"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

I GUESS I ATE TOO MUCH Lobster!

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For he was a master distiller who created many noble whiskies.

So when he selected one — a matchless bourbon of rare flavor and bouquet — to bear his name, you may be sure it was the master's choice.

OLD TAYLOR — now as then — is the choice of those who relish bourbon at its best.

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OLD TAYLOR
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OLD TAYLOR
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Signed SEALED and DELICIOUS

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National Distillers Products Corporation
New York

I told him we were and gave him the story as briefly as possible. He listened without change of expression. He asked no questions. Not then, he didn't. He walked over to the body and examined it silently. He rambled through the apartment. He didn't overlook a thing.

I sat alongside Iris on the couch and took her hand. It was still freezing cold. I squeezed it, and she squeezed back. The idea hit me that I was right in the middle of the evening I had looked forward to for so long and I felt an absurd impulse to laugh. I choked it back because I knew what that meant. It meant I was pretty close to hysteria.

AFTER a while Max came back. He said, "Maybe we better go in the bedroom. I guess it ain't any fun looking at him." By "him" he meant Al Brenner.

We followed Gold into the bedroom. He made us sit down and he passed cigarettes. I took one and lighted it. He started firing questions at Iris:

"This bird . . . what did he look like?"

I said, "He warned us not to describe him accurately. He said if we did we'd get the same thing he gave Brenner."

"So-o-o . . . ?"

Iris said, "Of course we're going to tell you the truth, Lieutenant." She gave a brief, graphic description of the intruder. Gold said, "That could be a dozen guys. A lot of these young punks look that way and act that way."

Iris said, "He and Mr. Brenner knew each other. Mr. Brenner called him Claude."

Max Gold looked over our heads. His assistant was standing in the doorway; the man called Ernie. Ernie said, "You get it, Max?"

Gold said, "Sure I get it: Claude Williams." He looked at Iris again. "Bad hombre," he said. "That Claude Williams don't kid around."

Ernie said, "Ain't burglary something new for him?"

"Yeah . . ."

Iris said, "It wasn't a burglary. Not really." She told about what Claude Williams had said, and about the checkup we'd made. Max Gold shook his head. "Screwy," he commented. "Costume jewelry and cigars. And I happen to know Williams don't even smoke. Maybe what he really come for was Al Brenner."

I shook my head. "It couldn't be. He couldn't have known Mr. Brenner was coming up. Brenner had dinner with Miss Randall and me, and we came up here on the spur of the moment when we brought her home."

Gold was frankly puzzled. "I don't get it," he said. "Though the killing of Brenner I can understand.

"If it was Claude Williams, and I'm sure it was, he was in a bad spot. He's done two felony raps, and three felony convictions in this state carries a mandatory life sentence.

"He worked for Brenner once. After he'd done one stretch, he applied to Brenner for a job and Brenner gave him one in one of the theaters where he has an interest. Claude went straight for a while and then started a little embezzling. He was caught and tried. He was convicted on the strength of Al Brenner's testimony. That's why he was so sure that Brenner would tell the police."

"I see. . . . But what I don't understand is why he came up here when he did and took what he took. I don't even understand how he knew about Miss Randall or that she was back in this country."

Gold smiled. It was a mere creasing of the lips. He said, "I guess he wasn't kidding when he said it wasn't an ordinary burglary. That mug was after something special, all right."

Now Gold addressed himself to the plainclothes man at the door. "Telephone headquarters," he snapped. "Tell them to pick up Claude Williams for questioning."

I asked, "Will Claude know there's a call out?"

"Probably."

"Then he'll know that we've told you the truth."

"Uh-huh. We'll give you and Miss Randall plenty of protection."

"I'm not worried about myself."

"It's okay you should be. You look like sensible people. Ain't no use smooshing you. You got to keep your eyes open until we grab the guy."

Iris was superb. She said, "I suppose that's the way it's got to be, Lieutenant. But I prefer to understand clearly. Do you think . . . ?"

"I think this," said Max Gold, and his face was serious. "I think there's an awful lot more to this than we've seen so far. I think Claude Williams is tough and desperate. I think you're in a hell of a spot."

THE things that happen right after a murder are confusing to the lay mind. There are all sorts of people connected with the police department who aren't actually cops. They crowd in and start strutting their stuff. They commenced arriving at this point, and after that we couldn't hear ourselves think.

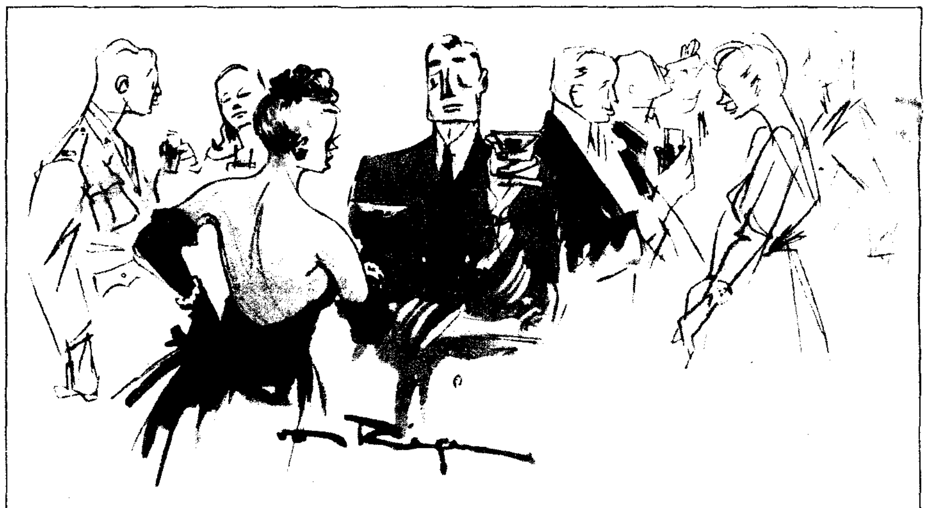
There was the medical examiner. He spoke in whispers with Max Gold and then started fooling around Al Brenner's body. I saw that it bothered Iris and I didn't relish it much myself, so I asked Gold whether we could adjourn to the next room. He said that was okay, and so we went. I sat by the door where I could look across the dinette down into the living room.

A photographer arrived. He started shooting pictures. Then a tall, lanky individual came in and started taking measurements.

There were also a couple of guys who buzzed around dusting for fingerprints.

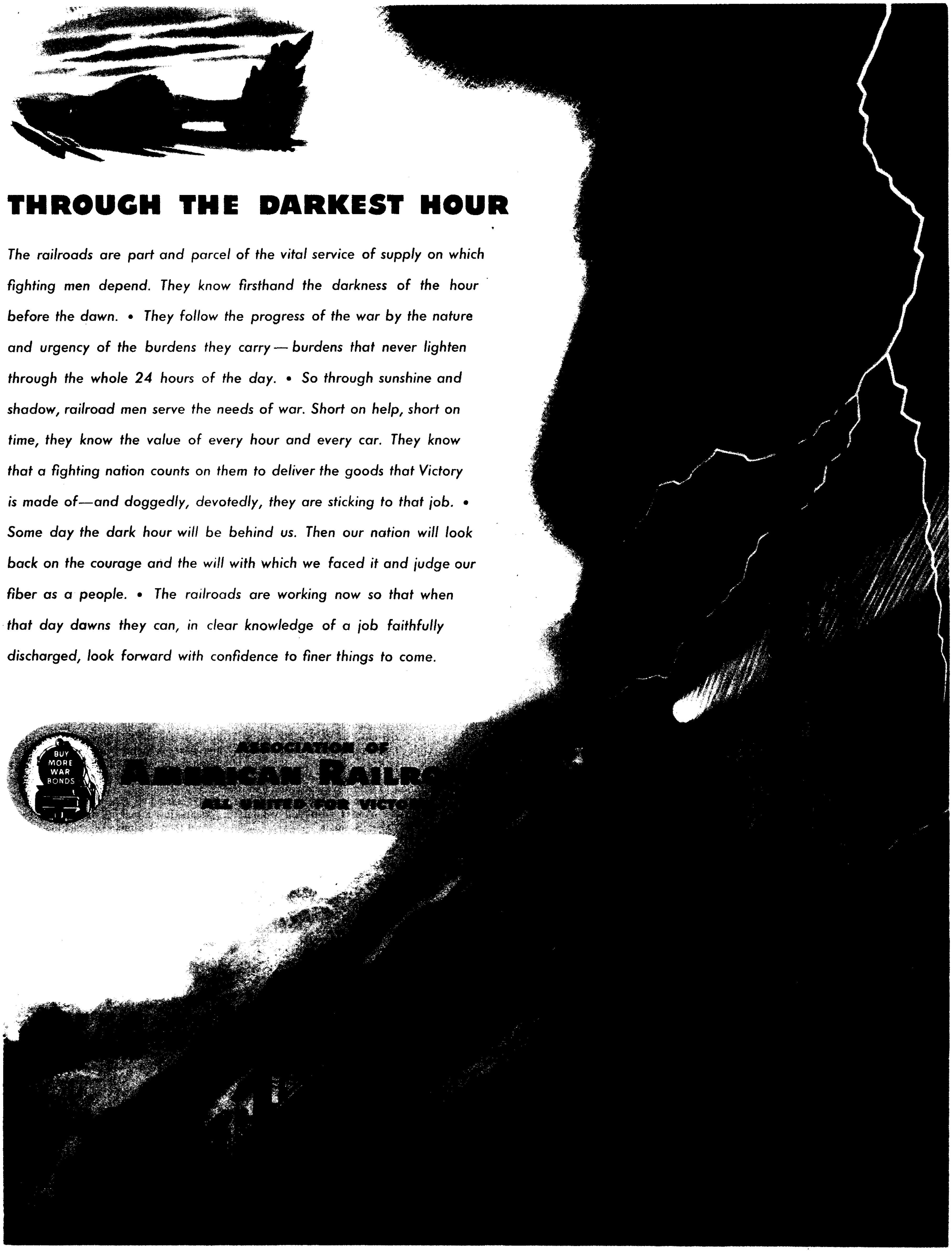
Outside the door the hallway got noisy. Reporters and photographers. They wanted in, and every once in a while when they got too importunate, Max would go to the door and gentle them down. He did it nicely but firmly. He talked quite a bit, but I noticed that he didn't say anything.

When the fingerprint gent finished his job in the bedroom and strolled out with his paraphernalia, Max came in and started talking to Iris, flinging me a look once in a while to show that he hadn't forgotten me and that I was welcome to contribute my two cents any time a thought hit me. But not many



"If I were a man I'd feel positively naked not being in uniform"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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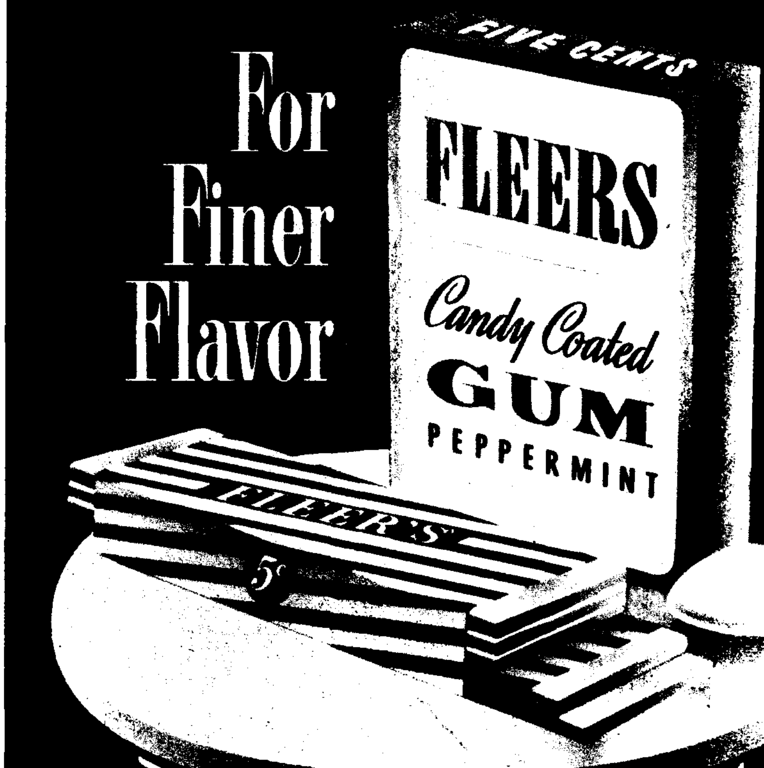

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thoughts were hitting me just then. I was feeling lousy.

Max said, "You never saw Claude Williams before, Miss Randall?"

"Not that I know of."

Max lit a cigarette and held it out in front of his face watching it carefully as though the blue smoke curling up from it could tell him something. "Think this one over carefully: Did you ever hear Al Brenner mention Williams?"

"Not that I remember."

"When Williams walked in the room with the little black bag, did he seem surprised to see Brenner?"

"That would be hard to say, Lieutenant. He knew some people were in the room—he must have heard us come in. And he has the sort of face that doesn't show anything."

"But you didn't get the idea that he had come here for the express purpose of getting Brenner?"

"No-o . . ." Iris chose her words carefully. "But perhaps that's because I know he couldn't possibly have expected Mr. Brenner to be here."

MAX took his time again. Then he said, "From what you've told us about his skipping the real jewelry it's plain that wasn't what he was after. That brings us to those missing cigars. What kind were they?"

"El Corsario Invincibles. Big ones. A single box of fifty." Then she went on and gave him the whole story—just where and how she'd gotten them, and that she was to deliver them to Pedro Hernandez, a Bolivian friend of the man who had given them to her in Cuba.

When she had finished, Gold ground out his cigarette in a delicate china ash tray. He picked another out of his pocket and lighted it. "It's beyond me why," he said, "but it could be that Williams was really after that box of cigars. They ain't expensive enough to risk a life term for a third felony. They ain't expensive enough to kill a man for. They ain't expensive enough to make a lad like Claude Williams do a burglary that's distinctly out of his line. But he had time to take his pick, and he picked them."

I busted in at this point. I said, "Look, Gold, I'm worried about Miss Randall, with that guy on the loose and knowing we've put you onto him."

"No use kidding," Gold said. "I'd say she was safe enough, but not entirely. I'll give her a bodyguard until we pick Williams up."

Iris said, "I appreciate that. But won't it be a trifle awkward?"

Max grinned. "He won't bother you. He'll just be around. I figure Williams won't show up in your vicinity because he'll know we're doing just that. And I wish you wouldn't be frightened, Miss Randall."

She said, "I'll try not to be." The gal was game all right.

Gold took out a little notebook, and I gave him my home and business addresses and telephone numbers. He said that was all he wanted just then, and for us to be sure not to leave town. I asked him about the reporters, and he suggested that Iris let him do the talking. He said he'd leave a guard in the hall so nobody would come in uninvited. He said, "You staying here tonight, Miss Randall?"

She looked at me. I could see that she was getting awful close to the breaking point. She'd been riding along on her nerve, but the end wasn't far off. She said, "I'd rather not. You understand . . ."

"Sure I understand. What you want to do?"

She said, "If I could get into a hotel without anybody knowing where I was . . ."

"I'll fix that."

I asked whether I could trail along, and Iris said that was exactly what she wanted. It was what I wanted, too, so we were even.

Gold went out of the room to make arrangements. I wanted to get soft with Iris, but I was afraid to. Later, it'd be all right. At the moment it was up to me to keep my own chin up, at least until she got some things packed and got where she could break down with some semblance of privacy. I didn't kid myself that it wouldn't happen.

Gold worked fast, and a few minutes later we had gotten by the photographers and reporters, through the streets and were on our way upstairs, in a quiet midtown hotel. We walked into a nice corner suite. Just us and Gold and the manager. No bellboy. Nobody who might spill if the newspapermen started checking up on hotels. One of the cops from the prowl car, an efficient-looking lad in plain clothes, produced a magazine from his overcoat pocket and settled down in a comfortable chair on our floor near the elevators. Having him there gave me a comfortable feeling.

Gold said, "You're registered under an assumed name. Mr. Thayer here doesn't know who you are and won't try to find out. What's more, he won't talk. The man on duty in the hall is competent. You've got nothing to worry about. Anything else I can do?"

Iris said there wasn't. She thanked him for everything he'd done so far. I opened the door, and Mr. Thayer and Max Gold left. I tested to see whether the door was locked and then I clicked the thumb latch on the inside. Then I took off my overcoat and hat and hung them in the guest closet off the sitting room. I said, "I don't want any arguments. I'm staying here tonight."

I didn't get any arguments. Iris took off her coat and hat and carried them into the bedroom. It was a nice room, even though it had that hotel look.

I said, "You get undressed and climb into bed. I'll tuck you in and hold your hand until you fall asleep."

Still no argument. I went into the sitting room, leaving the door open. Iris didn't close it. I stood at the window looking down at New York. I saw a lot of lights and a lot of traffic. It didn't mean a thing. I was thinking about Iris. I was thinking what a swell gal she was. I was thinking that she had taken it on the chin and hadn't cracked. I was thinking that this was a hell of a reunion.

I heard her calling me. I walked into the bedroom. She was in one of the twin beds. She looked as pretty as seventeen do[illegible] worth of lettuce. But her face was hagg[illegible] her eyes were wide and frightened. I pulled a chair alongside the bed and sat down. I reached for her hand and it grabbed mine with a strength which amazed me.

I didn't say anything about what had happened and neither did she. We sat that way a long time. Doing nothing. Saying nothing. Then her lips began to quiver. Her body trembled. She was getting ready for a first-class, A-number-one breakdown, and I didn't try to stop it. I knew it would be good for her.

SHE started to sob. Convulsive sobs. No tears, just a racking of her body.

And then it came. Tears. Floods of tears. She put out her other hand and took mine between both of hers. She didn't make much noise, but what happened hurt worse than anything I'd seen that night.

It went on and on and on. I pulled my hand away and walked over to the light switch. I snapped it, so that the only light left came through the sitting-room door. I went back to the bed and lay down alongside Iris.

I put my arms around her. I held her close. I didn't say a word. With my free hand I stroked her head. I made silly little soothing noises, the way a mother does with a baby.

A long time passed. Then her so[illegible]ing grew less violent. Occasionally there'[illegible]e a pause between convulsions. The pauses grew longer, the hysteria less pronounced.

And finally she lay quietly. Her breathing became regular. I didn't move. I knew she was asleep.

I stayed where I was for at least an hour longer. Then I got up. I tried not to disturb her, and I didn't. I stood by the side of the bed looking down at her. Then I walked into the sitting room and stretched out on the couch. I lighted a cigarette and stared at the ceiling through the smoke.

I finished the cigarette and tried to go to sleep. . . .

It was early when I woke up. My body ached all over, the couch being on the short side. I lay still for a few minutes and let the events of the previous night come back to me. Even in the broad daylight they seemed fantastic and unreal.

I got up and stretched a few muscles. I tiptoed to the bedroom door and peeped inside. Iris was still sleeping.

I slipped back into the sitting room, closing the door gently. I picked up the telephone and asked for room service. Finally I got it. I ordered coffee, breakfast rolls and orange juice. For two. I stood in front of the mirror which hung over a little table and tried to pretty myself up. I ran a pocket comb through my hair and straightened my tie. I still didn't look beautiful, but it was the best I could do at the moment.

The waiter appeared, shoving a little table which had wheels. I paid the check and gave him a nice tip. I started to go in and wake Iris right away, but changed my mind. Instead I poured a little coffee into one of the cups and gulped it. It was scalding hot, but it tasted like nectar. It put a new complexion on the world. Then I walked into the bedroom. I hated to wake Iris, but it had to be done. I was due at the office and there were things to talk about. I felt domestic as hell. I felt sentimental. I felt like a mug who was terribly in love. I put my hand on her cheek. She twisted a little under the covers. Then she opened her eyes, said "Oh!" and sat up straight.

At first she didn't get it. Then things started coming back to her. I said, "I've got some coffee in the other room. I'll be waiting." I returned to the sitting room and shut the door.

IN a few minutes she joined me. She looked as though she'd been pushed around a lot, and also as though her sleep hadn't been terribly restful. But she was still Iris, and that was all I asked. I poured a cup of coffee and handed it to her without a word.

After a couple of swallows she didn't get cheerful exactly, but she did perk up. She looked at my rumpled clothes and at the couch. She said, "You should have slept in the other bed, Jimmy."

I shook my head. "It was hard enough fighting temptation from in here."

She let that one ride.

I said, "Let's don't talk too much about last night. We're both thinking the same things. But what gives from now on is important."

She said, "I know it is."

"First of all, you're going to have reporters in your hair. Some of them will be nice, and some of them won't. You'll have to watch your step. Second, about returning to your apartment . . ."

She said, "I've thought that over. I mustn't be foolish. I'm going back."

"Good girl."

"I figure it this way, Jimmy: There isn't any use being afraid. That is, there's no hiding from what I might be afraid of. I think Lieutenant Gold had something when he said that Williams would know I'd be guarded, and he'd be afraid to try anything."

"One more thing I can admire about you: Your courage."

"It isn't courage. It's common sense."

"It's a rose by another name. As I get it, you're going to get back to normalcy as quickly as possible."

"Is there anything else I can do?"

"That's the best thing." I looked at her over the rim of my coffee cup. "I'm going to make a crazy suggestion."

"Like what?"

"There's that barn dance at the studio tonight. I want you to be there."

She made a gesture which dismissed the idea. She said it was impossible. I started arguing. I told her, first of all, that if she was really sincere about trying to throw off the tragedy of the previous night, there would be no better way to start. I explained that she'd be where everybody knew her and liked her. Otherwise she'd be with strangers or alone—I had to be at the party. I said we didn't have to get there at the beginning and that we could leave early. I said we'd take lunch and dinner together. I said I knew she had an appointment at the broadcasting studio that morning, and I suggested that she keep it. Things had to be done sooner or later, and it might as well be sooner.

Finally, she agreed. She said it didn't seem right, but she caught my point. That was more success than I had dared hope for, and I let it go at that. From then on, I took it for granted. I told her I was going to my apartment for a shower, a shave, and a change of clothes, and that I'd be at the office after that. I told her a few more things—all personal and nice. She said some nice things to me, too, which made me feel swell. I picked up her hand and kissed it. She would have let me kiss her on the lips, but I'd had enough of that. I had made up my mind not to browse around there any more until she wanted it that way—for keeps.

I put on my overcoat and hat and went out. Sitting near the elevator was a slim little man. He said, in a flat voice, "You Drake?"

I nodded. "Me Drake. You?"

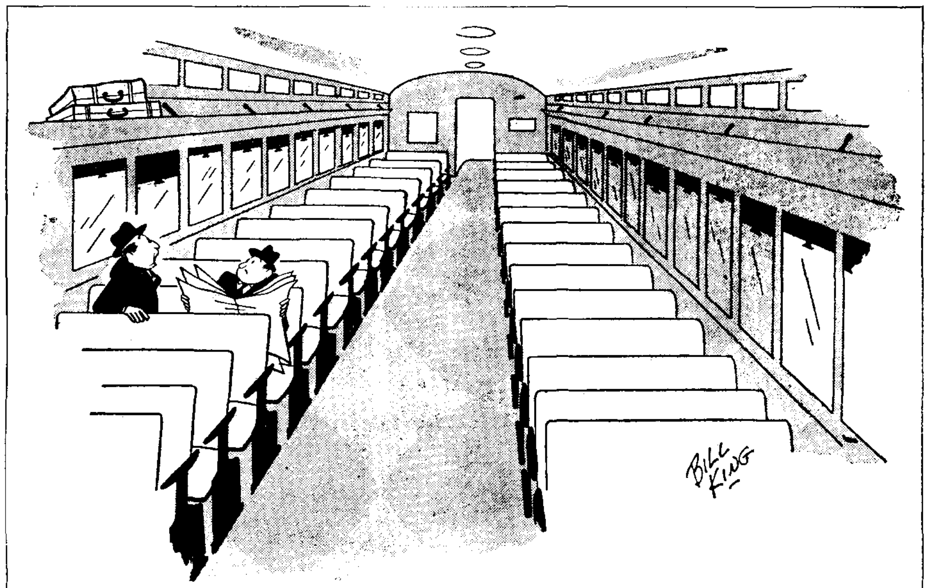
He snapped one hand into a pocket and pulled out a police badge. I said, "Atta boy. Stick with it." He said, "Oke!" and indicated that the interview had ended.

On my way out I stopped at the newsstand and bought a raft of papers and glanced at the headlines and the leads in the taxi on my way home.

What also suited me nicely was the way Max Gold had handled the newspaper boys. All the stories agreed on the essential points: Iris Randall had just returned from a USO tour of the Caribbean area. She had dined with Al Brenner, who was trying to book her into one of the clubs in which he had an interest. I was apparently just along for the ride. We returned to Iris' apartment and encountered a burglar who got panicky and shot Al Brenner.

There wasn't a hint that anybody suspected the identity of the burglar. There was no mention of his having been seen entering or leaving the apartment. No other tenant of the building had heard the shot. There was no hint of romance or of scandal.

And, most important of all, there was no



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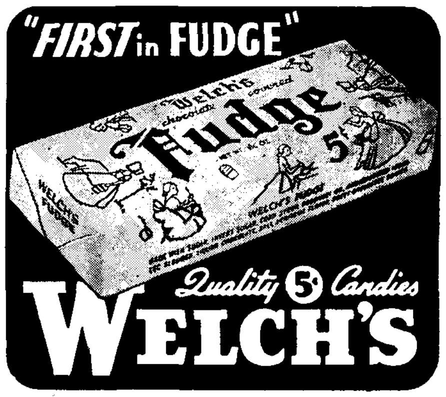
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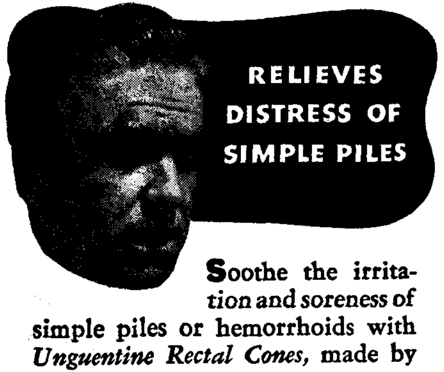

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mention of a box of cigars. You'd think from reading the story that the intruder had been surprised before having had a chance to steal anything. Max Gold hadn't said so flatly, but that's the impression he had given, and that's what the reporters passed along to the public.

MY ARRIVAL at the studio was an event.

Wally Carrington came into my office. So did Hal White and Ted Farris and Howard Lawton and a couple of models whose names I didn't know. They asked questions and I told them nothing that the newspapers hadn't said. I explained that Iris had been hit pretty hard and that when she came by to pick me up for lunch, it would be kinder not to talk about the affair. They all agreed, and I spent the rest of the morning with the usual business stuff. Either the clients hadn't read the papers or they just didn't connect me with the story—nobody mentioned it.

A few minutes before 12:30, Iris came in. She seemed to have gotten hold of herself in a large way. Unless you looked deep into her eyes—which was one of my favorite indoor sports—you couldn't get a hint of the ordeal she'd been through.

She sat in my easiest easy chair and reported her activities of the morning. She had been down to the broadcasting offices and arranged for her first program, which was on tap for the following week. "And then," she said, "I went to see Pedro Hernandez. I gave him the cigars."

"Are you crazy?" I said. "How did you give him the cigars if Williams stole them last night?"

She laughed. "That was easy. I bought a new box of fifty El Corsario Invincibles. They cost plenty, but they saved me a lot of explanation."

I said, "You use your head for lots of things besides having headaches, don't you?"

"It was the simplest thing. The cigars are all the same. He'll never know that they aren't the identical ones Benigno gave me."

I'm an awful sap. In some ways. I asked. "Is this Pedro Hernandez handsome?"

She nodded. "Magnificent," she said. "Tall. Swarthy. Tiny black mustache. Beautiful teeth. Speaks almost perfect English with just the slightest Spanish accent. He's probably forty and thinks everybody believes he's ten years younger. Has a lovely apartment, and hates to be alone. He said he had never met anyone as wonderful as I am. He said he was overcome, overpowered, overwhelmed—"

"—And overboard."

"Precisely. He already knows my address and telephone number."

"You told him?"

"I didn't have to. Señor Hernandez apparently is a lad who prepares for all emergencies."

I said, "I get it. Now I have two new competitors. A guy from Bolivia and an F.B.I. lad. It's all very disturbing. So I want some lunch."

She said she did, too. We left the studio together, stopping briefly at the switchboard to chat with Margie.

As we walked along toward Broadway I glanced sidewise at Iris. She was pretending that things were normal. She was making a valiant effort to forget the thing she had witnessed the previous night.

I suppose she could have fooled a lot of people. But she couldn't fool me. I knew she was almost as frightened as I was.

THE studio was a madhouse that afternoon. Even more important than a murder which had involved Iris Randall and myself, more important than clients, more important than anything you could think of, was the barn dance.

Of course that had to be the day that business went haywire. Rush jobs for the art department. Retakes for the photographic staff. A model falling down and injuring her ankle. A fuse blowing out. Handymen more interested in decorating the gallery than in doing their work. Strident voices, tension, nervousness . . . but underneath all of it a sort of good humor.

We muddled through it. At six o'clock I checked out. I stopped at the PBX and told Margie Brett that I was on my way and that if any clients wanted anything in a hurry she could tell them where to go. She wanted to know whether Iris would be at the party. I said sure she would, and Margie said that was fine. She said there was something she wanted to discuss with Iris. She said, "Iris has got a head on her shoulders," and I said she sure had and that they were also quite some shoulders. I walked to the head of the steps leading down to the street level. I turned and waved at Margie. She looked much too serious for Margie. She looked as though she had something on her mind.

I shrugged it off and went to my apartment, where I shaved and did a quick-change act, then ran downstairs and grabbed a cruising taxi. I gave the address of Iris' apartment house.

A cop I had seen last night was on guard outside her door, and I gave him a howdy and pressed the buzzer.

When Iris opened the door she took my breath away. She had on a hostess gown. It was black and it had red down the front all the way from the low-cut neck to the floor. It was some sort of crepe material, and it was tied in at the waist so that it didn't do her figure any injustice. She was wearing a cute pair of black satin mules with red heels that matched the red on the gown. I said, "Don't ever do that. You make me dizzy."

ANSWERS TO ABBREVIATIONS QUIZ ON PAGE 68

1. Cubic centimeters. 2. His (Her) Majesty's Service, Ship, or Steamer. 3. Exclamation. 4. Barrel; barrels. 5. Young Women's Hebrew Association. 6. Mortgage. 7. Miscellaneous. 8. Philippine Islands. 9. Interstate Commerce Commission. 10. Teuton; Teutonic. 11. Uruguay. 12. Doctor of Veterinary Medicine. 13. Center. 14. Veterans of Foreign Wars of the U. S. 15. Ditto. 16. United States Military Academy. 17. Cylinder; cylindrical. 18. District Attorney. 19. Colloquial; colloquialism. 20. Lexicon. 21. John. 22. Chief petty officer. 23. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. 24. Direct current. 25. Gram; grams.

(All abbreviations have been checked with Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.)

I flung my coat and hat on a chair and asked whether she remembered that she was supposed to be having dinner with me. She said she remembered all right, but that she was waiting for Hernandez.

"Hernandez, huh? Pretty fast work, isn't it?"

She said, "I couldn't say no. He was so insistent and he promised to stay just a few minutes. We don't want to get to the party too early, anyway."

I couldn't dispute that, so I went into the kitchen with her, and helped fix some Martinis.

Hernandez arrived shortly after. He looked like something out of a romantic movie. He was beautiful, but he had a grip that made me wince, and I'm no weakling. He talked with the faintest suggestion of a Spanish accent. Just enough to be attractive. He smiled all over the place.

We sat around and discussed the affair of the previous night. The Al Brenner thing. Pedro had read about it in the newspapers. He was sympathetic. He was everything that a lad on the make should be. But there was something wrong about him; something that didn't quite click. He was too smooth, too perfect. I thought it over and dismissed the idea. I figured I was the jealous type.

He included me in the early portion of his conversation and then forgot me. He said to Iris, "It was very sweet that you should take all the trouble to bring me the cigars from Havana. But that you should also deliver them at my apartment was also very sweet."

"She's that way," I broke in. "Covered all over with saccharine."

He had a rich, soft, purring voice. He said, "Those were the very same cigars that Benigno gave you for me, Miss Randall?"

She hesitated briefly. Then she said, "Frankly, no."

I saw his eyes narrow. I saw one hand take a tighter grip on the arm of the easy chair. He repeated, "No?"

"The cigars I brought from Cuba were in my suitcase, Mr. Hernandez. The burglar who was here last night stole them. But I knew the brand and the size, so I went out this morning and bought a duplicate box."

For some reason that I couldn't fathom, Brother Hernandez didn't seem pleased. But he continued to be suave and courteous. Inquisitive, too.

"The burglar take much other things, Miss Randall?"

"No . . ." I knew she was going to explain that he had also copped a couple of pieces of costume jewelry, and I cut her off. I said, "He took the cigars. That's all."

Iris said, "Surely, there's no real difference between the ones I gave you and those that come straight from Havana, is there?"

"Only that you brought them personally. It would be those I should prefer."

That seemed to strike her as nice. Me, I thought it was a lot of Spanish malarkey. She said, "If I'd known that, I'd have given you the other box and bought a fresh one for Mr. Drake."

"Mr. Drake?"

"That's me," I said. "I'm Mr. Drake. Remember?"

He said, "Oh! My apologies." He was still smiling, but there wasn't much warmth in the smile. Or in the black eyes, either. He said, "Then there were *two* boxes of El Corsario Invincibles?"

Iris said, "Three, really. The box the burglar stole. A duplicate box which I gave Mr. Drake yesterday afternoon. And the one I bought for you this morning."

FOR the first time Pedro got interested in me. "You appreciate the good cigars, Señor Drake, no?"

"I certainly do. Unaccustomed as I am."

"You have smoke' some of them already?"

"Not me. I'm saving them for extra special occasions."

"You have them at your house?"

"No. My office. Carrington, Incorporated. Safe and sound in my desk."

"Aaaah! Is a very peculiar thing I offer now, Mr. Drake. I should like to buy those cigars from you. My friend Benigno select' them for me, and Miss Randall, she brought them in with her own hands. For the sentiment, I like to have those very ones."

This was getting interesting.

I said, "No soap, Mr. Hernandez. They're not for sale."

"Surely, there must be some arrangement . . ."

I said, "Look, Hernandez: you may as well lay off. I've got that box of cigars and I intend to keep it. Let's drop it."

"But I prefer we should not drop it."

"All right. Keep it rolling. But I've said my say."

His voice was like ice. He said, "You are most impolite. I do not like the way you're acting."

"I'm not crazy about it myself. But we Drakes have a streak of boorishness a mile wide."

He got up. He looked mad enough to hang one on my jaw. He said, "I will pay a large price for those cigars, Mr. Drake."

"They're still not for sale."

Señor Hernandez said goodby to Iris. He kissed her hand. He flung me a dirty look and went out the door. Iris stood there listening until she heard the elevator come and go. Then she said, "Why so nasty, Jimmy?"

I put my hands on her shoulders. They were nice warm shoulders. I said, "Look, honey—use your head. Can't you see something screwy in this setup?"

Her eyes opened wide. "Jimmy! What do you mean?" she said.

I said, "Look. You brought in two boxes of cigars, one of which you gave me. Your friend—Benigno—thought there would be only *one* box. He intended Mr. Hernandez to get that box."

It was beginning to register, all right. She said, "Go ahead."

"Couldn't you see that when Hernandez came here he knew that the box you had given him wasn't the box that Benigno had handed you? Well, how did he know that? And why is he so set on getting that particular one?"

She said, "It does add up peculiarly, Jimmy. You're right."

I was going good now. "Claude Williams took the only box that was in your suitcase. He probably thought it was the only box you brought in. Since he didn't take anything else—and I don't count the costume jewelry—he was obviously after the cigars. And Mr. Hernandez is after them, too. It's as plain as the nose on your face. Whether it's as pretty may be something else again."

Iris said, "Do you think we'd better tell the police?"

"We certainly should," I said. "But first I want to take a good look at the box you gave me. Tonight at the studio I'll give them a careful inspection. Then I'll have a talk with Max Gold."

THERE are studio parties and studio parties. This was the other kind.

There's a tradition about shindigs at which most of the feminine guests are professional models. Maybe they used to be that way in Greenwich Village or on the Left Bank. I wouldn't be knowing. Anyhow, it was different at Carrington's.

In the first place, photographic models are a different type from what you've usually read about. They're mostly ladies, they're mostly young and they're mostly cultured. The huge majority of them are nice kids.

The point I am trying to get across is that this wasn't a wild party. Studio personnel, customers and models. Among the clients there was probably the usual quota of wolves, but they didn't get a chance to do any more than howl.

By the time Iris and I finished dinner and got to the studio, the party was in high There was a solid five-piece orchestra. There was a big phonograph for use when the orchestra was resting. There was a buffet with food and drinks of all kinds, presided over by Andy and a couple of outside helpers. Everybody except the helpers was in costume. Even Andy, being a regular employee, was wearing a checkered shirt, overalls and a wide-brimmed, floppy straw hat. The girls sported country costumes: calicoes and things. Overalls were the rule for the men.

Wally Carrington was supervising the fun. He looked like a rube and was having himself one swell time. These were his kids, and he was seeing to it that they enjoyed themselves. He was organizing an old-fashioned barn dance when we came in, and he had imported a professional figure-caller from a Village restaurant. Iris and I fell in line. There was a lot of laughing and good-natured ribbing to the scraping of a fiddle and the pumping of an accordion. After that the orchestra took a breather, someone turned on the phonograph and we sort of circulated around.

Wally Carrington steered me up against a couple of important mail-order clients from Chicago. They had come in late and hadn't quite gotten into the spirit of things. It was my job to see that they did. I signaled Andy and slipped each of them a good stiff drink. I looked over at Iris as though to explain that I'd be stuck for a while and she mustn't get out of the mood.

She met my look and nodded. She was sitting on a satin chaise longue which had been dragged from the prop room, there being a scarcity of seats. Margie Brett was alongside her. They were talking. It looked pretty serious, and if it had been anybody but Margie I'd have worried. But I knew little Miss Brett. I knew she wouldn't be breaking any rules. I knew she wouldn't be upsetting Iris by talking about Al Brenner.

Sonia Carrington was sitting near them. She was in country costume, too, but she was still Sonia. You can't make the exotic type look like a bumpkin, no matter how hard you try. Sonia's gray eyes were somber and sultry. She was talking to Howard Lawton, the assistant business manager, and to a couple of customers.

I saw her pass around a red cigarette case. She was wearing red bracelets and a red necklace tonight. I guessed her favorite jade had seemed too formal for the occasion. I saw her husband join her briefly and say something to her. She reached up to caress the hand he dropped on her shoulder. It was a nice husband-and-wife touch. It was casual, but not so casual that you'd forget they'd only been married a little more than a year.

Pretty soon they put on the square dances. The Chicagoans enjoyed watching, but they didn't participate. They sat 'em out with the two models I'd corralled for them, and I sat with them.

When the square dance ended, I signaled Hal White. He came over, dragging a tall, slim, attractive blond gal. That was Penny Atkins, Wally's secretary. She and Hal knocked around together all the time. They had ever since her early studio days when she had been Hal's assistant. They caught on to what I wanted and tried to relieve me of my charges. Still no luck. It simply made us a group of seven instead of a group of five.

Aside from having a few dances with Iris, what I most wanted was to get into my office and have a look at the box of El Corsario Invincibles which I had shoved into my drawer the previous afternoon. I had been doing a lot of thinking about those cigars. Too many people were too interested in them, or in a box that looked just like them.

But it was no soap. The crowd was milling around and I couldn't get away. I looked for Iris and didn't see her. Margie Brett had disappeared, too. But, for that matter, so had a lot of other people. Couples drifted in and out of the gallery. The orchestra was blaring. I knew that the big reception room at the other end of the building would be filled with people who wanted a few quiet minutes. I knew that everybody was having a good time. I knew I was stuck with a couple of good guys, and for once I was sorry that they liked me as much as they did.

The clock over the door leading into the casting office showed fifteen minutes past eleven. The orchestra was beating out a hunk of jive. A portly gent fell out of a wheelbarrow a model was wheeling him around in, and there were roars of laughter, in which he joined. There was chatter and gaiety . . . and in the middle of it came a scream.

It was a woman's scream. It was shrill and piercing and terrible. It cut through the laughter and the music. It came from the hallway leading from the gallery to the reception room.

Merrymakers stopped where they were. They looked toward the hallway. There was another scream and then another. Then a girl appeared and stood in the doorway of the casting office.

The girl was Kay Gardiner. She was a fashion model—a slim blond thing about twenty years old. I had noticed her earlier in the evening, and she had seemed to be having more fun than anybody else.

But she wasn't having fun now. Her face was contorted. She had been screaming, and she was trying to scream again. Her lips moved, but no sound came out.

THE silence was frightening. People poured into the gallery from the reception room. Wally Carrington started across the floor toward the girl, and I did the same thing. I got to her first. I shook her. I said, "What's the matter?"

She stared. Her eyes were wide, and I didn't like what I saw in them. I shook her again. I said, "Kay! What is it?"

She raised her free arm and pointed up the hall. She opened her lips and the voice which came out sounded like a croak. She said, "In there . . ."

"In where?" That was Wally Carrington speaking. He paid no attention to the guests who crowded around us. He repeated, "In where, Kay?"

She said, "In Jimmy Drake's office."

Something hit me in the pit of my stomach and tied it up in knots.

"Margie Brett!" she said harshly. "Margie Brett is in your office, Jimmy. And Iris Randall."

I heard a voice. A man's voice. It was mine.

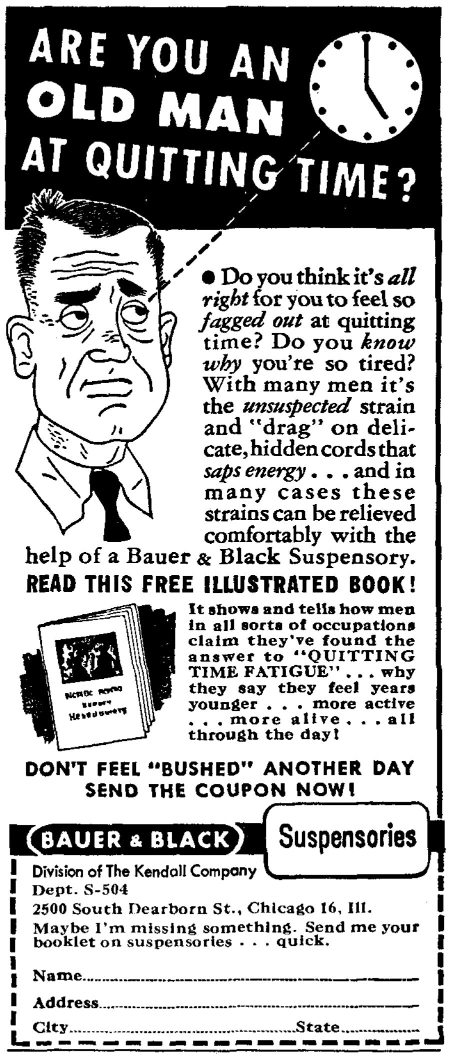
I said, "What about Iris and Margie?"

Kay Gardiner looked at me. She moistened her lips.

She said, "They're lying on the floor. They're both dead."

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S "You clear out, son—I'll get dinner for the boys tonight" CHESTER GARDE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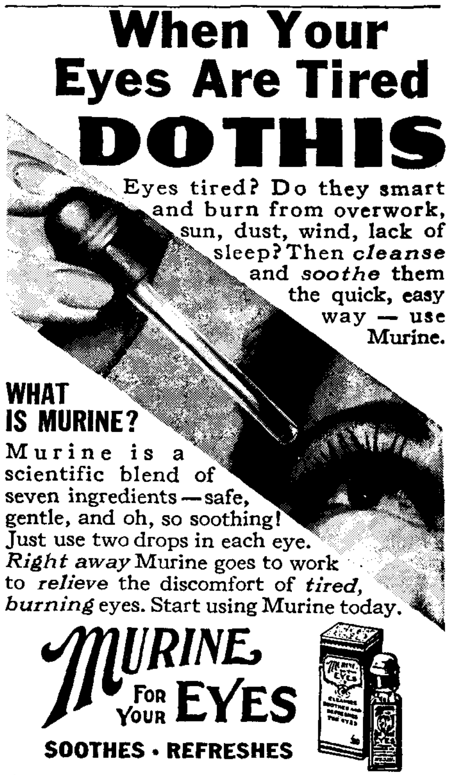
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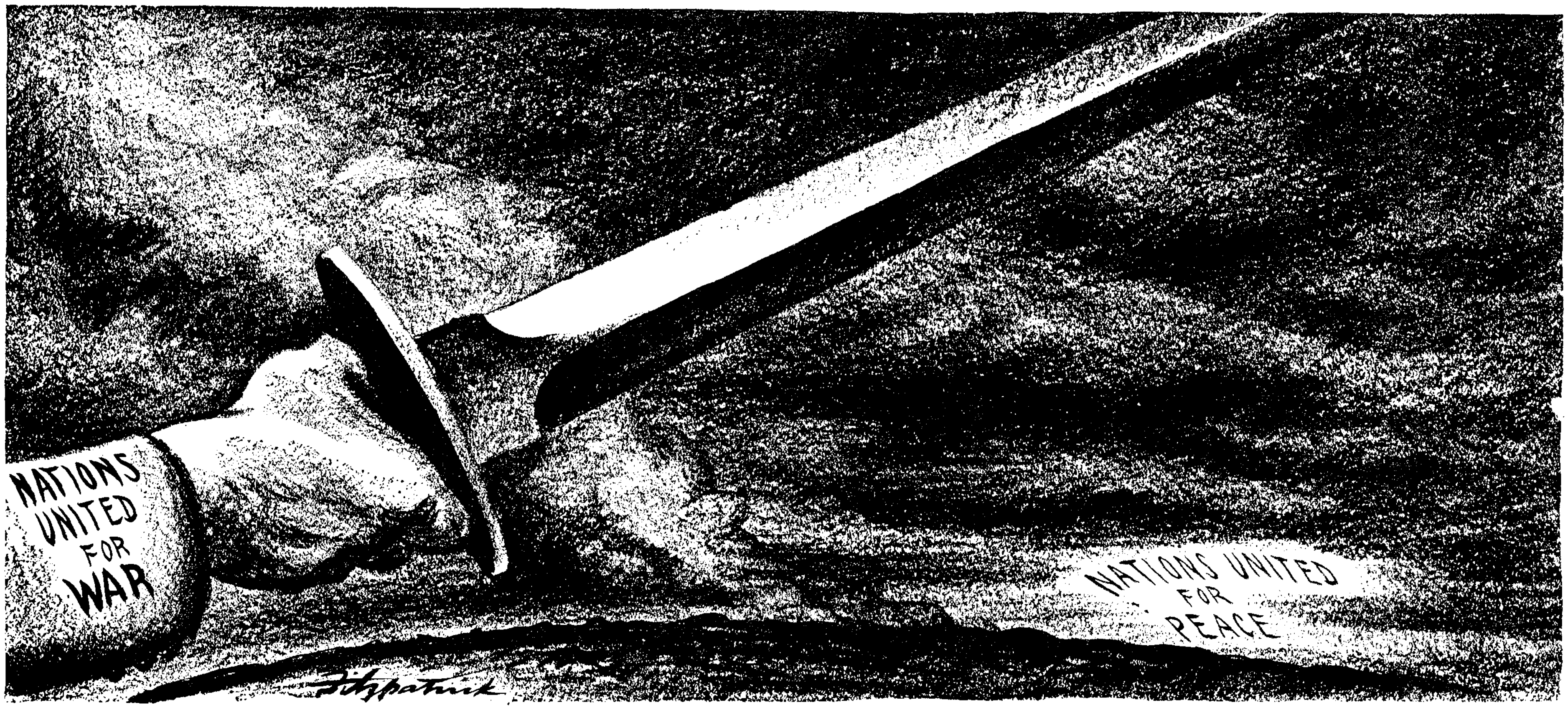


World Peace Blueprint

THE Administration has thrown into the arena of public debate its plan for a world-peace setup after this war.

Up to this writing, the plan is very vaguely stated. But it is understood to have the tentative approval of various congressional leaders, and of Messrs. Chiang Kai-shek, Churchill and Stalin.

Perhaps even better than that for the plan's prospects of eventual realization, influential Republicans, including Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio and John Foster Dulles, noted foreign affairs expert, have swung their weight in favor of keeping this whole question out of the 1944 Presidential campaign, on the theory that the world's hope of enduring peace after this war is rather more important than partisan politics.

The plan is based on the virtual certainty that the United States, the British Empire, Russia and China will come out of this war with by far the most of the warmaking power that will be left in the world. From that prospect, this plan proceeds to the hope that these powers will then co-operate to keep peace in the world, rather than revert to the old habit of playing politics against one another.

No definite world organization would be built for four or five years after the war. That interim would be used to disarm our beaten enemies, demobilize their armies, take their war plants apart, give their leaders in this war what is coming to them, and so on.

After that, if this plan materializes, the Big Four will create three main mechanisms for world co-operation and peace insurance.

One of these will be a world council dominated by the Big Four. Another will be a representative assembly made up of delegates from all other nations found to be "peace-loving" nations. The third will be a world court.

"We are not thinking," says the Administration's preliminary statement of the plan, "of a superstate with its own police forces and other paraphernalia of coercive power."

By taking things slowly—by not trying to build a full-blown world peace organization overnight—it is hoped that the Big Four can gradually weld together a peace mechanism which will work, instead of coming to pieces as soon as the first real stresses and strains set in.

There is no guaranty, of course, that this plan will pan out any better than has any other perpetual-peace plan in world history. But at least the American people, judging from various public-opinion polls, are in a mood to try anything within reason that gives hope of avoiding a World War III twenty or thirty years hence. We move that we all give this plan our careful attention—and that all our leading statesmen be a bit more frank about the whole thing than most of them have been up to the time this is written. Americans not only can stand frankness; they like it.

SUPREME COURT vs. THE STATES

THE thunders of the Allied invasion of Western Europe more or less drowned out the reverberations of a couple of Supreme Court decisions which came down the day before D-Day. The high court held that fire-insurance companies are in interstate commerce and therefore subject to federal regulation. Heretofore, the insurance companies have been regulated by the states, through state insurance commissions, under the famous 1869 Supreme Court decision in the case of Paul vs. Virginia.

State regulation hasn't been 100 per cent satisfactory—true. Indeed, there have been some high-powered scandals connected with fire-insurance rates here and there, and from a strictly legalistic point of view it does seem that an insurance company which insures outside its own home state is engaged in interstate commerce.

Nevertheless, this looks like another of those instances in which a court has thrown the baby out with the bath water. As Chief Justice Stone, dissenting from the majority, acidly remarked, "The practical effect . . . is to withdraw from the states, in large measure, the regulation of insurance and to confer it on the national government—which has . . . no scheme of regulation."

The Chief Justice foresees "a flood of litigation and legislation, state and national," and no benefit to anybody except some lawyers and some would-be riders of the federal bureaucratic gravy train, already carrying upward of 3,000,000 passengers at the taxpayers' expense.

These decisions, too, mark another long step toward robbing the states of all powers and centralizing all authority in Washington—a danger to which thirty-five state governors called the Supreme Court's attention while it was considering the insurance cases.

Congress can reverse this Supreme Court decision by enacting a law declaring insurance companies exempt from interstate commerce laws, and we think Congress ought to do so, without delay.

THAT FRENCH "PROSPERITY"

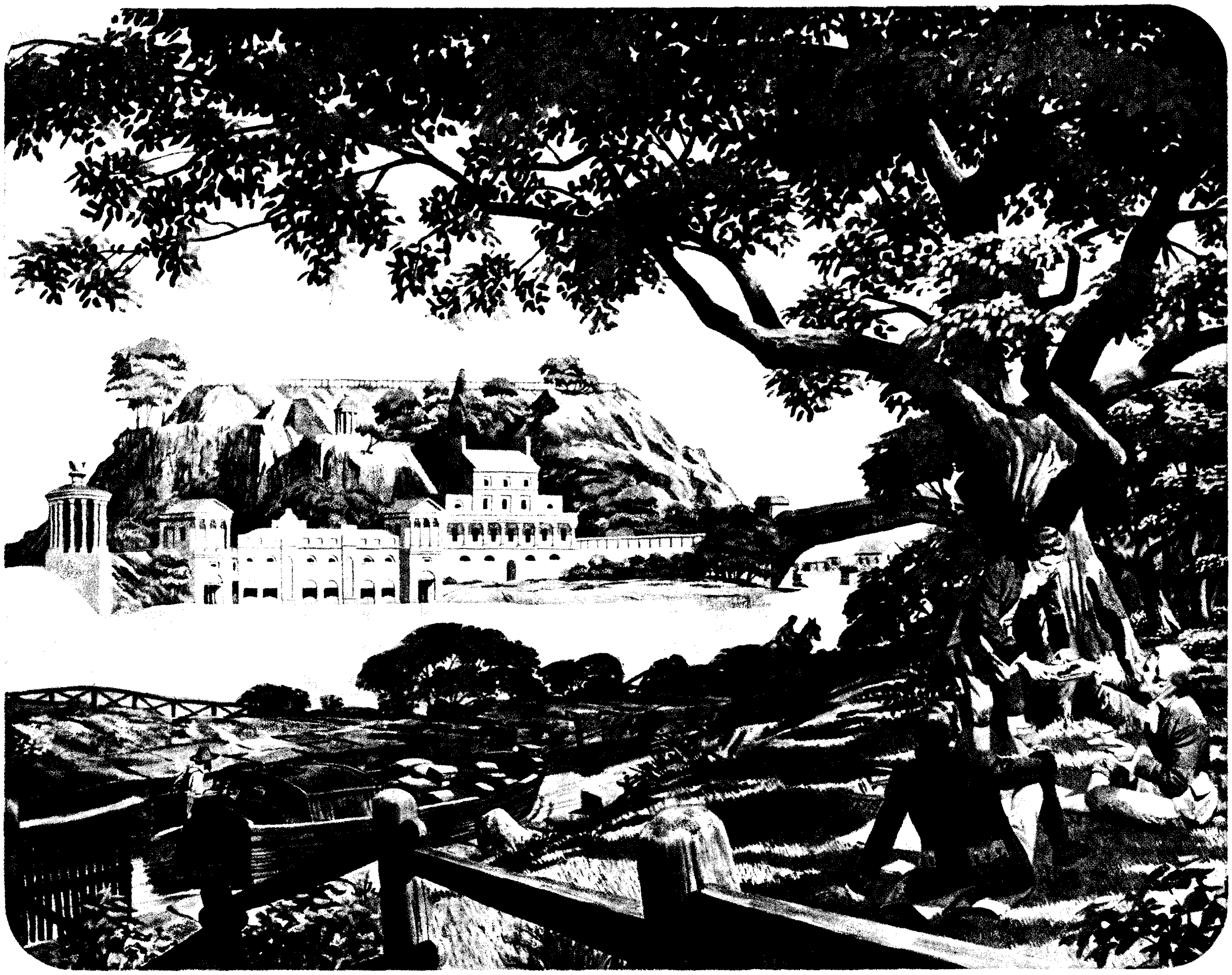
OUR notion of something not to get indignant about is the fact that there are some people in France who are not starving. American and British troops punching into Normandy found many evidences of plenty—ample food, soap, liquor, wine, even perfume—with the Norman farmers doing especially well.

There's no doubt that these reports are true, and it seems more than likely that our forces will run into other pockets of prosperity as they move farther into Europe. But so what?

The French farmers and small-town people, living where food is grown, would naturally have hoarded as much as they could. Those people are cagey, to begin with; and the hiding of food and valuables from marauding invaders has been a fine art in Europe since the crack-up of the Roman Empire, at least.

Then, too, the Germans had long advance notice that the Allies were going to strike from Britain somewhere along the French coast. For the propaganda value of it, wouldn't the Germans naturally have let some prosperity build up in likely invasion areas?

For our part, we're glad some people in France have been doing all right, and we think: The more of them the better. It means that much more stamina for the French underground, and that much less food-relief work for the Allies. The evidences of Western European "prosperity" uncovered to this writing, however, are not sufficient to warrant the tapering off of any of our plans for getting food into Europe during and after the war.



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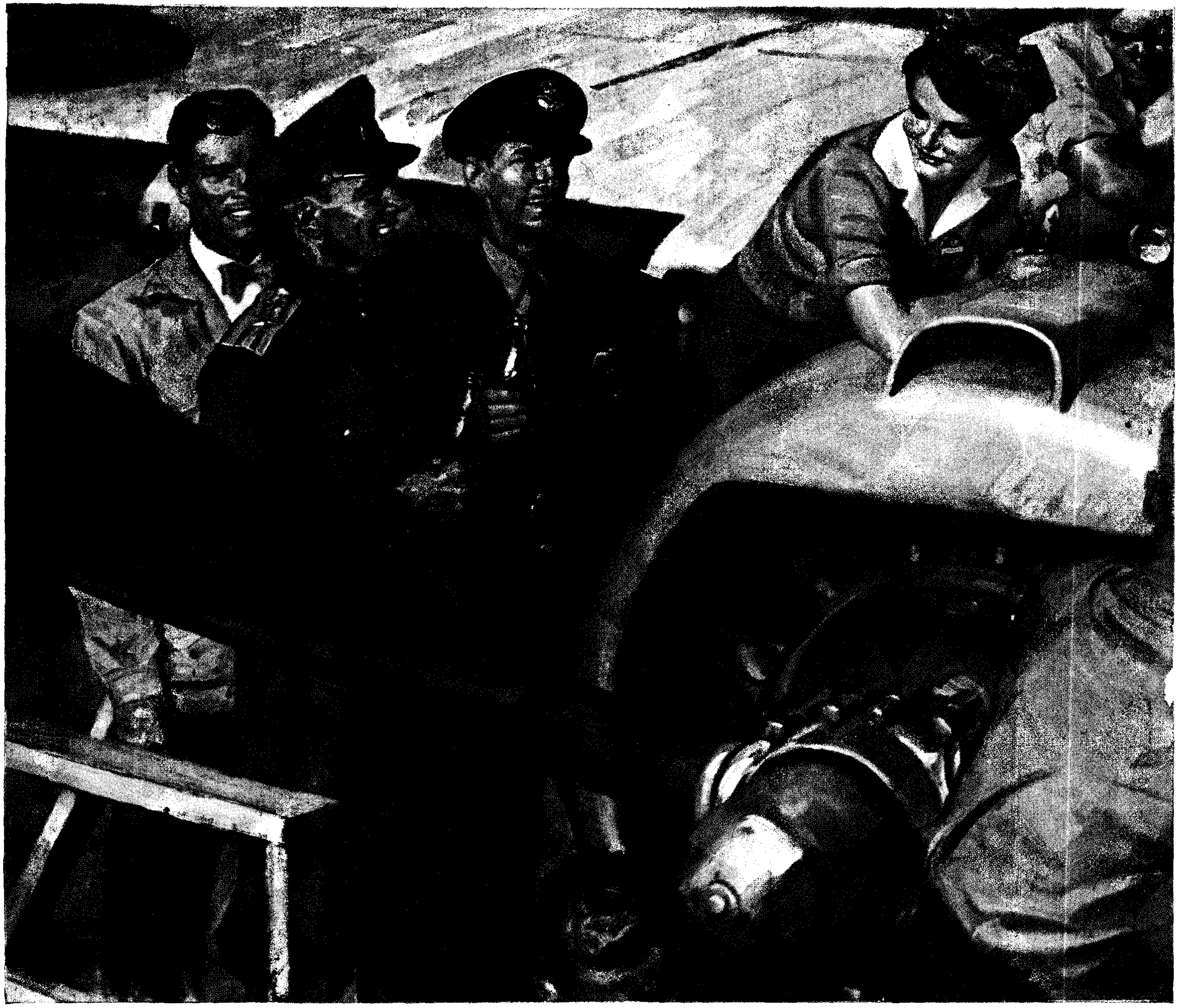

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Coca-Cola
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